McKINLEY
GARFIELD
LINCOLN

WITH A RECORD OF NOTABLE ASSASSINATIONS
AND A HISTORY OF ANARCHY

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H. G. GABEL, M. D.
..Coulter Block..
AURORA, ILLINOIS

President William McKinley

(Etching from a pen drawing made for MRS. MCKINLEY by HUGO VON HOFSTEN, and now hanging in MRS. MCKINLEY'S room in the White House.)

McKinley & Garfield Lincoln

THEIR LIVES——THEIR DEEDS——THEIR DEATHS

With a Record of

Notable Assassinations

and

A History of Anarchy

By

WILLIAM DIXON BANCROFT

Memorial Edition

Magnificently Illustrated with Engravings from Original Photographs, Drawings, Paintings and Sketches

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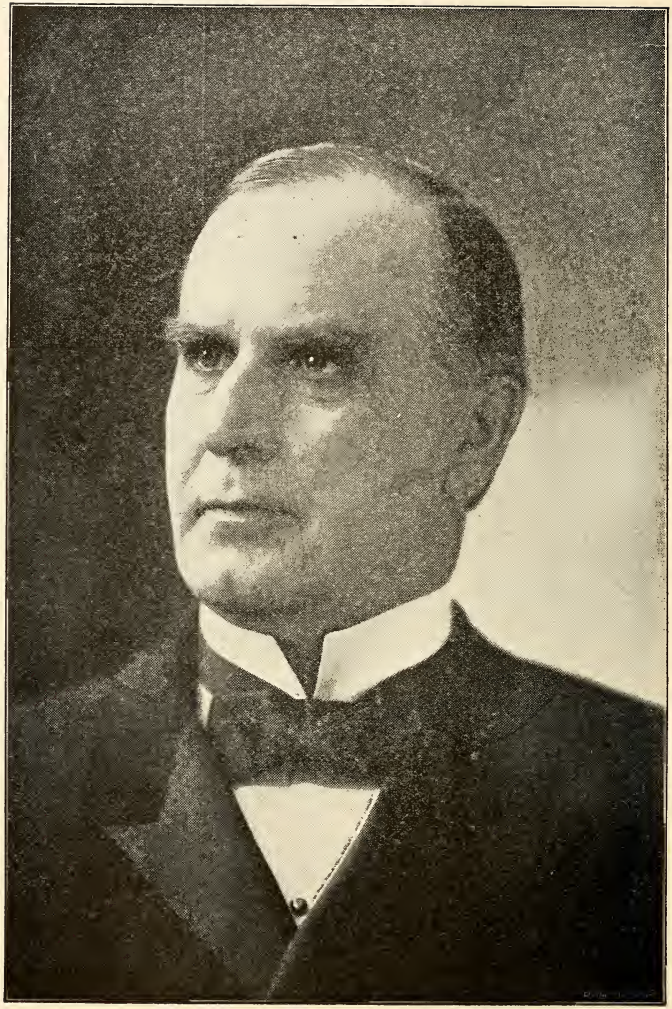


WILLIAM McKINLEY, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BOOK I.

William McKinley,

The Ideal American.

CHRONOLOGY

OF

WILLIAM McKINLEY

Born Niles, Trumbull County, O., January 29, 1843.

Entered Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., 1860.

Enlisted as private in Company E, 23rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, June 11, 1861.

Participated in battles South Mountain and Antietam, September 14 and 17, 1862; promoted from Commissary Sergeant to Lieutenant.

Promoted Captain, battle of Kernstown, July 24, 1864.

Commissioned Major by brevet, March 14, 1865.

Studied law, law school at Albany, N. Y.; admitted to bar at Warren, O., March, 1867.

Elected Prosecuting Attorney, Stark County, O., 1869.

Elected to Congress, 1876.

Re-elected to Congress for seventh time, November, 1888.

Inaugurated Governor of Ohio, January 11, 1892.

Elected President of the United States, November, 1896.

Re-nominated for President, June 21, 1900.

Re-elected November 4, 1900.

Shot September 6, 1901.

Died at Buffalo, September 14, 1901

BOOK I.

William McKinley,
The Ideal American.

CHAPTER I.

SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY—HIS RISE FROM OBSCURITY TO THE PRESIDENCY—HEROISM ON THE BATTLEFIELD—PRESIDENT HAYES' PRAISE—MCKINLEY A DEVOTED SOLDIER—HIS MASTERLY ADDRESS AT BUFFALO—HIS TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

William McKinley, born of humble origin, lawyer, soldier, statesman and gentleman, had as varied a career as is often the lot of men. "The Master Manipulator of Men" a Cabinet member once styled him, and it was as characteristic of one side of his nature as "The Genial Gentleman" was of another.

In all of the changes which his life showed it was remarked that there was a constant rise from one step in the ladder to the next until he reached the most prominent position it is possible for an American to reach, and attained the greatest honor it is in the power of the people to grant.

He was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, January 29, 1843. He came of a sturdy ancestry. Some 150 years before his birth his forefathers emigrated from Scotland to Pennsylvania, and his grandfather, Daniel McKinley, in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, had won for himself a distinguished place in the annals of the Revolution. It was of such stock that McKinley came.

As a young lad he drew a little more than the ordinary lot in the matter of education, receiving beside the public school study a course in the Poland (Mahoney County, Ohio) Academy and attending for a short time the Methodist Episcopal College at Meadville, Pa.

When the Civil War broke out McKinley, then only 18 years of age, was one of the first in his town to answer his country's call. He enlisted in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry as a private, but

he did not long remain without his epaulets. On September 24, 1862, he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy, and from this time on his rise in rank was steady. February 7, 1863, he received the rank of First Lieutenant, and on July 25, 1864, he won his epaulets as Captain. President Lincoln brevetted him Major for his bravery and gallant conduct in the battles of Fisher's Hill, Opequan and Cedar Creek.

McKinley was with the famous Twenty-third in all of its battles and he served on the staffs of Major General Hancock and Samuel S. Carroll. He was mustered out with his regiment on July 26, 1865, and it is said that so great was his liking for the military service that he was nearly persuaded to attach himself to the regular army with General Carroll. His father was opposed to this, however, and so the young man returned to his Ohio home.

After studying law and being admitted to the bar, McKinley opened an office in Canton, Stark County, in 1867. In 1869 he began his public career aside from his military record by being elected Prosecuting Attorney of Stark County. From then on he rose in public affairs by steady footsteps.

He was elected to Congress from his district in 1876, and with the exception of a part of one term he served continuously for fourteen years in the lower House of Congress. In the latter part of the fourth term he was unseated and his Democratic opponent, the late Jonathan Wallace, of East Liverpool, took his place.

Mr. McKinley's first great and important step on the road to the Presidency came when as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee he reported the famous tariff bill of 1890. This measure has gone down in history as the "McKinley Tariff Law," and, heralded by this name throughout the length and breadth of the land, it brought his name into national prominence for the first time.

In spite of this, however, he was defeated for his eighth term in Congress by a small majority, but as a compensation to his hurt pride he was elected Governor of Ohio in 1891. His plurality was 21,511, and his increasing popularity is shown by the difference between this and his next, which was 80,995 in his re-election as Governor in 1893.

Besides these honors, McKinley's name was made prominent by many lesser distinctions. In 1884 he was a delegate at large to the National Convention, and as such he made several speeches in support of James G. Blaine as nominee for President. In this same year, also, he was a member of the Committee on Resolutions, and it was he who read the platform to the convention. His experience at this convention brought him

into contact and into the notice of all the great Republican politicians of that time.

He was again a delegate at large from Ohio in 1888. This year he supported John Sherman, and his experience at the previous convention gave him many of the same honors. He was again sent to the Committee on Resolutions, and the committee again chose him to read the platform to the convention.

In 1892 McKinley was for the third time delegate at large from Ohio, and this time he himself was in the race for the nomination. It was without his consent, however, for he was an ardent supporter of President Benjamin Harrison and had persistently refused to have his own name mentioned as even a possible candidate. In spite of his protestations, however, 182 votes were cast for him in the early ballots.

It was McKinley's increased plurality in his election to the Governor's chair in Ohio in 1893 that made him generally looked upon as a likely candidate for the Republican nomination in 1896. Both of his elections in Ohio had been hotly contested along tariff grounds, and as his name had been so closely linked with the policy of protective tariff through the "McKinley bill," it was taken as a favorable sign by the prominent politicians that he could become increasingly popular in so important a State as Ohio.

According to these prognostications Mr. McKinley's name was one of the first and foremost before the nominating convention which met in St. Louis, June 18, 1896, and he was nominated on a platform in which the currency question for the first time in many years predominated the tariff issue. He received 661 out of a total of 905 votes.

The excitement of the campaign which followed is recent enough to be fresh in the memory of most high school students. On July 27 the Democratic nominating convention was held in Chicago. In the big Coliseum, which has since burned, William Jennings Bryan, known as "The Silver-Tongued Orator of the Platte," made his famous speech, the issue of free silver under Bryan's impetus swept like a wave over the convention, and he was nominated almost by acclamation.

From that time on the campaign waged about the single issue of the free coinage of silver, and politicians declared it to be one of the hottest fought battles in the history of the two great political parties. The end of it came in the ensuing November election, when McKinley was elected President, receiving 271 electoral votes against 176 for Bryan.

In the history of Mr. McKinley's first term in the Presidential chair, his conservative handling of the affairs of state during the troublous time of the Spanish war stands out conspicuously. He showed wonderful cool-

ness in judgment and a statesmanlike bearing toward the events and the problems which the war brought before him.

From the blowing up of the United States battleship Maine in Havana Harbor, February 15, 1898, to the signing of the protocol August 12, it was generally admitted that he showed a power and a dignity compatible with his position at the head of a nation which in four months' time could win so decisive a victory.

There is little doubt in the minds of the people that President McKinley's record during the Spanish war went a great way toward his renomination and re-election to his second term. He was admittedly the only logical candidate when the Republican Convention met in Philadelphia a year ago last June. Again it was a battle between McKinley and Bryan, and again the issue was free silver. Again the campaign resulted in the election of McKinley, and he took his seat for his secood term in the inauguration of March 4, 1901.

When President McKinley was married, on January 25, 1871, there was a pretty story told to the effect that he lost his first case and won his bride at the same time. The marriage, which ended a somewhat long courtship, was the beginning of one of the most ideal unions. He and his wife, in the midst of the cares of state and the strife of politics, maintained for thirty years all the love and harmony which make the humblest home a happy one.

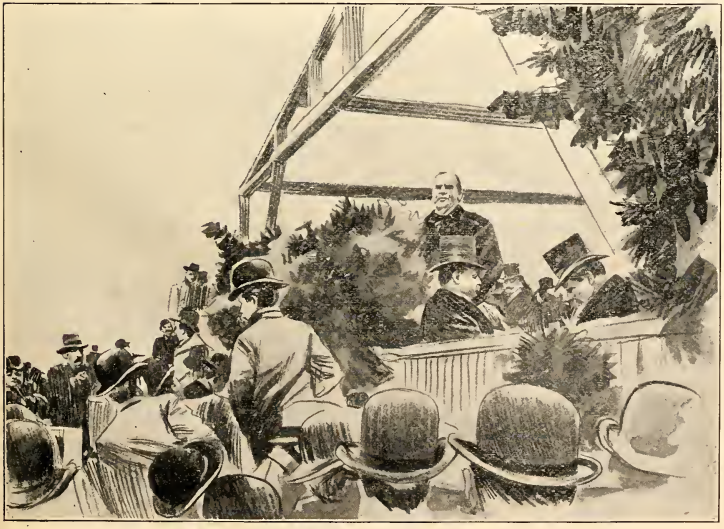
McKinley's Heroism on the Battlefield.

President McKinley's personal courage was always typical of the very highest order of physical bravery. This was shown in each and every instance where he was brought to the test. He was possessed of what the great Napoleon called "two o'clock in the morning courage," which is a rare quality. He never lost his head, but at all times of danger was as cool and calm as though sitting by his fireside.

Napoleon was distinguished by this sort of courage; so were the Duke of Wellington and General Grant, the latter possessing it in perhaps a higher degree than the two others mentioned. The mighty Emperor of the French after exhibited depression of mind, or excessive elation, but General Grant's demeanor was forever calm and always the same. Even Wellington, the "Iron Duke," had fits of anger; Grant never betrayed passion. He was a sphinx; a man whom none could fathom; impenetrable and impassive.

President McKinley, while differing from General Grant in many respects, was one whose face, when he chose, was never known to betray

President McKinley Enroute to Grant's Tomb, on Board the Dolphin



President McKinley at the Unveiling of Grant's Tomb

President McKinley's First Cabinet

Secretary of State Hay signing the Protocol, the terms of which made peace with Spain.

what was passing in his mind. His self-control was always beyond the ability of any man to define it. While affable and genial, none could say he ever read the thoughts of his inscrutable face.

General Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States from 1877 to 1881, and a gallant and capable commander during the Civil War, paid the following tribute to President McKinley in an address at Lakeside, O., on July 30, 1891:

"Rather more than thirty years ago I first made the acquaintance of Major McKinley. He was then a boy, had just passed the age of 17. He had before that taught school, and was coming from an academy to the camp. He with me entered upon a new, strange life—a soldier's life—in time of actual war. We were in a fortunate regiment—its Colonel was William S. Rosecrans—a graduate of West Point, a brave, a patriotic, and an able man, who afterwards came to command great armies and fight many famous battles. Its Lieutenant Colonel was Stanley Matthews—a scholar and able lawyer, who, after his appointment to the Supreme Bench, the whole bar of the United States was soon convinced, was of unsurpassed ability and character for that high place.

"In this regiment Major McKinley came, the boy I have described, carrying his musket and his knapsack.

"Young as he was, we soon found that in business, in executive ability, young McKinley was a man of rare capacity, of unusual and unsurpassed capacity, especially for a boy of his age. When battles were fought, or service was to be performed in warlike things he always took his place. The night was never too dark; the weather was never too cold; there was no sleet, or storm, or hail, or snow, or rain that was in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of every duty.

"When I became commander of the regiment, he soon came to be upon my staff, and he remained upon my staff for one or two years, so that I did literally and in fact know him like a book and loved him like a brother. From that time he naturally progressed, for his talents and capacity could not be unknown to the staff of the commander of the Army of West Virginina, George Crook, a favorite in the army he commanded. He wanted McKinley, and of course it was my duty to tell McKinley he must leave me. The bloodiest day of the war, the day on which more men were killed or wounded than on any other one day—was September 17, 1862, in the battle of Antietam.

"The battle began at daylight. Before daylight men were in the ranks and preparing for it. Without breakfast, without coffee, they went into the fight, and it continued until after the sun had set. The com-

missary department of that brigade was under Sergeant McKinley's administration and personal supervision. From his hands every man in the regiment was served with hot coffee and warm meats, a thing that had never occurred under similar circumstances in any other army in the world. He passed under fire and delivered, with his own hands, these things, so essential for the men for whom he was laboring.

"Coming to Ohio and recovering from wounds, I called upon Governor Tod and told him this incident. With the emphasis that distinguished that great war Governor, he said: 'Let McKinley be promoted from Sergeant to Lieutenant,' and that I might not forget he requested me to put it upon the roster of the regiment, which I did, and McKinley was promoted. As was the case, perhaps, with many soldiers, I did not keep a diary regularly from day to day, but I kept notes of what was transpiring. When I knew that I was to come here it occurred to me to open the old notebook of that period and see what it contained, and I found this entry:

" 'Saturday, December 13, 1862.—Our new Second Lieutenant, McKinley, returned today—an exceedingly bright, intelligent, and gentlemanly young officer. He promises to be one of the best.'

"He has kept the promise in every sense of the word."

President McKinley a Devoted Soldier.

President McKinley was a citizen soldier who devoted his abilities and highest energies to the service of his country at a time when the country needed them most. He did not seek preferment as an officer, but enlisting as a private in the ranks rose by reason of merit and bravery to the brevet rank of Major. Everything he did he did so well that when a task, no matter how unpleasant or disagreeable, was set for him his superior officers knew that they could rest contented—that when McKinley was there everything in his charge was in safe keeping.

At the beginning of the war, when the first call for volunteers came, among the first to enlist were young McKinley and his cousin, William McKinley Osborne, later General Osborne, the American Consul General in London. The latter gives the following account of their enlistment:

"There was a great excitement at that time, and hundreds of people followed the soldiers. Will and I were among them. We drove in a buggy over to Youngstown, and there saw the company leave for Columbus. On our way back to Poland that night we discussed the matter together and decided it was our duty to volunteer, and we thought that the men who staid would be despised by the community.

"When we reached home Will told his mother what we had concluded

to do, and she at once replied: 'Well, boys, if you think it is your duty to fight for your country I think you ought to go.' A few days after this I left Poland for home, and told father that I wanted to go to the army. I knew he would allow me to go, as Aunt Nancy advised. I was not disappointed. My father was a Democrat, but he was a liberal man. He told me I could do as I wished, and he gave me some money (it was gold, I remember) to fit me out. Will McKinley left Poland, and we went to Cleveland together. From there we went to Columbus and enlisted there at Camp Chase. General Fremont swore us in. Our enlistment was in cold blood, and not through the enthusiasm of the moment. It was done as McKinley has done the most things of his life, as the logical offspring of careful conclusion."

The company referred to by General Osborne was Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry Volunteers, and which was entirely recruited from Poland.

Those who knew McKinley at the time he joined his regiment little suspected that the military career of the young private was one of the stepping-stones to the White House. And little did that young private think, at that time, that some day he would occupy the Presidential chair, in which then sat the sainted Lincoln.

The Twenty-third Ohio was early in active service. Toward the end of July, 1861, the regiment was ordered to Clarksburg, W. Va., but it was not until the September following that it was introduced to real fighting, and which occurred at Carnifex Ferry. In the spring of 1862 the regiment left winter quarters and moved, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Hayes, in the direction of Princeton. The Confederate troops who were there immediately evacuated the place and the Union troops took possession of it. These latter were subsequently attacked by an overwhelming force and forced to retire. For three weeks following that period the boys of the Twenty-third were nearly starved, as the enemy had succeeded in cutting off all supplies. These experiences, however, were but the foretaste of the two great events of that year, the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, in which the Twenty-third Ohio took a prominent part.

After several moves the regiment was ordered to march with all possible speed to Camp Piatt, on the Great Kanawha, where it arrived on August 18, after a march of 104 miles in a little over three days. A few days later McKinley had his first glimpse of Washington, but his stay was short, for the regiment was again on the march, this time with General McClellan's army, toward Frederick City, at which place they dislodged the rebels, and on September 13 they arrived at Middletown. Here was

commenced the battle of South Mountain, culminating in the great battle of Antietam on September 17. It was at Antietam that McKinley first won substantial recognition, being promoted to a Second Lieutenancy for gallant conduct on that bloody field of battle.

The battle of Antietam was followed by engagements at Buffington's Island, O., and at Cloyd Mountain, in which latter the Twenty-third Ohio again did deeds of valor. Several other battles were fought between the date of that of Cloyd Mountain and July 24, 1864, on which day a battle was fought at Kernstown, near Winchester, Va., in which the Twenty-third Ohio lost over 150 men and officers. General Russell Hastings, who took part in it, gives a glimpse of McKinley during that engagement.

They were in the same regiment, on the same staff, and slept under the same blanket. On the Union side was only Crook's corps, some 6,000 strong, while opposed to it was the full force of Early's army. The odds were too great, so, after some severe fighting, Hayes' brigade, which was engaged, drew back in the direction of Winchester. "Just at that moment," says General Hastings, "it was discovered that one of the regiments was still in an orchard where it had been posted at the beginning of the battle. General Hayes, turning to Lieutenant McKinley, directed him to go forward and bring away that regiment, if it had not already fallen. McKinley turned his horse and, keenly spurring it, pushed it at a fierce gallop obliquely toward the advancing enemy.

"A sad look came over Hayes' face as he saw the young, gallant boy pushing rapidly forward to almost certain death. * * * None of us expected to see him again, as we watched him push his horse through the open fields, over fences, through ditches, while a well-directed fire from the enemy was poured upon him, with shells exploding around, about, and over him.

"Once he was completely enveloped in the smoke of an exploding shell, and we thought he had gone down, but no, he was saved for better work for his country in his future years. Out of this smoke emerged his wiry little brown horse, with McKinley still firmly seated, and as erect as a hussar.

"McKinley gave the Colonel the orders from Hayes to fall back, saying, in addition, 'He supposed you would have gone to the rear without orders.' The Colonel's reply was: 'I was about concluding I would retire without waiting any longer for orders. I am now ready to go wherever you shall lead, but, Lieutenant, I "pintedly" believe I ought to give those fellows a volley or two before I go.' McKinley's reply was: 'Then up and at them, as quickly as possible,' and as the regiment arose to its

feet the enemy came on into full view. Colonel Brown's boys gave the enemy a crushing volley, following it up with a rattling fire, and then slowly retreated toward some woods directly in their rear. At this time the enemy halted all along Brown's immediate front and for some distance to his right and left, no doubt feeling he was touching a secondary line, which should be approached with all due caution. During this hesitancy of the enemy McKinley led the regiment through these woods on toward Winchester.

"As Hayes and Crook saw this regiment safely off, they turned, and, following the column, with it moved slowly to the rear, down the Winchester pike. At a point near Winchester McKinley brought the regiment to the column and to its place in the brigade. McKinley greeted us all with a happy, contented smile—no effusion, no gushing palaver of words, though all of us felt and knew one of the most gallant acts of the war had been performed.

"As McKinley drew up by the side of Hayes to make his verbal report, I heard Hayes say to him, 'I never expected to see you in life again.'"

The last engagement of national importance, which practically closed the active history of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, was the battle of Cedar Creek, which took place on October 19, 1864. Toward the close of that month the regiment was ordered to Martinsburg. On its march to that point the men voted at the Presidential election. The votes were collected by the judges of election as the column was in march from among the wagons. It was there McKinley cast his first vote. An ambulance was used as an election booth, and an empty candle-box did duty as a ballot box. At the same time and place Generals Sheridan, Crook and Hayes cast their ballots, and it was the first vote ever cast by Sheridan or Crook.

Early the following spring the Twenty-third returned to Camp Cumberland and on July 26, 1865, a little more than four years from the time of enlistment, the regiment was mustered out and the scarred veterans who had experienced four years of dangers and hardships returned to their homes.

The records show that William McKinley, Jr., enlisted as a private in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry on June 11, 1861; that he was promoted to Commissary Sergeant on April 15, 1862; that he was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company D on September 23, 1862; that he was promoted to First Lieutenant of Company E on February 7, 1863; that he was promoted to Captain of Company G on July 25, 1864; that he was detailed as Acting Assistant Adjutant General

of the First Division, First Army Corps, on the staff of General Carroll; that he was brevetted Major on March 13, 1865, and that he was mustered out of service on July 26, 1865.

"For gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill," reads the document commissioning young McKinley as Brevet Major, signed "A. Lincoln."

President McKinley's Masterly Address at Buffalo.

On the 5th of September President McKinley made an address to the thousands gathered to hear him at the Exposition, in the course of which he gave utterance to many notable and thrilling expressions and ideas. His words attracted the attention of the entire world, particularly those relating to the expansion of the commercial field wherein the products and manufactures of the United States were to take precedence of those of all other nations.

The President's declaration, also, that "We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico," created the utmost excitement in Europe.

The following is the text of the President's address:

"Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step.

"Comparison of ideas is always educational; and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts and even the whims of the people and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and new prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production.

"Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eight-

teenth century. But though commercial competitors, we are not commercial enemies—we must not be.

"The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the Western Hemisphere.

"At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together.

"No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstanding and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the Court of Arbitration, which is the noblest form for the settlement of international disputes.

"My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

"We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect, or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it.

"Our industrial enterprises which have grown to such great proportions affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have.

"No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the

weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

"By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities, a mutual exchange is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

"Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development, under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good-will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those of the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports.

"One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

"We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts

of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

"In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World.

"His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds this practical and substantial expression and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico.

"The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

" 'Make it live beyond its too short living,
With praises and thanksgiving.'

"Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition? Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."

McKinley's Tribute to Lincoln.

One of the most touching, feeling and tender tributes ever paid to the memory of Abraham Lincoln was contained in the address of Major McKinley before the Unconditional Republican Club at Albany, N. Y., on February 12th (Lincoln's birthday), 1895, the year before McKinley's first nomination to the Presidency. In the course of his remarks he said:

"A noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies. The martyr of liberty, the emancipator of a race, the savior of the only free gov-

ernment among men, may be buried from human sight, but his deeds will live in human gratitude forever.

"The story of his simple life is the story of the plain, honest, manly citizen, true patriot and profound statesman who, believing with all the strength of his mighty soul in the institutions of his country, won, because of them, the highest place in its Government—then fell a sacrifice to the Union he held so dear, and which Providence spared his life long enough to save.

"We meet tonight to do honor to one whose achievements have heightened human aspirations and broadened the field of opportunity to the races of men. While the party with which we stand, and for which we stood, can justly claim him, and without dispute can boast the distinction of being the first to honor and trust him, his fame has leaped the bounds of party and county, and now belongs to mankind and the ages.

"Lincoln had sublime faith in the people. He walked with and among them. He recognized the importance and power of an enlightened public sentiment and was guided by it. Even amid the vicissitudes of war he concealed little from public review and inspection. In all he did he invited rather than evaded examination and criticism. He submitted his plans and purposes, as far as practicable, to public consideration with perfect frankness and sincerity. There was such homely simplicity in his character that it could not be hedged in by the pomp of place, nor the ceremonials of high official station.

"He was so accessible to the public that he seemed to take the people into his confidence. Here, perhaps, was one secret of his power. The people never lost their confidence in him, however much they unconsciously added to his personal discomfort and trials.

"The greatest names in American history are Washington and Lincoln. One is forever associated with the independence of the States and formation of the Federal Union; the other with universal freedom and the preservation of the Union.

"Washington enforced the Declaration of Independence as against England; Lincoln proclaimed its fulfillment not only to a down-trodden race in America, but to all people for all time who may seek the protection of our flag. These illustrious men achieved grander results for mankind within a single century, from 1775 to 1865, than any other men ever accomplished in all the years since first the flight of time began. Washington engaged in no ordinary revolution; with him it was not who should rule, but what should rule. He drew his sword not for a change of rulers

upon an established throne, but to establish a new government which should acknowledge no throne but the tribune of the people.

"Lincoln accepted war to save the Union, the safeguard of our liberties, and re-establish it on 'indestructible foundations' as forever 'one and indivisible.' To quote his own grand words: Now we are contending 'that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'

"Lincoln was a man of moderation. He was neither an autocrat nor a tyrant. If he moved slowly sometimes, it was because it was better to move slowly and he was only waiting for his reserves to come up. Possessing almost unlimited power, he yet carried himself like one of the humblest of men. He weighed every subject. He considered and reflected upon every phase of public duty.

"He got the average judgment of the plain people. He had a high sense of justice, a clear understanding of the rights of others, and never needlessly inflicted an injury upon any man. He always taught and enforced the doctrine of mercy and charity on every occasion.

"Even in the excess of rejoicing, he said to a party who came to serenade him a few nights after the Presidential election in November, 1864: 'Now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.'"

CHAPTER II.

Assassination of President McKinley—Shot Down in the Music Hall at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo by an Assassin Who Concealed His Revolver in the Folds of a Handkerchief—Fellow-Conspirator Holds the President's Right Hand in Order to Give the Murderer an Opportunity to Accomplish His Purpose—Capture of the Assassin and Escape of His Accomplice.

President McKinley was shot twice by an anarchist named Leon Czolgosz (pronounced "Tsholgosch") on the afternoon of September 6th in the Music Hall of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, as the Chief Magistrate was extending his hand to shake hands with his assassin.

Just in front of Czolgosz, in the line of people passing along in front of the President, was a fellow-conspirator, an Italian, who, when Major McKinley grasped him by the hand, held the President's hand in his own for quite a length of time, thus enabling the assassin to press his revolver against the person of the Chief Magistrate and fire. All this occurred in such a short space of time that those at the side of the President could not gather their wits quickly enough to interfere and prevent the consummation of the horrible deed.

It was about four o'clock; three thousand persons had crowded into the Temple of Music, while ten thousand others stood outside the temple waiting for a chance to enter and shake hands with the President.

Among those in line was Czolgosz, whose right hand was wrapped in a handkerchief. Folded in the handkerchief was a 32-caliber derringer, holding but two bullets.

A little girl was led up by her father, and the President shook hands with her. As she passed along to the right the President looked after her smilingly and waved his hand in a pleasant adieu.

Next in line came a boyish-featured man about 26 years old, preceded by a short Italian who leaned backward against the bandaged hand of his follower. Foster and Ireland, the secret service officers, who constantly attended the President, noted this man, their attention being first

attracted by the Italian, whose dark, shaggy brows and black mustache caused the professional protectors to regard him with suspicion.

The man with the bandaged hand and innocent face received no attention from the detectives beyond the mental observation that his right hand was apparently injured, and that he would present his left hand to the President.

The Italian stood before the palm bower. He held the President's right hand so long that the officers stepped forward to break the clasp, and make room for the man with the bandaged hand, who extended the left member towards the President's right.

The President smiled and presented his right hand in a position to meet the left of the approaching man. Hardly a foot of space intervened between the bodies of the two men. Before their hands met two pistol shots were fired and the President turned slightly to the left and reeled.

The first bullet struck the sternum in the President's chest, deflected to the right, and traveled beneath the skin to a point directly below the right nipple.

The second bullet penetrated the abdomen and pierced both walls of the stomach and lodged in the back.

Only a superficial wound was caused by the first bullet, and within five minutes after the physicians reached the President it had been removed.

The second bullet was not found. An operation was performed on the President at the Emergency Hospital on the Exposition grounds at 6 o'clock by Dr. Matthew D. Mann, Dr. John Parmenter, and Dr. Herman Mynter. The President's stomach was opened, but the bullet was not found.

The bandage on the hand of the tall, innocent-looking young man had concealed a revolver. He had fired through the bandage without removing any portion of the handkerchief.

The first bullet entered too high for the purpose of the assassin, who had fired again as soon as his finger could move the trigger.

On receiving the first shot President McKinley lifted himself on his toes with something of a gasp. His movement caused the second shot to enter just below the navel. With the second shot the President doubled slightly forward and then sank back. Detective Geary caught the President in his arms, and President Milburn helped to support him.

When the President fell into the arms of Detective Geary he coolly asked: "Am I shot?"

Geary unbuttoned the President's vest, and, seeing blood, replied: "I fear you are, Mr. President."

It had all happened in an instant. Almost before the noise of the second shot sounded Czolgosz was seized by S. R. Ireland, United States secret service man, who stood directly opposite the President. Ireland hurled him to the floor, and as he fell a negro waiter, John Parker, leaped upon him. Soldiers of the United States artillery detailed at the reception sprang upon them and he was surrounded by a squad of Exposition police and secret service detectives. Detective Gallagher seized Czolgosz's hand, tore away the handkerchief, and took the revolver.

The artillerymen, seeing the revolver in Gallagher's hand, rushed at him and handled him rather roughly. Meantime Ireland and the negro held the would-be assassin, endeavoring to shield him from the attacks of the infuriated artillerymen and the blows of the policemen's clubs.

Supported by Detective Geary and President Milburn, and surrounded by Secretary George B. Cortelyou and half a dozen Exposition officials, the President was assisted to a chair. His face was white, but he made no outcry.

Soon after the shooting Czolgosz was asked why he shot the President. He said:

"I am an anarchist, and I did my duty."

The President sank back with one hand holding his abdomen, the other fumbling at his breast. His eyes were open and he was clearly conscious of all that had transpired. He looked up into President Milburn's face and gasped: "Cortelyou." The President's secretary bent over him. "Cortelyou," said the President, "my wife, be careful about her, don't let her know."

Moved by a paroxysm, he writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of the would-be assassin, Czolgosz, lying on the floor bloody and helpless beneath the blows of the guard.

The President raised his right hand, red with his own blood, and placed it on the shoulder of his secretary. "Let no one hurt him," he gasped, and sank back in the chair, while the guards carried Czolgosz out of his sight.

The ambulance from the Exposition Hospital was summoned immediately and the President, still conscious, sank upon the stretcher. Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn rode with him in the ambulance, and in nine minutes after the shooting the President was awaiting the arrival of surgeons, who had been summoned from all sections of the city, and by special train from Niagara Falls.

The President continued conscious and conversed with Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn on his way to the hospital. "I am sorry," he said, "to have been the cause of trouble to the Exposition."

Three thoughts had found expression with the President: first, that the news should be kept from his wife; second, that the would-be assassin should not be harmed; and, third, regret that the tragedy might hurt the Exposition.

The news that the President had been shot passed across the Exposition grounds with almost incredible speed, and the crowd around the Temple grew until it counted 50,000 persons. This big crowd followed the ambulance respectfully to the hospital, then divided itself into two parts, one anxious to learn the condition of the President and to catch every rumor that came from the hospital, the other eager to find the assassin and to punish him.

Certain it is that if the officials had not used remarkable diligence in taking Czolgosz out of the way of the crowd he would have been mobbed and beaten to death.

Czolgosz had been carried into a side room at the northwest corner of the Temple. There he was searched, but nothing was found upon him except a letter relating to lodging. The officers washed the blood from his face and asked him who he was and why he had tried to kill the President. He made no answer at first, but finally gave the name of Nieman.

The prisoner is of medium height, smooth shaven, brown-haired, and was dressed in the ordinary clothes of a mechanic. He offered no explanation of the deed except that he was an anarchist and had done his duty.

A detail of Exposition guards was sent for a company of soldiers. A carriage was summoned. South of the Temple a space had been roped off. The crowd tore out the iron stanchion holding the ropes and carried the ropes to the flagpole standing near by on the esplanade.

"Lynch him," cried a hundred voices, and a start was made for one of the entrances of the Temple. Soldiers and police beat back the crowd. Guards and people were wrangling, shouting, and fighting.

In this confusion, Czolgosz, still bleeding, his clothes torn, and scarcely able to walk, was led out by Captain James F. Vallaly, chief of the Exposition detectives; Commandant Robinson, and a squad of secret service men.

Czolgosz was thrown into a carriage, and three detectives jumped in with him. Captain Vallaly jumped on the driver's seat and lashed the horses into a gallop.

The crowd burst into a roar of rage. "Murderer!" "Assassin!"

"Lynch, hang him!" was yelled. Men sprang at the horses and clutched at the whirling wheels of the carriage.

The prisoner huddled back in the corner, concealed between two detectives.

"The rope! The rope!" yelled thousands in the crowd, and they started forward all in one grand fight, the soldiers to save and the citizens to take a murderer's life.

Soldiers fought a way clear at the heads of the horses, and, pursued by the infuriated thousands, the carriage whirled across the esplanade, the horses at full gallop across the triumphal causeway, and vanished through the Lincoln Parkway gate, galloping down Delaware Avenue until police headquarters was reached.

Thousands left the Exposition grounds, and, learning that the assassin had been taken to police headquarters, followed there, willing to do violent justice if the President had died.

As evening came on the numbers grew so that the multitudes blocked all the streets in the vicinity of the police headquarters. Tens of thousands were asking one another if the President was still alive.

All efforts of the police to disperse the crowds were vain and futile. The roar of conversation of this mass of people penetrated even to the cell where Czolgosz lay.

Now and then the crowd would surge over to one of the newspaper offices, where bulletins were posted, and cheer wildly when the statement was flashed out that hope was entertained.

While this crowd threatened the life of the murderer every effort was being made to offer scientific aid to the President and to bring to his bedside the best surgeons that could be secured. Dr. E. W. Lee of St. Louis, Dr. Storer of Chicago, and Dr. Van Peyms of Buffalo were on the grounds and joined the hospital staff. Dr. Matthew D. Mann, Dr. Herman Mynter, and Dr. John Parmenter were summoned by telephone, and Drs. Harrington and Stockton were brought to the grounds in swift automobiles.

The President was borne from the Temple of Music at 4:14 o'clock by Drs. Hall, Ellis, and Mann, Jr., in charge of the ambulance. The crowd fell back when it saw the figure of the President on the stretcher. There was no need for the police to ask the crowd to move back along the Court of Fountains, and through the Mall the crowd itself cleared a pathway, crying, "Keep back!" "Keep back!" "Make way!"

Colonel Chapin of General Roe's staff, with the mounted escort which had accompanied President McKinley in his outdoor appearances since his

President William McKinley

President McKinley Making His Celebrated Speech at Buffalo

arrival in Buffalo, surrounded the ambulance, and at full gallop they whirled to the hospital.

Six doctors were at the President's side within thirty seconds after his arrival, and the nurses had made ready for the task of the surgeons. Outside the hospital the police established safety lines and the crowd fell back, thousands remaining there for hours and whispering questions to those who went in and out of the hospital.

The President was stripped and placed where the surgeons might see his wounds. In the room with the President were Mr. Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou. In the hall of the hospital were Chairman John N. Scatherd of the Executive Committee of the Exposition and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. Melville C. Hanna of Cleveland was also present.

At the hospital the first assistance was rendered by Dr. Edward Wallace Lee, the medical director of the Omaha Exposition. The President recognized him and said: "Doctor, do whatever is necessary."

The hospital stewards were busy removing the President's apparel when Dr. Herman Mynter arrived. The surgeons consulted and hesitated about performing an operation. The President reassured them by expressing his confidence, but no decision was reached when Dr. Mann of the Exposition hospital staff arrived. After another consultation Dr. Mann informed the President that an operation was necessary.

"All right," replied the President. "Go ahead. Do whatever is proper."

The anæsthetic administered was ether, and for two and a half hours the President was under the influence of this. The President came out of the operation strong, with a good pulse and steady heart action.

Immediately after concluding the operation Dr. Lee declared that it was his opinion the President would not survive, as a large quantity of fluid from the stomach had entered the abdominal cavity, and the liability to blood poisoning or peritonitis was exceedingly great. After the operation the patient rested quietly.

At the operation it was found that the second and serious wound was a bullet hole in the abdomen, about five inches below the left nipple and an inch and a half to the left of the median line. The bullet which caused that wound penetrated both the interior and posterior walls of the stomach, going completely through that organ.

It was found also that as a consequence of the perforation the stomach fluid had circulated about the abdominal cavity.

Further examination disclosed that the hole made by the entrance of

the bullet was small and clean cut, while that on the other side of the stomach was large and ragged.

A five-inch incision was made, and through that aperture the physicians were enabled to turn the organ about so as to suture the larger bullet hole. After that had been sewed the abdominal cavity was washed with a salt solution.

The other and slighter wound was directly in the middle of the breast above the breast bone. The ball evidently had struck the flesh at the breast bone and glanced.

During the operation the President's pulse remained at about 130, being at that figure when the operation was concluded. The President's respiration was normal throughout, and at no time was his breathing labored or difficult. The operation was a complete success from the viewpoint of the physicians present. The danger now is from complications, that most feared being peritonitis.

President McKinley showed no indication of having suffered from the shock of the attempted assassination or the operation.

Arrangements were made to remove the President to the Milburn house before any reaction might set in. At 6:50 o'clock Dr. and Mrs. Rixey, Mrs. Cortelyou, and Webb C. Hayes, a son of the late President Hayes, drove to the Milburn home to make preparations to receive him.

Two nurses from the hospital took an automobile loaded with supplies down to the Milburn house, and at 7:25 o'clock the ambulance backed up to the hospital door. Four surgeons carried the stretcher on which the President lay. His head rested on a pillow and a white sheet concealed all but his face, which looked as white as the linen around it.

There was not a sound from the crowd. All heads were bare. It could be seen that the President was conscious, that his eyes were open, but he made no sign. Dr. Clark, who had removed his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves, entered the ambulance and sat at the President's head, while Dr. Wasden of the Marine Hospital sat at his feet. General Welch and Colonel Chapin sat with the driver, and the military guard rode out at the head of the ambulance. Behind the ambulance went two automobiles carrying Secretary Cortelyou, Secretary Wilson, Mr. Milburn, and Dr. Mann.

Secretary Cortelyou said that a telegraph office would be established at once in the Milburn residence, and bulletins giving the public the fullest information possible would be issued at short intervals. At the Milburn house were Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, President Milburn, Director General Buchanan of the Pan-American Exposition, Dr. Rixey, and Sec-

retary Cortelyou. Telegrams poured in by the hundreds, and Secretary Cortelyou was kept busy replying to them. Two stenographers, with their typewriters, were placed in the parlor, which was quickly transformed into a bustling room.

The Milburn home is on the west side of Delaware Avenue, the second house north of Ferry Street. It is a three-story dark green brick structure of wide dimensions. It is about sixty feet from the street line, the well kept lawn sloping to the sidewalk.

The President is occupying one of a suite of rooms on the second floor of the house, in the northwest corner of the building. The President's room is the farthest one on the second floor removed from either Delaware Avenue or Ferry Street.

Many notable persons called at the house. The first of them came long before the President was brought to the home. These early ones included members of the diplomatic corps. Later, some time after the President had been brought into the house, Governor B. B. Odell and his private secretary, James Graham, who were in Lockport when they heard the news, called.

At 11:28 United States Senator Mark Hanna arrived from Cleveland. Among other callers were Robert T. Lincoln of Chicago, son of the late President Lincoln, and E. B. F. McFarland, one of the Commissioners from the District of Columbia.

Not only were the services of the local police and detective forces employed to the fullest extent, but specially detailed men had accompanied the Presidential party in all its travels since inauguration day. In addition to this the extra precaution was taken upon the occasion of the President's visit to the Pan-American of having three United States Treasury secret service men of long experience and proven ability in attendance.

In fact, to such an extent had this matter of the President's personal safety been carried by those responsible for his welfare that it had given rise to some criticism.

Upon his visit to the Exposition it was felt by those surrounding him that the President was liable to greater chances of danger than is usual, even upon his travels, owing to the great crowds, the diversified character of the people assembled, and the necessity for direct contact with the crowds. For these reasons the strict precautions above mentioned were resorted to.

The President himself had always been averse to any such protection, and the sight of officers of the law constantly near his person was distasteful. He had always insisted that in all his visits to various cities

there should be at least one public reception where he could be brought face to face with the public, and give those who desired it the privilege of a personal meeting.

Saw the President Shot.

A prominent Exposition official who stood just behind the President when the shooting occurred gave one of the clearest accounts of those related. He said:

"I stood about ten feet from the President and saw Czolgosz approach. The latter had his right hand drawn up close to his breast and a white linen handkerchief wrapped around it bore the appearance of a bandage. He extended his left hand, and I am quite sure the President thought he was injured, for he leaned forward and looked at him in a sympathetic way. When directly in front of the President Czolgosz threw his right hand forward and fired. I saw the flash and smoke followed by a report, and then heard the second shot.

"Instantly John Parker, the colored man, and Secret Agent Foster were upon Czolgosz, and they bore him to the floor. Czolgosz, lying prostrate, still retained a hold on his revolver and seemed to be trying to get his arm free to fire again.

"The President did not fall. He raised his right hand and felt of his breast and seemed to be maintaining his upright position only by wonderful effort. I am sure he did not speak at that moment. He gazed fixedly at his assailant with a look which I can not describe, but which I shall never forget, and in a moment reeled back into the arms of Secretary Cortelyou. Czolgosz's revolver had by that time been knocked from his hand, and some one had picked up the burning handkerchief which lay at his feet. Czolgosz was picked up, forced back and again knocked down. Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn supported the President and led him to a chair. I heard him ask that the news be kept from his wife, and a moment later, when Secretary Cortelyou asked him if he felt much pain, he said:

" 'This wound hurts very much.' He seemed to be fairly easy as he rested in the chair, and some of the fading color came back to his face. He reached his right hand inside of his shirt, and when he withdrew it his fingers were tipped with blood. He paled again at the sight of the blood, and I think he fainted. Senor Aspiroz, the Mexican Minister, broke through the crowd, and, rushing up to the President, cried:

" 'My God, Mr. President, are you shot?'

"The Minister seemed about to throw himself at the feet of the Presi-

dent, but was restrained. The President's answer came very slowly, and in a halting, subdued voice, he said: 'Yes, I believe I am.' The President was attracted by the scuffle of the officers who were dragging the would-be murderer away, but he did not speak. His head rested on the arm of Mr. Milburn and he seemed only partly conscious.

"His courage was superb, and while he was conscious he was master of the pain which he suffered. When the ambulance came and a stretcher was brought in he started forward and partly regained his feet unassisted. I heard not a word from the assailant of the President. He was struck down the moment he fired the second shot, and if he did speak it probably was an exclamation at the very rough treatment he was receiving."

Detective Ireland's Story.

In an interview Secret Service Detective Ireland, who, with Officers Foster and Gallagher, was near the President when the shots were fired, said:

"It is incorrect, as has been stated, that the least fear of an assault was entertained by the presidential party. Since the Spanish war the President has traveled all over the country and has met people everywhere. In Canton he walks to church and downtown without the sign of secret service of any kind as an escort. In Washington he walks about the White House grounds, drives out freely and has enjoyed much freedom from the presence of detectives.

"It has been my custom to stand back of the President and just to his left, so I could see the right hand of every person approaching, but yesterday I was requested to stand opposite the President, so that Mr. Milburn could stand to the left and introduce the people who approached. In that way I was unable to get a good look at every one's right hand.

"A few moments before Czolgosz approached, a man came along with three fingers of his right hand tied up in a bandage, and he had shaken hands with his left. When Czolgosz came up I noticed he was a boyish-looking fellow, with an innocent face, perfectly calm, and I also noticed that his right hand was wrapped in what appeared to be a bandage. I watched him closely, but was interrupted by the man in front of him, who held on the President's hand an unusually long time. This man appeared to be an Italian, and wore a short, heavy, black mustache. He was persistent, and it was necessary for me to push him along so that others could reach the President. Just as he released the President's hand and as the President was reaching for the hand of the assassin, there were two quick shots. Startled for a moment, I looked and saw the Pres-

ident draw his right hand up under his coat, straighten up and, pressing his lips together, give Czolgosz the most scornful and contemptuous look possible to imagine.

"At the same time I reached for the young man and caught his left arm. The big negro standing just back of him, and who would have been next to take the President's hand, struck the young man in the neck with one hand and with the other reached for the revolver, which had been discharged through the handkerchief, and the shots from which had set fire to the linen.

"Immediately a dozen men fell upon the assassin and bore him to the floor. While on the floor Czolgosz again tried to discharge the revolver, but before he could point it at the President it was knocked from his hand by the negro. It flew across the floor, and one of the artillerymen picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"On the way down to the station Czolgosz would not say a word, but seemed greatly agitated."

Said Every Precaution Was Taken.

The day following the shooting Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, a member of President McKinley's cabinet, issued a statement to the country at large saying that every possible precaution was taken to prevent the awful tragedy.

"On Thursday when the President witnessed the grand illumination at the Exposition, I was impressed with the ease with which some evil-disposed person might have crept up in the darkness between the flashes of the pyrotechnics and have done the President bodily harm. Secretary Cortelyou was similarly impressed, and we talked the matter over at great length as we sat on the benches watching the display. I confess that much of my pleasure was destroyed by the dread of what might happen. Secretary Cortelyou and I went over carefully the precautions which are always taken with the public appearance of the President, and he said that if any other precautions could be suggested or devised he would employ them. We spoke of the reception at the Temple of Music, which had been arranged for the next day. We both agreed that the only danger which might exist would be from organized anarchists or some one actually demented and irresponsible, but the possibility of just such a tragedy as occurred, we could not but admit.

"With the memory of this conversation in his mind, Secretary Cortelyou took all precautions. Detectives, guards and soldiers were em-

ployed. Nothing that foresight could imagine was omitted, and yet the dastardly crime was committed.

"It was warm. Many people were mopping their brows with their handkerchiefs, while the detectives, who were watching vigilantly for a possible weapon in the hand of a would-be assassin, had no suspicion of what lay concealed in what apparently was the bandaged hand of Czolgosz.

"All the secret service has been especially cautioned. I desire to have this statement made public in justice to Secretary Cortelyou, who, with a faithfulness and loyalty seldom paralleled, has striven with all his energy upon all occasions to safeguard the life of the President.

"Secretary Cortelyou telegraphed Director General Buchanan from Canton to make careful police arrangements to protect the President during his stay, and subsequently wrote to the same effect. Instead of two secret service men who usually accompany the President on trips of this character, Secretary Cortelyou had a third man detailed."

Two Sad Duties of the President.

It was the duty of Mr. McKinley, as President of the United States, previous to his assassination, to send two messages of condolence in cases of the assassination of crowned heads. One was in the case of the murder of the Empress of Austria at Geneva in 1898 and the other on the occasion of the killing of King Humbert of Italy on July 29, 1900. The message in the former case was as follows:

"Washington, D. C., Sept. 10, 1898.—To His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria: I have heard with profound regret of the assassination of her Majesty, the Empress of Austria, while in Geneva, and tender to your Majesty the deep sympathy of the government and people of the United States. William McKinley."

For this message the Emperor the next day returned a telegram conveying his personal thanks. The President's message on the assassination of King Humbert was as follows:

"Washington, D. C., July 30, 1900.—To His Majesty, Vittorio Emmanuel: In my name and on behalf of the American people I offer your Majesty and the Italian nation sincere condolences in the hour of deep bereavement. William McKinley."

CHAPTER III.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ASSASSIN MAKES A FULL, FREE, AND COMPLETE CONFESSION—SAYS HE WAS ALONE IN THE MATTER AND HAD NO ACCOMPLICES—PROUD OF HIS DASTARDLY DEED—HIS FATHER DENOUNCES HIM.

Leon Czolgosz was certainly one of the most cold-blooded, deliberate, sodden assassins of which the histories of the nations of the earth makes mention. He had no cause for shooting President McKinley; he had no grievance against the latter; none of his relatives or friends had suffered through any act of the Chief Magistrate of the United States. Czolgosz belonged to no party, sect, faction or society which had been injured or hurt in any manner or way by his victim. He had never seen the President until a day or two before he was shot, and had never been near him until the cowardly shots were fired.

Czolgosz was an anarchist, it is true, but he had never been interfered with in his opinions; the craven dastard had never been interfered with in his skulking career by the man whose life he sought. Remorseless, vindictive, silent, crafty and slinking, he followed the President in secrecy and safety until the moment for the execution of his purpose arrived.

The morning after the shooting the assassin, under the pressure of the police examiners, made the following heartless confession as coolly as though his deed was one which deserved a reward instead of the execration of the peoples of the world:

"I was born in Detroit nearly twenty-nine years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here forty-two years ago. I got my education in the public schools of Detroit and then went to Cleveland, where I got work. In Cleveland I read books on Socialism and met a great many Socialists. I was pretty well known as a Socialist in the West. After being in Cleveland for several years I went to Chicago, where I remained seven months, after which I went to Newburg, on the outskirts of Cleveland, and went to work in the Newburg wire mills.

"During the last five years I have had as friends anarchists in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other western cities and I suppose I became

more or less bitter. Yes, I know I was bitter. I never had much luck at anything and this preyed upon me. It made me morose and envious, but what started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard some little time ago by Emma Goldman. She was in Cleveland and I and other Anarchists went to hear her. She set me on fire.

"Her doctrine that all rulers should be exterminated was what set me to thinking so that my head nearly split with the pain. Miss Goldman's words went right through me and when I left the lecture I had made up my mind that I would have to do something heroic for the cause I loved.

"Eight days ago, while I was in Chicago, I read in a Chicago newspaper of President McKinley's visit to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. That day I bought a ticket for Buffalo and got here with the determination to do something, but I did not know just what. I thought of shooting the President, but I had not formed a plan.

"I went to live at 1078 Broadway, which is a saloon and hotel. John Nowak, a Pole, a sort of politician who has led his people here for years, owns it. I told Nowak that I came to see the fair. He knew nothing about what was setting me crazy. I went to the Exposition grounds a couple of times a day.

"Not until Tuesday morning did the resolution to shoot the President take a hold of me. It was in my heart; there was no escape for me. I could not have conquered it had my life been at stake. There were thousands of people in town on Tuesday. I heard it was President's day. All these people seemed bowing to the great ruler. I made up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32-caliber revolver and loaded it.

"On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds and was near the railroad gate when the presidential party arrived. I tried to get near him, but the police forced me back. They forced everybody back so that the great ruler could pass. I was close to the President when he got into the grounds, but was afraid to attempt the assassination, because there were so many men in the bodyguard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I should get hurt, but afraid I might be seized and that my chance would be gone forever.

"Well, he went away that time and I went home. On Wednesday I went to the grounds and stood right near the President, right under him near the stand from which he spoke.

"I thought half a dozen times of shooting while he was speaking, but I could not get close enough. I was afraid I might miss, and then the great crowd was always jostling and I was afraid lest my aim fail. I waited Wednesday and the President got into his carriage again and a lot

of men were about him and formed a cordon that I could not get through. I was tossed about by the crowd and my spirits were getting pretty low. I was almost hopeless that night as I went home.

"Yesterday morning I went again to the Exposition grounds. Emma Goldman's speech was still burning me up. I waited near the central entrance for the President, who was to board his special train from that gate, but the police allowed nobody but the President's party to pass where the train waited, so I stayed at the grounds all day waiting.

"During yesterday I first thought of hiding my pistol under my handkerchief. I was afraid if I had to draw it from my pocket I would be seen and seized by the guards. I got to the Temple of Music the first one and waited at the spot where the reception was to be held.

"Then he came, the President—the ruler—and I got in line and trembled and trembled until I got right up to him, and then I shot him twice, through my white handkerchief. I would have fired more, but I was stunned by a blow in the face—a frightful blow that knocked me down—and then everybody jumped on me. I thought I would be killed and was surprised the way they treated me."

Czolgosz ended his story in utter exhaustion. When he had about concluded he was asked:

"Did you really mean to kill the President?"

"I did," was the cold-blooded reply.

"What was your motive, what good could it do you?" he was asked.

"I am an anarchist. I am a disciple of Emma Goldman. Her words set me on fire," he replied, with not the slightest tremor.

"I deny that I have had an accomplice at any time," Czolgosz told District Attorney Penny. "I don't regret my act, because I was doing what I could for the great cause. I am not connected with the Paterson group, or with those anarchists who sent Bresci to Italy to kill Humbert. I had no confidants; no one to help me. I was alone absolutely."

Assassin Proud of His Deed.

Czolgosz was proud of his deed. He claimed it as his own. He admitted he had frequently talked of killing a ruler to his friends, but he declared there was no plot to kill President McKinley, and that he alone planned and executed the deed.

So far as could be ascertained Czolgosz was of a piece with all the anarchist type of murderers. His one overmastering trait was vanity. He was the kind of vermin the anarchist master spirits use as tools for their crimes. Like all of them, he was a coward at heart.

When he had fired his two treacherous shots; when the deed his crazy egotism had nerved him up to do was over, and, for the moment, his own life seemed in danger, he was white with terror and trembling like so much gelatine.

How the anarchists who were back of him—for there are few who believed his story that the inspiration was his own—must have worked upon such a craven to get him up to the murdering point, only they who did it can know. But their leverage was in the same inordinate vanity which, when the danger of being lynched was over, enabled him to pose in the role of a hero and a martyr.

He was hardly well within the prison walls at Buffalo and there safe from mob violence before his conceit began to bring back his nerve. He was quite himself, although rather badly battered from the hands of those who first fell upon him. When he went to bed the two policemen, who watched over him all night to see that he made no attempt to kill himself, report that he slept fairly well until daylight this morning. The new day brought with it to him the conviction that he was one of the great ones of the earth. He had endless satisfaction in his thought that all the world was talking of him. It pleased him greatly when he was summoned to have his photograph taken for the rogues' gallery. He posed for the camera in heroic attitude, with his head thrown back and his eyes turned upward in the approved style of the martyr. Two pictures of him were taken, one in profile and the other a full face.

The utmost precautions were taken to prevent anybody from getting a glimpse of him on his way from his cell in the basement of police headquarters to the photograph gallery on the top floor. The halls were cleared and policemen were lined up on each side of them and through this lane of bluecoats Czolgosz was marched. He walked with a firm step and seemed calm and composed. He was a whey-faced type of Pole, rather wall-eyed type, with a narrow forehead and thick hair, light brown in color, and rather wavy.

Czolgosz was evidently quite proud of his hair and had it trained to stand upright from his low brow in a semi-pompadour style. He was rather small in person and slight, but not badly built. The only bodily traces he bore of the rough handling received after he shot the President were a cut and swollen lip and scratched nose, where the detective's heavy fist fell upon him, driven home with all the vigor of the officer's first furious transport of rage, when the miserable little wretch was dragged to his feet before him.

Besides this all traces of the collar and necktie the assassin had worn

were gone and his shirt was torn open at the collar. In this way he was photographed, and it was a source of anguish to him that Secretary Root had requested that none of the photographs be made public.

The publication of their pictures throughout the world is most of the anarchist murderers' chief source of delight.

Czolgosz said his parents came from Russian Poland, and that he was born in Detroit in 1875. He received some education in the common schools of that city, but left school and went to work when a boy as a blacksmith's apprentice. Later he went to work at Cleveland and then went to Chicago.

While in Chicago he became interested in the Socialist movement. When he went back to Cleveland his interest in the movement increased. He read all the Socialist literature he could lay his hands on, and finally began to take part in Socialistic matters. In time he became fairly well known in Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit, not only as a Socialist, but as an anarchist of the most bitter type.

After returning to Cleveland from Chicago he went to work in the wire mills in Newburg, a suburb of Cleveland. He said he was working there up to the day he started for Buffalo, this statement contradicting letters written by him from points in New York.

About two weeks before Czolgosz attended a meeting of Socialists in Cleveland, at which a lecture was given by Emma Goldman, the woman whose anarchistic doctrines had made her notorious all over the country. The extermination of rulers of people was part of her creed.

It was this lecture and others heard in Chicago prior to that time that instilled in the heart of the Pole the poison of assassination. He went back to his lodging from the lecture with fever in his brain. His mind was filled with the preaching of this woman. The doctrine that rulers had no right to live was burned into his soul. He awoke in the morning with the lecture of Emma Goldman running through his mind.

A few days afterward he read in a Chicago paper that President McKinley was to visit the Pan-American Exposition and to remain in Buffalo for several days. The lecture of Emma Goldman and the projected visit of the President to Buffalo were linked in his every thought.

Eight days before the shooting he packed a small telescope valise with his belongings and took an early train for Buffalo. At that time there was no well formed purpose in his mind. The plot to murder had not crystallized, but the thought that in Buffalo he would be able, perhaps, to reach the President's side was what led him to start for the East, and with it was the dim conviction that his mission was one of blood.

Upon arriving in Buffalo he went at once to John Nowak's hotel at 1078 Broadway. He went there because he knew Nowak was a Pole. He told Nowak he had come to see the Exposition, and that his stay would be indefinite. He inquired of Nowak about the visit of the President, when he would arrive, how long he would be in the city, what he was to do here, and whether the people would be able to see much of him. Nowak told him what the plans were.

The next day Czolgosz went to the Exposition. He went there on the following day, and the day following. The idea that he might kill the President when he came was in his mind, but the purpose was but half formed. At that time it might have been possible to have diverted his mind from the thought of such a mission. But he was alone in the city. He had no friends here. There was nothing to check the fever burning deeper and deeper into his mind.

On Wednesday morning, the day of the President's arrival, Czolgosz had his mind made up. His mission to Buffalo was clear to him then. He determined to shoot the President. The first thing he did was to buy a revolver. With the consciousness that his work would have to be done quickly and must be effective, he secured a revolver of the self-acting type. It occurred to him that he might have to shoot the President more than once, and he knew that there could be no delay. He loaded his revolver, placed it in the side pocket of his sack coat, where he could reach it quickly and without attracting attention, and went to the Exposition.

He arrived on the grounds shortly before noon. He knew the President would not arrive before the early evening. He had read the papers carefully and knew every detail of the plans. But he was anxious to be on the scene where the assassination was to be committed. He remained at the Exposition all day.

In the afternoon he took up his position close to the railroad gate. He knew the President would enter the grounds that way. After a time other people began to assemble there until there was a crowd that hedged him in on all sides. He came to the conclusion that the place for him to be was outside of the railroad station, close to the tracks.

He feared that inside the grounds the crush might be so great that he would be brushed aside and prevented from reaching the President. He tried to pass through the gate to the station, but he was too late. Guards had just closed the exit. The President was to arrive soon, and the police did not desire to have the station crowded, so they pushed Czolgosz back into the crowd.

He was in the forefront of the throng when the President came

through the gate. The exhibition of tenderness and affection for his wife which the President unconsciously gave her as he led her through the entrance thrilled every one in the throng but Czolgosz. He alone felt no pity for the pale, sweet-faced, suffering woman. He pressed forward with the rest of the crowd as the President approached the carriage. He was gripping the weapon in his pocket in his right hand.

Several times, as the figure of the Chief Executive came into full view as the guards drew aside, the impulse to rush forward and shoot took possession of him, but each time he changed his mind. He feared he would be discovered before he could reach the President. He was afraid that the glint of the revolver, if he drew it from his pocket, might attract the attention of a detective or a soldier or a citizen before he could put his plan into execution, and in that event the assassin knew that all hope of killing the President would be over. He saw the President enter the carriage and drive away. He followed, but the crowd closed in front of him and held him back.

The next morning he was at the Exposition early. He took up his position close to the stand beneath the Pylon of Liberty, where the President was to speak. When the time came for the President to arrive the guards pushed him back. He saw the President arrive and mount to the stand. He stood there in the front row of the hurrahing people, mute, with a single thought in his mind.

He heard Mr. McKinley speak. He reckoned up the chances in his mind of stealing closer and shooting down the President where he stood. Once he fully determined to make the attempt, but just then a stalwart guard appeared in front of him. He concluded to wait a better opportunity. After the address he was among those who attempted to crowd up to the President's carriage. One of the detectives caught him by the shoulder and shoved him back into the crowd.

He saw the President drive away and followed. He tried to pass through the entrance after the President, but the guards halted him and sent him away. He entered the stadium by another entrance, but was not permitted to get within reach of the President.

Friday morning, September 6th, he was at the Exposition again and was in the crowd at the railroad gate when the President arrived at that point after crossing the grounds from the Lincoln Park entrance. But with the rest of the crowd he was driven back when the President's carriage arrived. He saw the President pass through the gate to the special train which was to take him to the falls.

Czolgosz waited for the President's return. In the afternoon he went

to the Temple of Music and was one of the first of the throng to enter. He crowded well forward, as close to the stage as possible. He was there when the President entered through the side door. He was one of the first to hurry forward when the President took his position and prepared to shake hands with the people.

Czolgosz had his revolver gripped in his right hand, and about both the hand and the revolver was wrapped a handkerchief. He held the weapon to his breast, so that any one who noticed him might suppose that the hand was injured.

He reached the President finally. He did not look into the President's face. He extended his left hand, pressed the revolver against the President's breast with his right hand, and fired.

Assassin's Father Denounces Him.

Leon Czolgosz was the son of Paul Czolgosz, who lived at 306 Fleet Street, Cleveland, O., having moved there from Warrensburg, O., in search of work. Other members of the family were John, who lived at home with his father and stepmother; Mike, a soldier on service in the Philippines; Vladiolan, who was on his father's farm, located on the Chagrin Falls Suburban line; and Jacob, of Marcelline Avenue, Cleveland. There were two uncles living on Hosmer Street.

The family were Polish and evidently poor.

Czolgosz's father talked of his son's crime. He said his son should be hanged, and that there was no excuse for the crime.. At first he appeared not to realize the enormity of the crime, but when aroused he denounced his son, saying he must have been mad.

The stepmother could not speak English, but gave out the following interview the day following the tragedy through the medium of an interpreter. She said:

"Leon left home sixty days ago. We heard from him a few weeks ago. He was then in Indiana and wrote to us that he was going away, stating that in all probability we would not see him again."

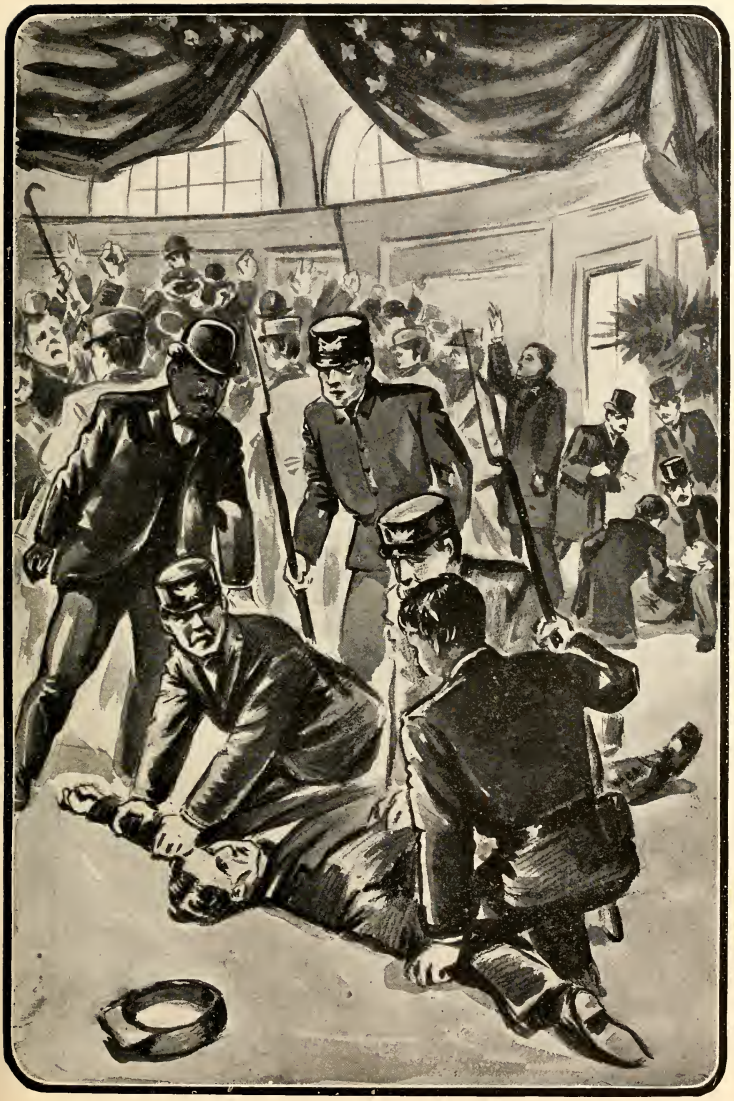
The family had not heard from him since. The stepmother denies Leon was a disciple of Emma Goldman or in any way interested in her doctrine. She said he was not interested in such matters and scarcely intelligent enough to understand them. They had always considered the boy partly demented. Up to three years before shooting the President he had worked at the Cleveland rolling mill, but had to quit on account of poor health. Since that time he had been idle. While living on the

farm near Warrensburg his father had not asked Leon to work, having always considered him too weak for manual labor.

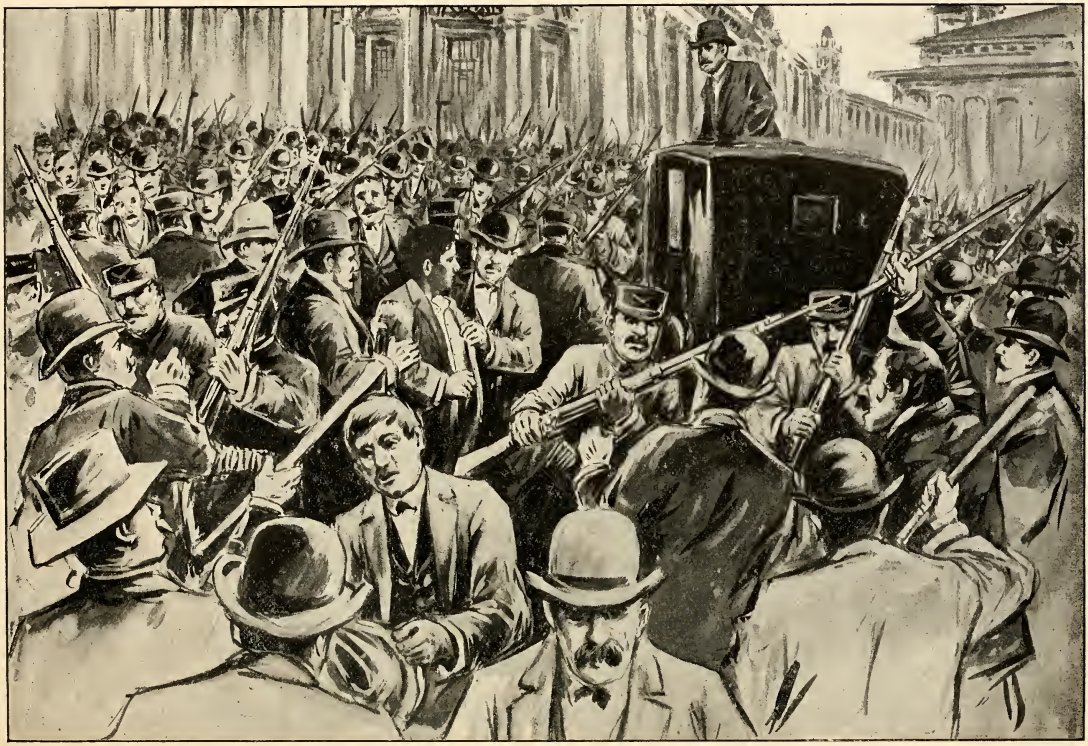
Regarding the shooting of the President, Mrs. Czolgosz said:

"I can't believe Leon is the one. He was such a timid boy, so afraid of everything. Why, he was the biggest coward you ever saw in your life."

Mrs. William McKinley



Czolgosz Pinioned by Guards and Officers while Awaiting the Arrival of the Police



Czolgosz Hurried into a Cab by the Police and Soldiers

CHAPTER IV.

SIMPLICITY OF THE HOME LIFE OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY—THEIR MARRIAGE AN INTERESTING EVENT IN CANTON—LOVING CARE OF THE PRESIDENT FOR HIS WIFE—TWO CHILDREN BORN TO THEM—HABITS OF THE PRESIDENT.

The hackneyed phrase of "Jeffersonian simplicity" might well be replaced by the more modern one of "McKinley modesty," which expresses a word epitome of the home life of the President.

This simplicity was sincere, as evident to those associated with him all his life as to those members of his official family at Washington and those who observed him from the public point of view. A quiet smoke, a talk with Mrs. McKinley, a favorite newspaper on a shady piazza, appealed more to the President than did the whirl of the Chief Executiveship of what he firmly believed to be the greatest nation on earth.

This sentiment was expressed on the afternoon of the national election of 1900. Speaking of the close of the exciting campaign, this victor of many a hard fought battle of the ballots remarked:

"The fight is over and I believe we have won. Of course, for the sake of the party, representing, as I believe it does, the principles synonymous with national prosperity and persisting futurity, I am glad. Personally, I would be willing to retire from the White House today with a breath of great relief. The work and worries of the position none but the man who has filled it can imagine. This modest little home is more to me than all the honors won or to be won by a Chief Executive. The honor of the position has already been mine. What more is there for me to secure?"

Thus, while the alterations of his public positions were numerous, but little change was made in the domestic and personal life of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley after they took up their residence in the Executive Mansion at Washington. The home they occupied until Thursday is the same unassuming cottage they entered as bride and groom a little over thirty years ago. The addition of five rooms and the erection of a porte-cochere alters the exterior appearance to a certain degree, but the interior is as simple as plain wood and immaculate papering and hangings can make it.

In Mrs. McKinley's boudoir the same simple marble mantle graces the apartment, some of the same durable furniture fills the home with sweet and sad memories of the past.

No President except Washington and Jefferson retained their residences in the same domicile following their elevation to the Presidency, yet it was the announced intention of Major McKinley to end his days in the simple, little, wooden cottage on North Market Street in Canton, Ohio.

Many are the friends of the McKinleys in Washington who recall the humble beginning of the President in the practice of law in Canton. His moral uprightness, his affiliation with the First Methodist Church, his adherence to the principles of honor and fair dealing in his legal practice commended him immediately to the people of the little town, all too ready to recognize weakness in a new resident. So it was not long until William McKinley became recognized as a leader in affairs of his adopted town.

Ida Saxton, the daughter of the leading banker of Canton, was impressed with the purity of the young man, and none could but be impressed with her sweetness and her reputation for good works.

The courtship was not a short one, and was happily concluded. Cantonians recall the hurry to have the new Presbyterian church in readiness for the ceremony, for the Saxtons were Presbyterians. When the evening for the ceremony arrived the auditorium was opened for the first time; a bright new carpet covered the floor, but the furnishings had not arrived. Neighbors from the surrounding houses loaned their chairs for the occasion and joined with the young friends of the bride in decorating the otherwise bare walls with evergreens cut fresh from the front yard pines and tamaracks.

The auditorium was crowded and the ceremony was beautiful. Dr. Buckingham, father of Lieutenant Buckingham of the navy, officiated. Among the guests most charmed with the ceremony were the members of Ida Saxton's infant class. On the evening of the ceremony Mrs. Harriet Whiting, a friend of both bride and groom, called Mr. McKinley aside and said:

"Major, I want to impress one word of this marriage service upon you. It is the word 'cherish.' You are worthy of Ida, and she of you, so really cherish each other."

A few months before the assassination, during the nearly fatal illness of Mrs. McKinley in San Francisco, Mrs. Whiting related the conversation and said:

"I told him to cherish her, and he has done it to the full."

And, indeed, this sentence might also typify the home life of the Pres-

ident, either in Canton or Washington. Immediately after the wedding ceremony the young couple took the cottage they ever afterward regarded as their home, and retained it practically ever since that time. Mr. Saxton, father of Mrs. McKinley, at first objected to his daughter leaving his home and proposed that the young people remain under the Saxton roof, but the mother, with a keen insight into the young woman's character, said:

"Nothing so brings out the good in a girl as life alone with her husband. If there is strength in Ida, life under her own roof with her mate will bring it to the front."

And so the early trials and triumphs were experienced in the little cottage; here the two little ones were born, and lingered only long enough to leave behind them the pale effulgence of infantile innocence, to bind into one the lives of wife and husband, and give to the world the proof of a lasting affection.

The social tastes of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley were modest in the extreme, and as a rule have been limited at home to little musicales in which the young friends entertained their host and hostess with vocal and instrumental music. The last affair of the kind the President attended was in Canton during the last week.

After taking up their residence at the White House little modification has been made in the mode of living of the McKinleys. The friends of their early married life were invariably received as freely as at Canton. Little evening musicales were arranged, and, no matter how busy the President might have been, he always managed to steal a few minutes from official duties to come and sit with Mrs. McKinley for a short time. His own greatest pleasure in life seemed to be in making her happy; he never forgot to "cherish" her. Their guests for the most part were friends from Ohio—usually nieces and nephews.

One little duty which seemed to give all of the household pleasure was the sending of flowers to all the Washington hospitals at the holidays. The hospitals at Canton were never forgotten, either, and personal friends in Washington, Canton and Chicago were in frequent receipt of floral remembrances from the White House conservatories when bedridden with illness.

The great dread of the President in entering the White House was the drafts which were reported to sweep through the wide corridors and apartments. The day before his first inauguration he read aloud to a party of friends an article, declaring that Mrs. McKinley could not survive a year in such a domicile. There was a marked vein of sarcasm in his

voice as he read the lines, but he evidently thought of the matter and instructed an architect to prepare plans by which the drafts might be obviated. This was successfully done, to the great relief of all who were cognizant of the real condition of his wife. Few social functions aside from those demanded officially have marked the years at the Executive Mansion. The great thought seemed to be the avoidance of ostentation and the preservation of the sweet domestic relation which has endeared the McKinleys to all thinking people.

An incident is related to illustrate the simple faith the mother of the President reposed in her great son. It was on the evening of his first election to the Presidency. A party of friends were expressing their confidence in his selection, when one, to guard against the possible disappointment of a defeat, said:

"Of course, he may be beaten."

Drawing herself to her full height, the grand mother of this great man said simply, yet authoritatively:

"It makes little difference. He will still be my son."

And she would have been satisfied to have him as her own, without the honor of Chief Magistrate.

Two children blessed McKinley's early married life, but both of them died in infancy. Since that time he and his wife were even more closely united. Mrs. McKinley, when her health allowed, took an active interest in her husband's career, and he often fondly stated that he always won when he followed her advice.

President McKinley was distinguished for his easy geniality, his democratic bearing and his cordiality in receiving friends and acquaintances. He smoked extensively, and, like General Grant, had a careful curb upon his tongue when dangerous topics were touched upon. He was, generally speaking, a politician as well as a statesman, and had as great tact in handling men as he had of bending them to his wishes.

Heroic Fortitude of Mrs. McKinley.

After being informed of the shooting of the President, Mrs. McKinley bore up with the most remarkable fortitude. She, in company with her husband, had made a trip to Niagara Falls the morning of the assassination. The sight-seeing had tired her, and on returning to the Milburn residence she took leave of her nieces, the Misses Barber, and the President's niece, Miss Duncan, as well as their hostess, Mrs. Milburn, and went to her room to rest. She was sleeping when W. I. Buchanan, Di-

rector General of the Exposition, arrived at the Milburn residence to acquaint the family there with the awful tragedy.

Mr. Buchanan informed the nieces as gently as possible and consulted Mrs. Milburn as to the best course to pursue in telling Mrs. McKinley of the accident. It was finally decided that on her awakening, or shortly after, Mr. Buchanan should see her, if in the meantime her physician, Dr. Rixey, had not arrived.

Mrs. McKinley awoke about 5:30 o'clock. She was feeling splendidly, she said, and at once took up her crocheting, which, as was well known, was one of her favorite diversions.

While the light of day remained Mrs. McKinley continued with her crocheting, keeping to her room. When it became dusk and the President had not arrived she began to feel anxious concerning him.

"I wonder why he does not come," she said to one of her nieces.

There was no clock in Mrs. McKinley's room, and although it was 7 o'clock she had no idea it was so late, but felt anxious concerning her husband, for he was due to return to Mr. Milburn's house about 6 o'clock.

At 7 o'clock Dr. Rixey arrived at the Milburn residence. He had been driven hurriedly down Delaware Avenue in an open carriage. At 7:20 o'clock Dr. Rixey came out of the house, accompanied by Colonel Webb Hayes, a son of former President Hayes, who was a friend of President McKinley. They entered a carriage and returned to the Exposition Hospital. After Dr. Rixey had gone Director General Buchanan said the doctor had informed Mrs. McKinley in a most gentle manner and she met the shock bravely, though considerably affected.

If it was possible to bring him to her she wanted it done. Dr. Rixey assured her that the President could be brought with safety from the Exposition grounds, and when he left Mr. Milburn's it was to complete all arrangements for the removal of the President.

Shortly after 9 o'clock the morning after the shooting the President asked for Mrs. McKinley, saying that he would like greatly to see her if the physicians thought no harm would result. Dr. Rixey, after a conference with the other physicians, went to Mrs. McKinley's room on the south side of the house and told her that her husband wished to see her.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. McKinley, aided by Dr. Rixey and an attendant, entered the President's room. The President turned toward her as she entered and slightly raised his head from the pillow.

Mrs. McKinley advanced to the bedside, and, resting beside it, she took the President's hand and for over two minutes they sat in silence looking at each other, their hands clasped.

The President whispered reassuringly that he suffered little and had been comfortable throughout the night. Tears rose in Mrs. McKinley's eyes, and the President, gently stroking her hand, said quietly:

"You know you must bear up well. That is the best for both of us."

Mrs. McKinley nodded, and Dr. Rixey then escorted her back to her room. The President brightened visibly after seeing her. He became easier and his pulse fell and his respiration became slower.

Solicitude over the condition of the President was almost equaled by solicitude for the welfare of Mrs. McKinley. Every caller who inquired about the progress of the President asked also how Mrs. McKinley was bearing the shock of the calamity.

They learned that Mrs. McKinley, thanks to the skill of the physicians, did not suffer so much as if she were keenly alive to every detail of the President's suffering. She was, however, kept constantly informed of his condition. She remained in her room and was much rested. Throughout the afternoon it was said that she slept, and every precaution was taken to have all the neighborhood absolutely quiet. It was decided that even the two telegraph instruments in the barn west of the house were too noisy, and they were moved elsewhere.

Director General Buchanan, with Charles R. Huntley, spent practically all the morning hours at the house aiding in carrying out whatever arrangements were proposed for the better comfort of the two patients. The physicians decided that the room should be cooler, and additional fans were placed during the day by Mr. Huntley.

Mr. Milburn received all callers who passed the police lines and the guards of sentry and reached the front veranda. Of the hundreds of callers comparatively few actually entered the house. Only Senator Mark Hanna and one or two others saw the President.

Any sketch of President McKinley would be incomplete without some personal description of the man. One who knew him well and had written of him said a short time before the shooting:

"He is in build inclined to stockiness, with, indeed, a tendency to corpulency; but with all that he is of shapely stature and well proportioned. His head is well set on a stout neck and broad, well-defined shoulders. His chest is full, showing strong lung capacity. His legs are sturdy; he is, in fact, muscular all through. He is possessed of great physical force, and it has been said of him that had he gone into training when a young man, he would have made a champion wrestler."

President McKinley's Control of Himself.

Just after the shooting of the President, an old and intimate friend gave an analysis of his general character—his habits, disposition, self-control, and other dominant traits. Said he:

"The President is not an athlete; he is not a sportsman. He does not indulge nor engage in marked physical activity in any direction. Moderation in exercise is characteristic of him. He manages to spend some time daily in the open air, either driving or walking, but his walks have not been long or wearying, and his drives have been taken with chief regard for Mrs. McKinley's comfort and strength, rather than for his own. The President has been very regular in his habits. He can not be called abstemious in his eating and drinking, perhaps; but, on the other hand, all who know him recognize that he is uniformly careful in such matters. Without pursuing any regimen or accustoming himself to particular articles of diet, he has not been indulgent to appetite. Rational living is an expression which best suits the President's habits. As the result of it, he has maintained a degree of good health unusual among men in public life, subject to the strain of high official position. In over four years of the Presidency, Mr. McKinley has had only one really serious sick spell. That was last winter, when he narrowly escaped an attack of pneumonia. For three days it was known to his intimate friends, but not to the public, that it seemed probable he could not escape a long battle with this disease. The superb physical condition in which the President keeps himself as a rule enabled the physicians to ward off the threatened attack, and the patient came out with nothing worse than temporary weakness.

"The President has shown in his own case that it is possible by regularity of habit and by moderation in eating and drinking and in exercise to maintain a physical system as nearly perfect as is possible in a human being. Probably not one man in twenty—perhaps not one in fifty—would have escaped pneumonia as the President did last winter. Probably four out of five men who had gone through what the President had in the way of work and strain would have succumbed to the disease. Thus, while the President is in nowise an athlete and does not train in any way to maintain his physical condition, he is nevertheless prepared at all times with strength and vitality to respond to any extraordinary call. Because of this general and continuously good physical condition, Mr. McKinley will now be able to supplement, so far as can be done physically, the efforts of the surgeons.

"But this is not all that strengthens the possible chances in his favor. The newspapers tell of the calmness with which he withstood the shock

in Music Hall at Buffalo. Those who know the President can readily appreciate the exact truthfulness of the description. It is said by those who remember the President as he was twenty-five or thirty years ago, that he was at times impulsive and like other men of strong character, and that he did occasionally express himself vigorously in word and action. Those who know Mr. McKinley only as he is now can hardly realize that he was not born with the perfect self-control which is so characteristic of him.

"It is an interesting and beautiful story which those who have been near to him for many years tell of the gradual development of this unusual power of self-command. As the story goes, Mr. McKinley took the first steps in this direction because of his devotion to his invalid wife. He early realized that her health depended greatly on protection from every-day care and worry. He saw how dependent she was on his moods. His first lessons in self-control were taken in his efforts to shield the gentle lady from annoyances and troubles. It became the habit with him to throw aside cares of office and position and work when he went into her presence and to appear before her smiling and cheerful always. No matter what the unusual strain of the day might have been, or what anxiety was upon his mind, he acquired the habit of keeping the knowledge of them from Mrs. McKinley. This mental culture grew and developed until William McKinley became a perfect master of himself.

"Many people have misunderstood this characteristic of the President. They have misinterpreted the evenness of his temper and the absence of human mental weaknesses."

CHAPTER V.

Death of President McKinley at the Milburn Mansion at Fifteen Minutes Past Two O'Clock on the Morning of Saturday, September 14th, 1901—Gangrene the Cause—At One Time He Seemed to be on the Road to Recovery—"God's Will, Not Ours, be Done," the Last Words of the Martyr Chief Magistrate—Those at the Bedside.

President McKinley died at the Milburn residence at Buffalo at fifteen minutes past 2 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, September 14th, 1901, about seven days and ten hours after he was shot. He died painlessly, after a long period of unconsciousness, his last words being, "God's will, not ours, be done."

Death resulted from gangrene. The bullets had been poisoned. The President had been for many years an incessant smoker and had what is known as a "tobacco heart," but heart exhaustion did not cause his death, as his doctors at first thought. The President's heart gave trouble from the beginning, but its erratic action was at first thought to be due to the shock of the wound, but when the wound had begun to progress favorably the heart gave more trouble and anxiety than ever. Its action became feeble and finally gave out altogether.

Some of the physicians in attendance upon the stricken President did not believe there was organic heart trouble. The theory of at least one of the physicians was that the original shock of the first bullet over the heart had much to do with the trouble which caused death.

After every resource was exhausted for over twenty-four hours, after the sinking spell early on Friday morning, September 13th, death came to the twenty-fifth President of the United States. His end was that of perfect peace.

For many hours the President's hold on life was so slight that the work of the surgeons was confined to watching the flickering spark without attempting to fan it into life artificially.

Practically all medicines and oxygen treatments were abandoned a considerable time before midnight. All hope was lost then, and the only thing left to do was to wait for the worn out machinery to run down.

Mrs. McKinley had been with the President twice during the early part of the evening.

Just before the President lost consciousness Mrs. McKinley knelt at his side. He knew her and said: "Good-bye, all; good-bye. It is God's way; not our will, but thine be done."

And so ended the life of a man who was an example of the best type of American citizenship. The simplicity of his character was marked, a quality peculiar to all really great men. He was unselfish and genuinely patriotic, always devoted to the service of his country in whatever position his fellow-citizens placed him. His character was remarkable for tenderness of thought, nobility of action, purity of mind, and elevation of sentiment. He was a man fitted to take rank with any of his predecessors in office, in history, and in public estimation.

The life of President McKinley, which had been sustained with powerful drafts of oxygen, seemed to fade away soon after ten o'clock p. m., September 13th, and consciousness was lost permanently.

Around what was supposed to be the actual deathbed, besides the surgeons in the case, were Abner McKinley, Miss Helen McKinley, and Mrs. Duncan, the brother and sisters of the President. They were hurriedly called to witness the passing of a brother and a President. Yet an hour seemed to be delayed from one brief moment to another.

Down-stairs and in the hall were the other members of the family, Mrs. Abner McKinley, a sister-in-law; Miss Mary Barber, the President's favorite niece; Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, of Chicago, a cousin of Mrs. McKinley; Lieutenant James McKinley, a nephew; John Barber, a nephew; Mrs. Baer, a niece, with Mr. Baer, and Secretaries Root, Wilson and Hitchcock, and Attorney-General Knox. The latter, with Secretary Long, had arrived only a few minutes before midnight, and Secretary Long left about 10 o'clock, so that he was not present when the end came.

Officials Among the Watchers.

Next in official importance among the watchers were United States Senator Hanna of Ohio, Controller of the Currency C. G. Dawes, Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, Governor Yates of Illinois, J. H. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exposition, in whose house the President died; Colonel Myron T. Herrick, with his wife; and half a score of others who came and went. Included among these were Colonel W. C. Brown, Abner McKinley's law partner; Russell B. Harrison, son of former President Benjamin Harrison; Webb C. Hayes, son of former

President Rutherford B. Hayes; and many others whose figures could scarcely be distinguished in the gloom.

The President's turn for the worse came at 2 o'clock on Friday morning, and it was almost exactly twenty-four hours later before the last flicker of life had died away. It was the heart which failed early in the morning following upon the partial collapse on the Thursday night before, and all through the terrible day into the night the heart of the good President beat with irregular throbs which told of the inevitable end.

Mrs. McKinley was warned that it was only a question of minutes before the end came, but as these minutes drifted into hours her strength failed completely and she was forced to retire, under the commands of the physicians, who alone could tell whether life was extinct or not.

Secretary Cortelyou came out of the Milburn house about 2:20 a. m., and in a voice that trembled with emotion announced:

"The President died at 2:15."

He then gave the names of the family and friends present at the bedside when the end came and returned to the house.

Immediately thereafter the party that had been assembled in the house during the night broke up, coming down the walk singly and in pairs.

Everybody was deeply affected. Several of the men were sobbing aloud as they passed on their way to their carriages

A noticeable theme of comment was occasioned by the hour at which, the death occurred. It partook somewhat of the providential that the event should have come in the dead of night instead of the early evening, when the thousands who gathered on the streets of the city were in no tender mood. Had the death come earlier it is possible that the authorities would have had to cope with more or less violence.

Result was Certain for Many Hours.

From 2:30 o'clock in the morning of Friday there was no time when the result was greatly in doubt. The vigil was long and distressing for friends, officials, police, soldiers, correspondents, telegraphers, and all, but down to the humblest messenger boy there were constant and real prayers for the life of the beloved President.

Ever since the shooting, one week previously, the vicinity of Ferry street and Delaware avenue had been carefully patrolled so that the President might have all possible quiet.

In front and beside the house soldiers of the Fourteenth United States

Infantry paced their regular beats, while police and officers of the secret service patrolled the neighborhood to guard it from the idle and the noisy.

It was 2:30 o'clock on Friday morning that the first frantic messages were sent to the absent physicians, while a few minutes later the series of awful summonses was sent out for the old friends, relatives, officials, associates, and, more than all, for the young soldier who seemed about to be called to vast responsibility.

Vice-President Roosevelt was harder to get at than any one else who was summoned. He went away from Buffalo two days before, confident that the President would live. Being entirely free from anxiety, as well as from personal longing, Colonel Roosevelt had gon to the Adirondacks, out of the reach of the telegraph.

Senator Hanna, ex-Secretary of State Day, Senator Fairbanks, and several members of the immediate family came from Cleveland on a special train at seventy miles an hour, but the Vice-President, whose heir apparency was so clear to all, could not be brought to the scene.

It was only during the dark hours that word finally was received from Mr. Roosevelt, and it became necessary to notify him to be prepared to take the oath of office while on the road, in order that the great office of President might not be vacant even for an hour.

The custom is for any officer, properly qualified, to administer the oath, which is then administered again in Washington, with more ceremony, by the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

When President Lincoln died Vice-President Johnson was in Washington; at the time of the death of President Garfield, Vice-President Arthur was in New York at his home in Lexington Avenue, where the oath was administered to him by Justice Brady, of the State Supreme Court of New York. Later President Arthur took the oath again in the Vice-President's chamber in the Capitol at Washington, Supreme Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite administering it.

President Breathing Freely at Midnight.

Apparently the President seemed to wait for all his own and his official family. At midnight he was still breathing; life was a mere flutter of the heart, a feeble breath, more of the oxygen tank than of the lungs, but it was life none the less.

When Secretary Long and Dr. Janeway, the New York expert, arrived they were greeted with the unexpected tidings that the minutes had lengthened into hours, and yet the light of a great man's life, though flickering, had failed to disappear entirely.

At no time from sunrise to sunset, from noon to midnight, would the end have seemed at all strange, and it was deferred, strangely, from one brief period to another, long after every one had given up hope.

For a week the guard with fixed bayonets had worn a patch on the turf about the Milburn house, a hospital residence now historical. The street was dark, and the neighboring houses showed few lights. The electric globes at the street corner, shining on the fixed bayonets of the regular troops, whose faces, bronzed in the Philippines, were seamed with anxious care.

As the night wore on the guard, under Lieutenant Murphy, was changed over and over again. Meanwhile, doctors and statesmen stepped in and out.

Every few minutes some duly accredited visitor, from the inner rooms of the house, appeared to announce that the President could not last more than a few brief moments.

Mrs. McKinley was gently told hours before midnight that the President, her husband, had only a few minutes to live, and yet midnight found the doctors counting fair vibrations of the pulse. The President had sunk into unconsciousness, and it seemed as if he were determined to stay, like a good soldier, until he could turn the command over to another.

At 5:30 in the evening Colonel Brown, with tears running down his cheeks, announced that the end was at hand, and at 10 o'clock the last words of the slowly dying President were reverently handed about, and yet at midnight the beloved martyr still lingered.

Crowds Surround Assassin's Jail.

During the early part of the evening crowds began to gather about the station-house, where the assassin, Czolgosz, was confined, and the purpose of their gathering was at no time mysterious. People gathered rapidly, who openly declared they intended to lynch the assassin, if the President died.

The authorities were fully alive to the situation and agents of the secret service reported that the people were excited beyond measure. There were not only the people of Buffalo, indignant at the disgrace to their city, but strangers, who had no neighborly respect for the local authorities.

Governor Odell acted promptly and gave orders to protect the jail. Thus the assassin was safe from penalty for the miserable death he had dealt out to the President.

The police and the military roped the streets for blocks around the station-house, and the people, diverted from their prey by the strong show

of force, crowded about the bulletin boards, learning that Dr. Janeway of New York, the specialist on the heart, was making an examination. It was the heart which had failed all through the day, and, in spite of the great odds against them, the doctors still hoped at 11:30 that some means might yet be found to save the President from death.

The beginning of the end came in the same way the crisis of Thursday night began. There was a sudden development of weakness, and the heart action became faint and fluctuating. The first intimation of the danger to the outside watchers was when a negro servant came hurriedly out of the house and started away towards town at a swift pace. Then came a series of bulletins, some formal and some informal, hurried by Secretary Cortelyou. They all told one story. The President's condition was grave; he was low; he was practically dying; there was little or no hope.

Then came State Senator Dodge from the Cleveland district, an old friend of the President. His face showed strong signs of emotion. He spoke hardly above a whisper to the dense throng of reporters who gathered about him. "The President is dying," he said. "He is unconscious. He recognizes none of those about him."

Soon after this Dr. McBurney and a carriage came rushing up the line, the horses on a gallop. He said not a word, but hurried almost at a trot from the carriage to the house. Colonel W. C. Brown came next. He ran as fast as he could over the ground from the carriage and dashed up to the porch three steps at a time.

The report now came out at 7:55 that the President had recovered consciousness; that he fully realized that the end was at hand, and that he had asked for Mrs. McKinley. She was taken into the room and to her husband's bedside.

Bids Farewell to His Wife.

All left the room then, save one nurse, the husband and wife were practically alone. The President was able to speak faintly as his wife bent over him. What he said only he and she knew. Those who knew how tenderly and constantly he had cared for her and how great his anxiety had been for her ever since he was stricken down by the anarchist's bullet could hardly speak of that pitiful scene without almost breaking down as the thought of it.

Meantime the door of the sick-room was thrown open, and those nearest the President were quietly gathered about it. In the group were Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, Mrs. Baer, the President's niece; Miss

Barber, Mrs. McKinley's niece; Judge Day, Secretaries Root, Hitchcock and Wilson, Senator Hanna, and Mrs. McWilliams.

News Spreads Through the City.

Up to this time the crowd had been steadily gathering at the outer barriers of rope stretched across the streets two blocks away in all directions. The news of the relapse seemed to have spread over the city like wildfire. It was first reported that the President was dying. Then the rumor spread that he was dead. People began steadily gathering about the barriers, speaking in low tones scarce above a whisper, asking the policemen on guard for news.

The officers, several of whom were visibly affected by the solemnity of it all, could only report such faint and uncertain echoes as now and then reached them from the sick-room. Scores of women, whose apparel and bearing showed them to be persons of refinement and comfortable means, were in the groups. They all wanted to know how Mrs. McKinley was. Next to the President himself the interest centered in her.

Meantime for several moments nothing had come from the house. The last had been the announcement that Mrs. McKinley was at her husband's deathbed and that the rest of his family, personal as well as official, who were in the house were gathered about the open door of the room where the President was breathing his last.

Senator Symonds Brings Sad Message.

Then at 8:25 Senator Symonds came out of the house and walked slowly down the paved path to the sidewalk. It was evident he came with something to say and that it was something of sad import. At first it was thought that it was the final message that all was over. Yet it was believed that this event would be announced by Secretary Cortelyou. Next to the actual statement that the President was dead, that which Senator Symonds had to tell could not have been worse. The President was in extremis, he said.

It was not believed that the President could live three minutes when he (Symonds) stepped out of doors. He might even be dead at that moment. As this report spread the hush that already was upon the hundred or more people within the ropes seemed to become even deeper.

Great Throng is Silent.

Scarce a word was spoken. It was like the solemn stillness of a church so far as those nearest the house were concerned. The only sound

was in the swift clicking of the telegraph instruments as the news was rushed away to all parts of the country.

The only thing that jarred in all the scene was the glare of the Exposition fireworks something like a mile and a half away. The dull report of exploding bombs could be heard, and the colored lights played directly upon one of the windows of the room in which the President lay dying. The Exposition managers evidently had not heard of the President's critical condition. At all events, they started up their pyrotechnics at the usual hour. The half-whispered comments of the groups within the ropes were words of indignation at the heedlessness of somebody.

Life Prolonged by Oxygen.

James F. Chard brought out at 9:20 p. m. the only news that came from the house for some time. It practically amounted to the statement that the President was only being kept alive by oxygen. He had intervals of a sort of consciousness, which is made manifest only by a low moan now and then. He said nothing. It is doubtful if even dimly he recognized those about him. Up to 9 o'clock the only two persons who had been by the bedside save the doctors and nurses were Mrs. McKinley and Abner McKinley.

Mrs. McKinley remained by her husband about ten minutes. It was thought then she was bearing up well. Abner McKinley only stood by the bedside and looked at his brother for a moment and then walked out.

Mrs. Hanna and Dan R. Hanna came hurriedly up in an automobile at 9:20 and went into the house. Then came Attorney General Knox, who had hardly got inside the door before the message from Secretary Cortelyou came out—the message that the end was at hand. Secretary Cortelyou's words were:

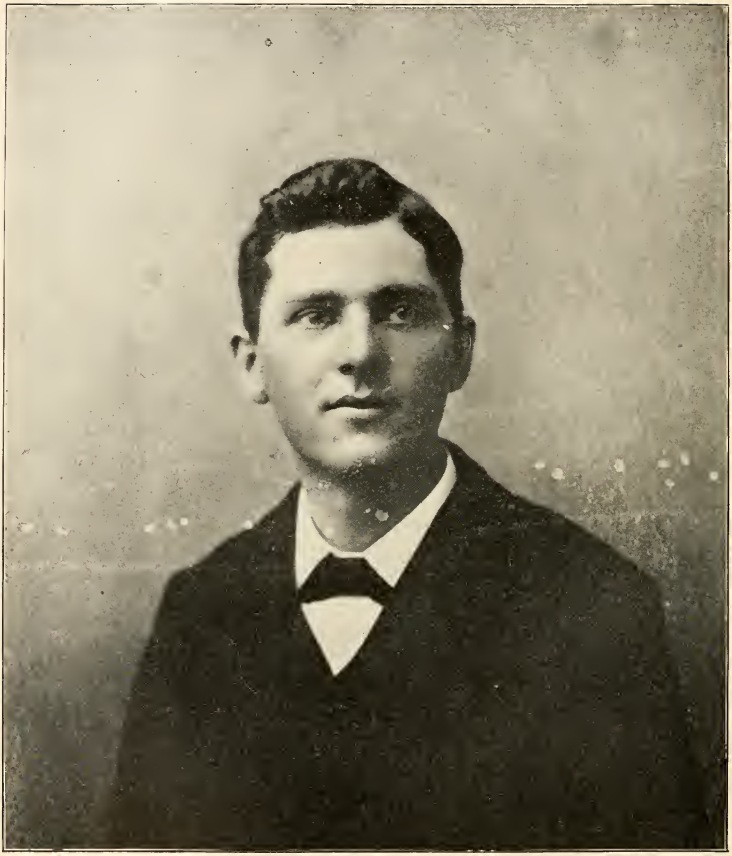
"I wish to announce to the press and to the American people that the President is dying."

Death Chill is Announced.

Almost at the same time word came from Dr. Mynter that the death chill had set in. At this time the fireworks at the Exposition were banging away, and the dull exploding of the bombs came rapidly, one after the other. Nobody heeded it then. Attention was too concentrated on every movement about the door of the house to heed for a moment anything else. At 9:43 there came another formal statement from Secretary Cortelyou. It was that the President was unconscious, and that his last lucid moments were spent with Mrs. McKinley. "The pulse has left the

The Shooting of President McKinley by the Anarchist Czolgosz

The colored man on the right is JAMES D. PARKER, who first struck, then throttled the assassin, thus preventing a third shot being fired.



Leon Czolgosz
(From a photograph in the possession of his family)

President's extremities. Consciousness seems to have departed finally. He may live until midnight. In his last moments of consciousness the President spoke words of comfort to Mrs. McKinley."

He Bowed to the Will of God.

At a few minutes after 10, Mr. Cortelyou gave for publication what in all human probability, as the outlook was then, would be William McKinley's last words on earth. They were:

"God's will be done, not ours."

They were addressed to Mrs. McKinley as she sat by his side taking her last farewell of him. Immediately after uttering them the President lapsed into unconsciousness.

At various times the President's mind wandered during the night and in his delirium he spoke of his home in Canton. That he was suffering seemed evident from the pitiful way in which he talked about his longing for rest. It was in connection with his longing for rest that he wandered about his home. To get home and rest—that was the one thing that ran through all his delirious moments.

Nothing came from the house after the statement concerning the President's last words until 10:40, when Dr. Mann sent out in response to a request that the President was still breathing and might live an hour.

"What will be the cause of death?" was asked.

"Apparently it is some affection of the heart," he replied, "but we do not know what it is exactly. Senator Hanna has given us to understand that there will be an autopsy, but we are in the dark. The President's pulse had been rapid from the start. It had never behaved right. It had steadily and progressively grown weaker.

"For the last twenty-four hours he had been having sinking spells off and on, each one worse and each one harder to bring him back from.

"The President did not believe until late today that he would die. He told me this morning he had not lost heart. We were laughing and joking while I was dressing the wound. He said to me: 'I feel that I will get well.'

"This evening he spoke to Dr. Rixey about dying. He said he felt it was almost over. He then asked for his wife. Mrs. McKinley was with him for an hour and a half. They conversed together, making their farewells.

Mrs. McKinley Bore Up Bravely.

"Mrs. McKinley bears up splendidly. While she was with her hus-

band she sat with her hands clasped in his, and showed no signs of breaking down. The President's last words to those about him were:

"'Good-bye, all; good-bye! It is God's way. His will be done; not ours,' and then he said, speaking to no one, apparently: 'Nearer, my God, to thee, e'en though it be a cross, is my constant prayer.'

"His mind wandered considerably at the last, and he lay scarcely breathing."

When Dr. Mann was asked who was in the room, he said:

"All of the President's friends went in and bade him good-bye. Most of them went away again, but some staid.

"Senator Hanna was in the room from time to time, and the members of the Cabinet went in. Secretary Root went in several times. A front bedroom was devoted to their use. Attorney General Knox was the last of the members of the Cabinet to arrive."

At three minutes after 11 there came another brief statement from Mr. Cortelyou indicating that the end was at hand. Mr. Cortelyou said the President's extremities were cold, and that they were then watching for the last signs of life.

Thomas Scetchard and Colonel Brown left the house at 11:05. There was no change, they said.

"Every one is simply waiting for the end," said Mr. Scetchard. "The President is conscious at times. He may go any minute or he may last an hour."

Governor Yates of Illinois came out five minutes later. "Dr. McBurney," he said, "has informed us that the President may live an hour or two, but probably not any longer."

Dr. Roswell Park, who came out of the house at 11:45 o'clock, said: "The condition of the President is practically unchanged, but there is nothing by which to indicate how long the vital spark might last. The President may live five minutes, or he may live five hours."

Dr. Janeway Hurries Into the House.

Dr. Janeway arrived at 11:45. He was brought from the station in a cab, which was driven at full speed. The horse stumbled from exhaustion when reaching the house. The doctor jumped out before the cab came to a stop and ran up the block to the house.

Between half-past 10 and 11 o'clock the repeated assurances of each man who came from the house of death seemed to convince those who were not newspaper men that there was no use in staying any longer—that the President could not possibly live until morning. At half-past 11

there were not half as many men about the corner as there had been an hour before.

At the same time the crowds waiting in Delaware avenue and the other closed streets ceased pressing on the police lines. They realized that it was over and went home with their sorrow. The few who had staid left when Judge Day came from the house, half an hour before midnight, and said that Mrs. McKinley had been told that her husband had only a few minutes more to live.

Heart Complication Was Unexpected.

Judge Day added that the physicians, since the danger from peritonitis and blood poisoning had disappeared, were obliged to look elsewhere for an explanation of his sinking. They found that his heart was muscularly weak, and the weakness, in the light of what they had learned from those who have studied the President's physique for a long time, was probably due to the use of tobacco.

The announcement of the death to the members of the Cabinet was made by Webb Hayes, who said:

"It is all over."

Mrs. McKinley last saw her husband between 11 and 12. At that time she sat by the bedside holding his hand. The members of the Cabinet were admitted to the sick-room singly at that time.

The actual death probably occurred about 2 o'clock, it being understood that Dr. Rixey delayed the announcement momentarily to assure himself.

The announcement of the news to those waiting below was postponed until the members of the family had withdrawn. Through Secretary Cortelyou the waiting newspaper men received the notification. In a trice there was the keenest excitement on the broad avenue, but there was no semblance of disorder.

When the news was imparted to those down-stairs a great sigh of sorrow went up from the strong men there assembled. The members of the Cabinet, Senators, and close friends remained only a few minutes. Then, with mournful tread and bowed heads, they came out into the darkness and went away. There was not one among them with dry eyes, and some moaned in their grief.

Mrs. McKinley was sleeping when the end came. A few hours afterward she awoke and then, knowing the worst, was more resigned and calmer than had been hoped for. Her will was strong although her body was frail.

President Roosevelt's Trip to Buffalo.

Vice-President Roosevelt became President of the United States the moment President McKinley died, but he was not sworn in until he reached Buffalo from the hunting camp where he was when the news reached him that the President was dying. He was notified on Friday night that the end was near at hand, and at once left the camp for Buffalo, where he arrived about 1 o'clock the following day. He at once met the various members of the Cabinet who had been staying in Buffalo during the week, but no Cabinet session was held.

Colonel Roosevelt was in Vermont on a hunting trip when the first news of the shooting reached him, and at once hurried to Buffalo, where he remained two days. At the end of that time, thinking the President out of danger, being so assured by the attending physicians, he departed for Northern New York to resume his outing there. He was much agitated all during the second trip to Buffalo, and persistently refused to see anyone.

Tears came to his eyes when, on Friday night, he received a telegram saying the President could not live, and earnestly exclaimed, "I hope to God the sad news is not true."

CHAPTER VI.

Poisoned Bullet the Cause of President McKinley's Death—He Was Doomed to Die From the First—Result of the Autopsy—President Roosevelt Sworn In—His Proclamation—Funeral Ceremonies of the Lamented Chief Magistrate—Body Lying in State in Capitol—Interment at Canton.

President McKinley's death was the direct result of gangrene, set up by the bullet which entered his abdomen, and which had undoubtedly been poisoned by the assassin.

An autopsy held upon the body in the afternoon demonstrated the fact that the President, at no time after he was shot, had the slightest chance of recovery. The following was the report of the physicians who conducted the post-mortem examination, the latter taking three hours:

"The bullet which struck over the breast bone did not pass through the skin and did little harm. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach near its lower border.

"Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissue around each hole had become gangrenous.

"After passing through the stomach the bullet passed into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track also was gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet has not yet been found.

"There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were extremely thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from the gangrene which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet.

"Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment and was the direct result of the bullet wound.

"HARVEY D. GAYLORD, M. D.
"HERMAN G. MATZINGER, M. D.
"P. M. RIXEY, M. D.
"MATTHEW D. MANN, M. D.
"HERMAN MYNTER, M. D.
"ROSWELL PARK, M. D.
"EUGENE WASDIN, M. D.
"CHARLES G. STOCKTON, M. D.
"EDWARD G. JANEWAY, M. D.
"W. W. JOHNSON, M. D.
"W. P. KENDALL,
"Surgeon United States Army.
"CHARLES CARY, M. D.
"EDWARD L. MUNSON,
"Assistant Surgeon United States Army.
"HERMANUS L. BAER, M. D."

Aside from their officially signed statements, the doctors were averse to discussing the autopsy, but some general expressions were secured on the points involved.

THE OPERATING SURGEON EXPLAINS THE CASE.

Dr. Matthew D. Mann, the surgeon upon whom fell the responsibility of operating upon the President, immediately after he was shot, made the following explanation:

"First of all, there was never any contention or unseemly discussion among the physicians as to the method of treatment of a case similar to the present one in importance. In no case was there ever a better understanding as to what should be done. We worked together as one man. There were honest differences of opinion among us sometimes as to which was the better mode of procedure under certain conditions, but the minority always were convinced.

"About the criticisms that were made as to the insufficiency of the original examination and the failure to locate the bullet at the time of operation, were they justified?"

"I think the report made today," Dr. Mann replied, "is a sufficient answer to your question. It shows plainly that the location of the bullet had nothing to do with the final outcome of the case. That resulted from gangrene, which appeared in the path of the bullet. Even our efforts to-

day to locate it, as stated in the report, were unsuccessful. I believe it went into the muscle at the small of the back.

"We followed the hole made by the bullet until it went into the muscle. We searched one and a half hours for the missile of death. The X-ray instrument was not used, as the appliances were not handy. This serious damage was done to the organs through which it passed—not to the locality where it now rests."

"Your report says the first bullet, striking in the breast, did no harm."

"Yes, that is correct. That bullet evidently struck a button and then shied off without doing any damage. Had it not met some obstruction it surely would have killed the President immediately. Below the locality where it struck the flesh was quite flabby and contused.

"Today's investigation developed the fact that the first bullet struck the President on the right side of the breast bone near the edge and between the second and third ribs. In our original examination we said it was to the left of the breast bone. The mistake in the first announcement was due to the hasty examination we made at the time of the shooting, when the question was not so much as to the exact location of the wounds as to that of getting to work to save the President's life.

"The report speaks of a lack of evidence of repair work on the part of nature. Won't you explain just what bearing this had on the case at issue?"

System Badly Run Down.

"By that statement we mean that the general system of the patient failed to respond to the demand upon it for a revival from the shock suffered by the shooting. It was due probably to a low state of vitality; not to poor health, mind you, but to a system that was considerably run down and needed rest and recuperation."

"The report says the heart walls were extremely thin. Was this condition peculiar to the President, or is it a common complaint? Did the use of smoking tobacco by the President have any important bearing on the case?"

"A man whose heart walls are thin is usually one who leads a sedentary life and whose heart gets no great amount of exercise. This organ, like any other, requires active exercise to keep it in proper condition.

"No, I don't think the smoking habit affected the President's heart to the extent of making it figure in the result of his case.. He was not a great smoker, and at one time we even considered the propriety of permitting him to have a cigar."

"It has been suggested, Dr. Mann, that the bullet which went into

the President's abdomen was poisoned, and that this was what caused death. Do you think there is any basis for the reports?" was asked.

"The authorities and the physicians have received a number of telegrams and letters alleging that the bullet was poisoned," Dr. Mann replied. "I don't know whether it was or not. A chemical or a bacteriological examination of the remaining bullets in the pistol will be necessary to determine that.

"All the tissues through which the bullet passed were dead. This is remarkable, indeed. The area of the dead flesh in the stomach was perhaps so great as a silver dollar in circumference. Dr. Wasdin, the Marine Hospital expert, was strongly inclined to the opinion that the bullet had been poisoned.

"Just a word in conclusion," said Dr. Mann. "I think in justice to the other physicians and myself something should be said about the bulletins issued every day. We aimed to make them as plain as possible and to state the facts simply. They were given as hour to hour talks of the President's condition, containing no opinions nor making any prognostications—simply a narration of conditions made with a desire to keep the public informed from day to day of the actual state of affairs."

Another one of the physicians said:

"So far as the treatment of the case was concerned, both from a surgical and a medical standpoint, it was successful. The abdominal wound was fatal from the start. The physicians should feel relieved over the result of the autopsy, because it revealed the fact that the abdominal wound was necessarily fatal, and that nothing that was done or could be done would more than delay the inevitable result."

Declared the Bullets Were Poisoned.

Dr. Eugene Wasdin, one of the physicians, declared it his belief that the bullets fired by the assassin Czolgosz were poisoned and that the gangrenous condition of the wounds resulted from this poison. Other surgeons present at the autopsy did not concur, laughing at the theory of poisoned bullets.

Stories have been told of anarchists' bullets covered with poison, and the anarchist society was supposed to have the recipes for making these bullet poisons.

It was possible that Czolgosz used a prepared bullet, but many believed that he did not have enough chemical knowledge to do this, and the doctors who were present at the operation said the gangrene on the path of the bullet could have been produced by dirty, oily, leaden substances coming into contact with exposed animal tissue.

The gangrene found in the path of the bullet was held to be strong evidence in support of this view by Dr. Wasdin. Dr. Wasdin is considered an expert of high standing in the Marine Hospital service.

Dr. Wasdin was an expert in yellow fever cases and familiar with the action of poisons in the human body. Dr. Wasdin's opinion during the progress of the case was much valued by the other physicians and his theory as to the poisonous matter upon the bullet are herewith given:

"The breast bone wound showed a big impact. Still the area of infiltration of subcutaneous tissues was entirely too extensive to be accounted for from contusion or the force of the bullet. The subcutaneous tissues were in a partly gangrenous condition. The bullet that went into the abdomen and penetrated the stomach also was followed by extensive necrosis of tissue or gangrene wherever it passed.

"The skin wound on the point of entrance was livid gangrenous, and this process extended to the entire line of invasion made by the surgeons through the abdominal wall. The point of entrance into the stomach was necrotic, or gangrenous. The sutures made by the surgeons were still intact at the autopsy, but the lines of sutures were surrounded by a necrotic area through the entire thickness of the stomach wall and extending on all sides about one and one-half to two inches. The same is true of the wounds of exit of the bullet on the posterior wall of the stomach, which was also still closed by sutures in the center of an extensive area of necrosis.

"The further passage of the bullet through the soft tissues of the back, where it became imbedded, was also surrounded by necrotic tissue.

"These different necrotic areas all had the same appearance as to time of duration—that is, they were due to the same influence acting about the same time. All these conditions led me to believe that there has been an influence exerted by the passing bullet through the tissues entirely dissimilar to that exerted by an ordinary missile. In this case there was not the appearance of a single effort at natural repair at any point along the track of the ball.

Organic Poison on Bullet.

"The influence I speak of might be either bacterial—the microbe being carried in on the bullet and giving rise to a growth of bacteria in the abdominal cavity, with resulting peritonitis and possible abscess, or, in the case of some rare germs, to necrosis of tissue. From bacteriological observations made thus far this does not seem to be the case.

"There was no peritonitis or pus formation at any point within the abdominal cavity, only the gangrenous influence from the bullet, which, from these facts, I believe to have been due to some possible organic poison placed on the bullet.

"Further bacteriological tests are in process, and possibly a germ capable of giving rise to this gangrenous condition of tissues may be found. But the presence of gangrene only at points of the passage of the bullet and the length of time—seven days—required for the necrotic or gangrenous changes rather convince me that it is not a bacterial influence, but must be due to some organic poison.

"Tests were made of gangrenous material when the stitches in the President's wound were removed and the wound redressed. They did not show the presence of gangrene producing organisms, leading inferentially to the opinion that the bullet was coated with some poisonous substance."

Dr. Roswell Park said: "I do not think that the bullet was poisoned. That hypothesis is not workable. I fail to subscribe to the theory that the bullet was poisoned for the simple reason that I have often seen bullet wounds similar to those sustained by the President, and I have seen conditions similar to those which resulted in the President's death in cases where no question of 'poisoned bullets' was raised."

Theodore Roosevelt Sworn In.

Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President of the United States when President McKinley was shot, was sworn in as President shortly after his arrival at Buffalo on Saturday afternoon. He first went to the Milburn residence, where the dead body of President McKinley was lying, and going direct to the room where Mrs. McKinley was, said a few words of sympathy and condolence. His eyes were filled with tears as he expressed his sorrow at her great calamity, and with becoming tact disappeared before the scene became more trying. As soon as Colonel Roosevelt had left Mrs. McKinley he hastened again to his carriage and, still accompanied by his police bodyguard, drove rapidly to the residence of Mr. Ansley Wilcox, where he was a guest.

The carriage rolled through a long lane of people who were anxious to see the new President.

Soon after arrived the carriages containing the members of the Cabinet. Colonel Roosevelt had preceded them into the house, and as they stepped under the folds of the great American flag already draped with black he greeted each of them without ceremony and ushered them into the parlor.

The official witnesses were the five members of the Cabinet who were in town—Secretary Root, Secretary Long, Postmaster General Smith, Secretary Wilson, and Attorney General Knox.

Besides them, however, were Senator Depew, John D. Milburn, George P. Keating, William Jefferson, R. C. Scatchard, Dr. C. E. Stockton, one of the physicians who attended President McKinley; Secretary Cortelyou, Dr. and Mrs. Mann, Dr. Park, George S. Metcalf, George Urban, Colonel Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Sprague, Mrs. Milburn, Mr. Loeb, secretary to the Vice-President; W. E. Roosevelt, his nephew, and, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Ansley Wilcox, with Miss Wilcox.

The owner of the house announced that in accordance with the decision of the Cabinet the only other persons who would be admitted would be the representatives of three press associations. This restriction caught the ear of the Vice-President and he promptly announced that all the correspondents who were gathered on the porch and numbering no small total were to be admitted as welcomed guests.

The Ceremony a Simple and Impressive One.

The ceremony of administering the oath, while extremely brief and simple, was undeniably impressive. After a preliminary consultation, Secretary Root, who was the ranking member of the Cabinet on account of the absence of Secretaries Hay and Gage, announced in a voice which betrayed the deep emotion he felt, that the members of the Cabinet believed it to be for the interest of the Government that he should take the oath of office before doing anything else.

The explanation did not go into details at all, but it was quite well understood that it referred to the fact that if anything should happen to Mr. Roosevelt before he had been sworn in as President it might cast a cloud upon the title of Secretary Hay, who, in such an event, would become President under the Presidential succession law.

There was no one in the whole assembly whose nerves were not strained to the breaking point by the tragical events of the preceding twenty-four hours, and the Secretary of War therefore played upon a tense chord when he said:

"Mr. Vice-President, I am requested by all the members of the Cabinet who are present in Buffalo, including all but two of the Cabinet, to request that for reasons of weight affecting the administration of the Government you proceed without delay to take the oath of office of President of the United States."

As the Secretary of War concluded there was a little rustle among the people present which showed the grave character of the occasion.

Colonel Roosevelt, in a rather strained voice, but clearly and with grave decision of manner, said briefly:

"Mr. Secretary, I shall take the oath in accordance with the request of the members of the Cabinet, and in this hour of deep distress and national bereavemenet I wish to state that it shall be my concern to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity and the honor of our beloved country."

He had scarcely concluded these words when he nodded to Judge Hazel of the United States District Court, who had been selected to administer the oath and who stepped forward for that purpose. His words were simple, but were enunciated with a sharp distinctness which impressed every one of the spectators with the dramatic value of the whole proceedings.

"Theodore Roosevelt, hold up your right hand."

The hand was promptly raised to the shoulder of the Vice-President with the characteristic gesture of the man accustomed to the use of the rifle and the shotgun.

Thereupon the Judge proceeded to administer the constitutional oath, and as he repeatetd the words they were solemnly echoed back by Colonel Rooseveelt, as follows:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the Unitetd States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States."

As the repetition of the oath was concluded Theodore Roosevelt became by this simple act vested with full power as President of the United States of America.

There was a solemn moment of deep pause when each one seemed to feel that he had been made a spectator of the creation of a ruler of men.

The pause, however, was extremely brief, and those present embraced the opportunity to extend their congratulations to their new President.

President Roosevelt accepted them all with becoming dignity, but every now and then there was a delicious touch of the charm and cordial democracy which have made him so many friends.

The day was too great a one, however, and the memory of the man who had passed away in the early hours of the same day but a mile or so up the avenue was much too distinct to permit of any waste of time in the mere matter of congratulations.

So, then, President Roosevelt, speaking with a fluent and perfectly natural authority, as it seemed, said to the assembled company: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I desire the members of the Cabinet to remain. I have matters of importance to discuss with them."

This was more than a hint—it amounted to a kingly nod—and so the roomful of deeply impressed spectators left the house without hesitation, and for the first time President Roosevelt was alone with his constitutional advisers.

They were still members of the Cabinet, because they held until their successors were appointed, and so President Roosevelt found himself at the head of a body of distinguished men, sworn with him to protect and defend the constitution of the United States.

The new President of the United States therefore held his first Cabinet meeting in the house of his old friend and associate, Ansley Wilcox

President Roosevelt's First Proclamation.

The first act of the new President was to issue the following proclamation to the people of the United States:

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

A Proclamation.

A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed not only against the Chief Magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow-men, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

It is meet that we, as a nation, express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday next, Sept. 19, the day on which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States.

I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts their homage of

love and reverence to the great and good President whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the 14th day of September, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

[SEAL.] THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President: JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT REFUSES ESCORT.

Befort starting for the Wilcox residence a squadron of cavalry had been drawn up as an escort. Colonel Roosevelt was plainly displeased, and he turned back quickly and spoke to Mr. Wilcox with a decided frown of authority. The reason of all this was apparent a few moments later when Mr. Wilcox hastened to the street and began a rapid explanation with the Captain of the escort.

"The Vice-President is not a soldier now," said Mr. Wilcox, "and he will not consent to be followed by a military escort. He did not ask for such an escort, and he directs you to take your men away."

The Captain of the escort, who were soldiers of the signal corps, undertook to argue the matter, and declared that the new President was fully entitled to the protection of the military authorities, the catastrophe which had deprived the country of one President being cited as an ample reason for affording unusual protection to another. The Captain insisted on his duty in the matter and pleaded the orders he had received from his superior officer.

Mr. Wilcox was a private citizen, and was getting the worst of the argument, when Colonel Roosevelt took a hand and settled the matter with characteristic abruptness.

"The Vice-President needs no protection in the streets of an American city from any military body," exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt.

"Just say to your commanding officer that I have revoked your orders. I do not want your men behind me, and I positively decline your escort."

The Vice-President had his way so far as military escort was concerned, but he could not shake off the police. A mounted man on each side accompanied the carriage up Delaware avenue, while in the open carriage which followed Colonel Roosevelt were three men who were recognized at intervals along the road as Buffalo detectives.

Formal Obsequies of President McKinley.

On Sunday morning the remains of the late President were laid in a magnificent casket, and at 11 o'clock services were held in the large parlor of the Milburn residence. These were extremely simple, consisting of a reading from the Scriptures and a fervent prayer by the Rev. Dr. Locke, the son of the former pastor of the President in Canton. At this time the family and those who formed the intimate personal associates of the dead President had their own opportunity to say their good-by, guarded from the eyes of the multitude.

The casket, which contained the remains of the martyred President, was of red cedar, handsomely carved, and covered with the finest black broadcloth. The interior was first lined with copper, over which was a full tufted satin covering. A French bevel plate glass ran the length of the top of the casket. The inscription on the casket was as follows:

WILLIAM M'KINLEY,
Born Jan. 29, 1843.
Died Sept. 14, 1901.

The outside case was made of red cedar finely finished. The corners were capped with polished copper, and the handles were of the same material. On the top of the case was a copper plate bearing a duplicate of the inscription on the casket.

The military pall-bearers were sergeants of the army post at Buffalo, marines from the Pan-American Exposition, and under officers of the United States coast defense at Buffalo.

A hour later, at noon, the casket was removed, under military escort, to the City Hall of Buffalo, where it lay in state during the day, guarded by a detachment of New York National Guards. The public was admitted to the City Hall from noon until 5 p. m., a line being formed for the purpose of allowing the casket to be viewed. It remained at the City Hall until Monday morning, and was escorted thence to the train which conveyed the funeral party to Washington.

President Roosevelt was at the City Hall for a time, and was much affected. The funeral train left Buffalo on Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock and arrived in Washington at 8:45 o'clock that night. The removal of the casket from the City Hall to the railroad station at Buffalo was the occasion of a stately military demonstration, all available troops being in line.

The funeral train was necessarily an official transport of the body of the late Chief Executive of the nation. The party, therefore, was chiefly

official. Mrs. McKinley and the members of the family had, of course, a secluded place upon the train. President Roosevelt, the members of the Cabinet, Controller Dawes, and other officials were on board; Senators Hanna, Fairbanks, Burrows, and others who were particularly intimate with President McKinley; the official committees of Congress, nominated by the Speaker of the House and the President pro tempore of the Senate; the military and other guards; and a few intimate personal and political friends of the President in addition to a special committee representing the Buffalo Exposition, whose guest the Executive was when he was shot; and a committee representing the City of Buffalo, where the President breathed his last.

In spite of all pleadings, prayers and requests, the funeral train made no stops between Buffalo and Washington, but it was run slowly through all the principal towns along the route. The cars were simply and appropriately draped, and the muffled bell of the engine was rung almost constantly throughout the journey.

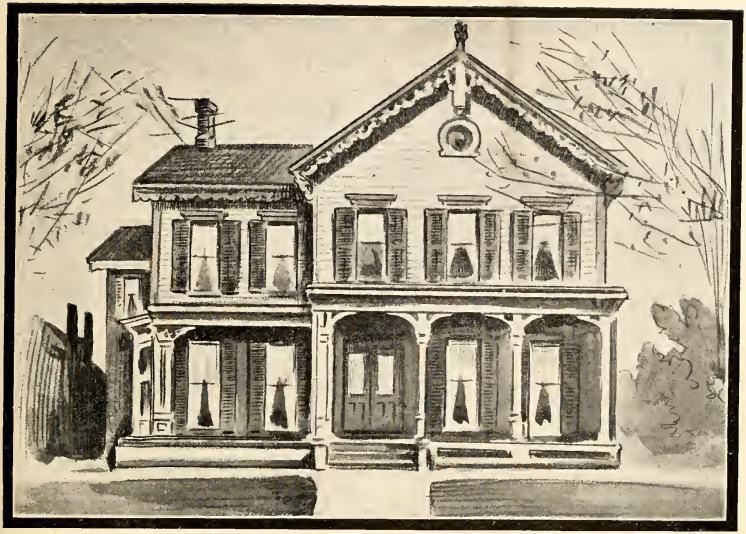
The trip throughout was a most solemn and impressive one. At every city, town, village and hamlet the people thronged the railroad tracks and stood uncovered while the train passed by. Emblems of mourning in the greatest profusion were to be seen everywhere.

Arrival of the Remains at Washington.

Upon the arrival of the funeral train at Washington the remains were met at the railroad station by an escort composed of troops and carried to the White House, where they remained all night in the East Room of that historic edifice. There was no particular attempt at display upon this occasion, but the presence of the military and mounted police, combined with the necessary illuminations along the route—up Pennsylvania avenue —to make the transport from the station to the White House something in the nature of a spectacular tribute. The great broad avenue was thronged with spectators, this adding to the solemnity of the scene.

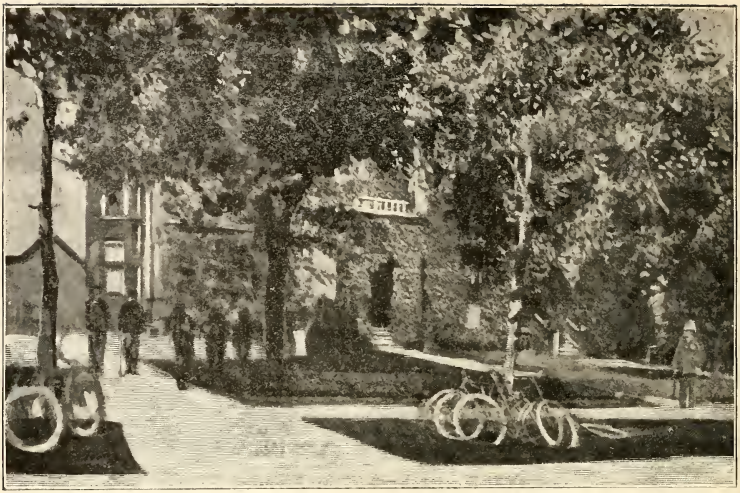
Mrs. McKinley was very anxious that the body lie in state at the White House, for she and the President both loved it as a place of residence, but there being more room in the Capitol, thus affording greater opportunity for the people to pass in and out while the casket was open, she finally acceded to the wishes of those having the funeral arrangements in charge.

Brief services were held in the East Room at the White House, these being under the care and supervision of the Rev. Dr. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of the Metropolitan Church at Washington. This was the church President and Mrs. McKinley always attended.



The Old Home of President McKinley at Canton, Ohio

The McKinley Home as it now appears after being re-modeled



Soldiers on Guard at the Milburn Home

The Sister's Last Visit

All the officials in Washington concurred in the belief that the only proper course to pursue was to have a state funeral. The decision of the members of the Cabinet at Buffalo, therefore, received the indorsement of every one at the National Capital. People from all sections of the country were in Washington to witness the ceremonies. It was natural that Mrs. McKinley should have desired a more simple form of ceremony than this, but as the late President was the head of the Nation, and not a private individual, she forebore her wishes and agreed to the arrangements officially made. She had her own way, however, in regard to the privacy of the funeral at Canton, it being as much of a simple ceremony as it was possible to make it.

On Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, the remains of the martyr President were removed from the White House to the great marble Capitol on the hill with every conceivable pomp and circumstance. The route selected for the passage of the funeral column was down that broad, historic and magnificent avenue, upon which so many events connected with the Nation's life have been enacted. The body lay in state in the Capitol until that evening at 7:30 o'clock. Then all that was mortal of William McKinley was tenderly borne to the railroad station by an escort which was made up of distinguished men from every walk in life, including statesmen, soldiers and sailors, and followed by sorrowing friends.

Upon arriving at the station the funeral procession was dismissed and a distinguished escort, consisting of the highest officers of the Army and Navy, accompanied the body to its last resting place at the modest home of the departed President in the interior Ohio city.

The day following the death of President McKinley at Buffalo orders were issued from the War Department for the assembling of troops at Washington to participate in the funeral procession. The regular military force thus gathered consisted of men representing all branches of the service—coast artillery from Fortress Monroe, coast artillery from Fort Washington, engineers from Willet's Point, cavalry from Fort Meyer, and artillerymen from Washington Barracks.

In addition to these there was a Navy column, consisting of officers, bluejackets and marines. Admiral Dewey and other distinguished officers of the United States Navy were also present.

The regiments of the National Guard of the District of Columbia were in line with the regular contingents, and the entire military force was under command of Major General John R. Brooke, U. S. A. Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the United States Army,

accompanied the remains to Canton, joining the funeral party at Harrisburg.

The body of President McKinley was laid in state under the magnificent dome of the Capitol, where the remains of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield were also placed. Under this dome, the finest in the world, the people came by unnumbered thousands to pay their last tribute of respect and affection, passing by the casket as it reposed upon a classic catafalque.

A larger assemblage was never seen at the National Capital, and the cortege from the White House to the halls of legislation passed down Pennsylvania Avenue between two dense walls of living humanity.

On Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock semi-private funeral services were held at the Capitol, only those having tickets of admission being admitted. Rev. Henry R. Naylor delivered the prayer, and Bishop Edward G. Andrews made the address. Ex-President Cleveland was among those present.

At 7:30 o'clock the remains were taken from the Capitol to the railroad station, escorted by troops and the Grand Army of the Republic and the Order of the Loyal Legion, the late President being a member of both orders. At 8 o'clock the funeral train left for Canton, arriving there the following day at noon.

Members of the Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, members of the Diplomatic Corps and other distinguished persons took another special train for the Ohio city, arriving there about the same time as the funeral train.

When the remains arrived at Canton they were conveyed to the cottage which had for so many years been the home of the late Chief Magistrate, the cortege consisting of nearly all the townspeople and friends from other parts of the State of Ohio. Funeral services were held at the house, and on Thursday the body of the beloved President was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery where his two children were buried years before.

A death mask was made at Washington by a Washington artist, Garet. All the President's relatives and friends agreed that it was desirable that the features of the martyred President should be preserved for the sake of history.

After the President's death telegrams and messages of condolence and sympathy from all over the world arrived by the thousand at Buffalo, Washington and Canton.

Roosevelt Retains McKinley Cabinet.

The people were prepared to be surprised when Theodore Roosevelt became President, but they were astonished, nevertheless, when he announced his intention of retaining all the members of President McKinley's Cabinet.

When on the day President McKinley died the new President invited them to hold their present posts it was "for a few months," and this invitation all the members of the Cabinet construed as meaning that their services were wanted only to carry the Government over till Mr. Roosevelt could find new men to his liking. This duty they were, of course, willing to perform, but save in the cases of two or three of them they had begun to count upon nothing else than a retirement to private life during the coming fortnight or month.

The following Monday, however, President Roosevelt took pains to place the matter in a new light. He had apparently been reflecting upon the situation, and was not wholly satisfied with it.

Somewhat to the surprise of the six members of the Cabinet who were on the funeral train, en route to Washington, President Roosevelt called them into his private compartment at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and said to them that he wanted every one of them to consider himself invited to become a member of the new Cabinet.

"I not only want you to stay with me," said the President to them, "but I want you to consider that I am selecting you as my choice. You are asked not merely to fill out a term, but to be my chosen councilors. I wish to have the matter regarded in this light. There are vacancies in the Cabinet post, and I choose all you gentlemen to fill them. I will appoint you anew."

As soon as they had recovered from their astonishment the six members of the Cabinet held a brief consultation, and at the end of it all of them accepted the invitation and pledged themselves to their new chief. Upon his arrival in Washington the President summoned Secretary of State Hay and Secretary of the Treasury Gage and secured their promises to remain with the new administration.

CHAPTER VII.

Czolgosz a Follower of Emma Goldman, the High Priestess of Anarchy in the United States—She Is Arrested in Chicago, With Others, on the Charge of Conspiring to Kill President McKinley—Sneers at the Police—Her Heartless Words After the President's Death—Charge That Conspiracy Was Hatched in Chicago—Czolgosz Not Insane Nor a Degenerate.

Czolgosz was a follower of Emma Goldman, the high priestess of anarchy in the United States, and it was in consequence of her fervid teachings that he shot the President. Czolgosz was not a man of any high order of intellectuality; he was merely a brute, a boor and a mudsill.

Down in a cellar on Henry street in New York a number of Russian refugees organized a free-thought Anarchistic society, and started a paper known as the Freie Arbeiter Stimme, or "Free Workman's Voice." Here, by the light of a lamp, speakers standing on a soap box addressed the motley gathering of foreigners from all lands.

Among the orators were Johann Most, Justus Schwab, the Jew Goldberg, who was a confrere of Michael Bakunin himself; Merlino, the Italian Anarchist, and others. Emma Goldman was a frequent speaker.

Just after the shooting of the President Most said, "What good would it do to kill McKinley unless Roosevelt was killed, too? Both must be put out of the way to do any good."

Arrest of Twelve Avowed Anarchists.

It is known that Czolgosz drew inspiration from the Chicago "Reds," the police of that city having laid the fact bare. The claim was also made that when he went to Buffalo on his murderous mission he was the agent of a group of Chicago conspirators.

Twelve avowed Anarchists were placed in cells in Chicago police stations the day following the shooting of President McKinley, and at least five of these acknowledged an acquaintance with Czolgosz. They declared, however, that he was no more than a rattle-brained follower of

their cult with whom they never conferred and of whose plans for shooting the President they knew nothing.

Czolgosz was in Chicago for a time until July 12th. Emma Goldman, high in Chicago's more "radical" anarchistic circles, was the chief inspiration for the assailant to commit his crime. It was in Chicago that Czolgosz met Emma Goldman only seven weeks before the shooting. One young girl of Chicago, professing Anarchy, was with Emma Goldman in Buffalo for three weeks late in July and early in August. They stood in the Temple of Music near the spot where, on Friday, President McKinley was struck down.

Two men left Chicago's modern center of anarchy, the house at No. 515 Carroll Avenue where Abraham Isaak, Sr., published Free Society, the organ of anarchism, the Tuesday before the President was stricken down. These men, it was believed, may have been in some way connected with the crime of Czolgosz. The latter confessed, under pressure, that he had two accomplices, but said one was a woman.

The foregoing points were established by the police of Chicago.

The developments of Saturday, September 7th, in Chicago, which linked Czolgosz with Chicago were brought out as a result of the twelve arrests. Nine of these prisoners, all taken from the house at No. 515 Carroll Avenue, stood charged with "conspiracy to kill and assassinate the President of the United States, William McKinley." The nine were:

Abraham Isaak, Sr., publisher of the Free Society and former publisher of the Firebrand, the organ of anarchy which was suppressed.

Abraham Isaak, Jr.

Clemence Pfuetzner.

Alfred Schneider.

Hippolyte Havel.

Henry Travaglio.

Julia Mechanic.

Marie Isaak, mother.

Marie Isaak, daughter.

The warrants on which they were held made this charge:

"Conspiracy to do an illegal act, paragraph 96, page 1250, Star & Curtis (statutes). Time, on or about Sept. 5, 1901.

"Specific act: Conspiracy to kill and assassinate President of the United States, William McKinley; conspired with Leon Czolgosz, alias Fred C. Nieman."

The three others arrested in Chicago, taken in a raid on the house at No. 100 Newberry Avenue, were:

Martin Raznick, cloakmaker, who rented the premises at this number.
Maurice Fox.
Michael Raz.

In this house the detectives from Maxwell Street Station found box after box heaped with literature of anarchy and socialism. There were pictures of Emma Goldman and other leaders. There were also many copies of the Firebrand, Isaak's old paper.

Of those in custody Abraham Isaak, Sr., was the man looked on as the ringleader. That the Buffalo authorities held this view was evidenced by the telegram on which Chief O'Neill and Chief of Detectives Colleran acted. It was from Chief of Police Bull, and read:

"We have in custody Leon Czolgosz, alias Fred Nieman, the President's assassin. Locate and arrest E. J. Isaak, who is editor of a Socialistic paper and a follower of Emma Goldman, from whom Nieman is said to have taken instructions. It looks as if there might be a plot, and that these people may be implicated."

Isaak himself acknowledged that he knew Czolgosz, but said that he never took him in his confidence. He declared to the police that he knew him only a short time—as Czolz—and regarded him as a spy or an unsafe man. In substantiation of this Isaak produced a copy of his paper, Free Society, of date Sept. 1, containing a warning that, he declares, referred to Czolgosz. It is held by the police, however, that this may have been merely a blind, understood by plotters in a well-laid conspiracy. The notice ran:

"ATTENTION!

"The attention of the comrades is called to another spy. He is well dressed, of medium height, rather narrow shoulders, blond, and about 25 years of age. Up to the present he has made his appearance in Chicago and Cleveland. In the former place he remained but a short time, while in Cleveland he disappeared when the comrades had confirmed themselves of his identity and were on the point of exposing him. His demeanor is of the usual sort, pretending to be greatly interested in the cause, asking for names or soliciting aid for acts of contemplated violence. If this same individual makes his appearance elsewhere the comrades are warned in advance and can act accordingly."

Perhaps the most important light on the case was brought out during the police examination of Editor Isaak's daughter Marie, sixteen years old, but a thorough believer in anarchism. Czolgosz was in Chicago about July 12th, Marie admitted. Emma Goldman had been here during June

and until the middle of July. She had met the tried and faithful in the house at No. 515 Carroll Avenue. She had met Czolgosz there.

"He walked with Emma Goldman part of the way to the railroad station on July 12th," the girl admitted.

Then she sought to correct this, saying hurriedly:

"This man came to my father's office and to our house about seven weeks ago and attempted to get acquainted, but father thought that he was either a spy or a detective. So he was turned aside," she added quickly.

It was this young girl, Marie Isaak, who visited the Buffalo Exposition with Emma Goldman.

Editor Isaak a Loud Anarchist.

Isaak admitted at the outset that Emma Goldman had been a guest at his house during her stay in Chicago, and that Czolgosz, who was known among local anarchists as Czolsz, also had called there and been the recipient of his hospitality.

Said he: "The man made a bad impression on me from the first, and when he called me aside and asked me about the secret meetings of Chicago Anarchists I was sure he was a spy. I despised the man as soon as I saw him and was positive he was a spy. I was suspicious of him all the time, so I wrote to E. Schilling, one of our comrades in Cleveland, Ohio, and asked him if he knew of such a man.

"Schilling replied that a fellow answering his description had called on him and that he believed the man was a spy in the employ of the police. He said he wanted to 'search' the stranger, but was alone when he called and did not care to attempt the job. Schilling arranged a meeting for another night, but Czolgosz didn't show up, and all trace of him was lost. I wrote to Cleveland because Czolgosz had told me he once lived there.

"After I received Schilling's letter I printed an article in my paper denouncing the fellow as a spy and warning my people against him."

"Are you an anarchist?"

"Yes, sir, I am," Isaak answered with swelling pride.

"What do you mean by anarchism?"

"I mean a country without government. We recognize neither law nor the right of one man to govern another. The trouble with the world is that it is struggling to abolish effect without seeking to get at the cause. Yes, I am an anarchist, and there are 10,000 people in Chicago who think and believe as I do. You don't hear about them because they are not organized. But we have groups. Whenever there is some propaganda

to be promoted these groups meet, arrange the details, and provide the necessary money."

"Do the anarchists of Chicago hold secret meetings?"

"No, sir, there are no secret meetings. Our societies assemble often, but the meetings are always open. At least I announce them in my paper."

"How do your people in Chicago feel about the assassination of President McKinley?"

"Assassination is nothing but a natural phenomenon. It always has existed and will exist as long as this tyrannical system of government prevails. However, we don't believe tyranny can be abolished by the killing of one man. Yet there will be absolute anarchy.

"In Russia I was a Nihilist. There are secret meetings there, and I wan to tell you that as soon as you attempt to suppress anarchy here there will be secret meetings in the United States.

"I don't believe in killing rulers, but I do believe in self-defense. As long as you let anarchists talk their creed openly in this country the conservatives will not be in favor of assassinating executives."

Hippolyte Havel, the second one of the Chicago suspects to be examined, was an excitable Bohemian, 35 years of age. In appearance he was the opposite of Isaak. Dwarfed of stature, narrow eyed, with jet black hair hanging in a confused mass over his low forehead, and a manner of talking that brings into play both hands, he looked the part when he boldly told Chief O'Neill that he was an anarchist and wouldn't have told the police even if he had known an assassin was going to Buffalo to kill President McKinley.

As to Czolgosz he said: "I talked with the man about half an hour. He talked like a little child. No, I don't believe he was insane, but he asked such foolish questions. He was 28 or 30 years of age, about five feet ten or eleven inches tall, and I think was smooth shaven. I don't remember much that he said except that he wanted to know all about the 'comrades' in Chicago and about the secret meetings of local anarchists."

Arrest of Miss Goldman at Chicago.

Miss Goldman was arrested in Chicago on Tuesday, September 10th, at No. 303 Sheffield Street, where she had been stopping for several days. She was taken on a warrant served by Detective Herts, who served it upon the woman after gaining entrance to the house through a transom.

The complaint upon which the warrant was issued is as follows:

"The complaint and information of Luke P. Colleran of Chicago in

said county made before J. K. Prindiville, one justice of the peace in aforesaid county on this 10th day of September, 1901.

"Said complainant being duly sworn upon his oath says that on to-wit the day and year and in the county aforesaid Emma Goldman, Abraham Isaak, Sr., Abraham Isaak, Jr., Marie Isaak, Sr., Marie Isaak, Jr., Clemence Pfuetzner, Julia Mechanic, Hippolyte Havel and Alfred Schneider did unlawfully conspire and agree together feloniously and willfully, with malice aforethought, to kill and murder William McKinley, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and this complainant has just and reasonable grounds for believing that the aforesaid Emma Goldman, Abraham Isaak, Sr., Abraham Isaak, Jr., Marie Isaak, Sr., Marie Isaak, Jr., Clemence Pfuetzner, Julia Mechanic are guilty of the offense aforesaid, and therefore prays that the said Emma Goldman may be arrested and dealt with according to the law.

"LUKE P. COLLERAN.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me on this 10th day of September, 1901. JOHN K. PRINDIVILLE,

"Justice of the Peace."

When arrested she was asked: "Do you believe, Miss Goldman, that anything you said incited that man to his deed?"

"If he said that he is not an anarchist. That address dwelt particularly on the mistake of people confounding Anarchy with violence. I am not psychologist enough to see what was going on in that man's mind and I am not responsible for what he did, but I know that what I said did not incite him to anything rash."

Proceeding with her statement, Miss Goldman said: "McKinley was simply a tool in the hands of the wealthy. He was the most insignificant President the United States ever had. Still, I do not see what could come out of killing him. I know that there are people in desperate circumstances who may be driven to commit desperate acts."

PRESIDENT'S DEATH DOES NOT AFFECT HER.

"How do you feel regarding the President's death?"

"Why should it affect me? I do not feel any more concerned over his death than over that of any other man."

"What do you think of President McKinley's words, 'God's will, not ours, be done'?"

"I don't think they signify anything. He believed in God and it is natural to suppose that he would think that way as he was about to die.

I don't believe in God, and for that reason those words do not appeal to me in any way."

"But don't you think the President's supreme faith in God gave evidence of a great nobility of character?" she was asked.

"Thousands of other men have had as great, if not greater, faith in God than he had, but you never hear of them. His dying words do not appeal to me in the least. Many scientists have given utterance to more important words than those and you never hear of them. President McKinley may have been a model husband, but there are thousands of others as good as he was. He had an opportunity to satisfy every wish of his wife, while there are many others who are just as anxious to but are unable."

"Do you feel sorry that the President is dead?"

"I feel sorry for his wife," Miss Goldman replied. "Not because she is the wife of a President, but because she is a woman. She is simply obliged to bow to the inevitable. The position of a ruler in these days is a perilous one and when he is killed it is simply the result of his assuming the position."

Miss Goldman's schedule of movements, as given by her, was as follows: Left Chicago with Marie Isaak 8:30 p. m., July 12; arrived at Buffalo with Miss Isaak July 13; left Buffalo for Rochester July 15. Stayed in Rochester a little more than five weeks, not having seen the Buffalo Exposition up to that time; between August 13 and 15 went to Buffalo, arriving there Tuesday. August 13 fell on Tuesday; August 19 started for Pittsburg, to become traveling saleswoman for a New York house; left Pittsburg September 1 for St. Louis, still as saleswoman; arrived at St. Louis September 2, Labor Day, where she remained until she started for Chicago.

The Louise Michel of America.

Emma Goldman was denominated the Louise Michel of America. Like the notorious Frenchwoman, she believed in the destruction of all law, leaving humanity to get along under a form of voluntary association. Her writings, which Czolgosz said influenced him in his attempt to assassinate the President, have appeared in pamphlets and the cheap magazines devoted to the doctrines of the "Reds."

The Chicago Firebrand at one time contained an attack by her on the institution of marriage. She would abolish both the marriage tie and divorce. "The consent of neither priest nor the law," according to this disciple of Bakunin, should not be asked in the selection of life partners.

Her career was one unceasing warfare against modern society. In the streets and among the slums of New York and other American cities she carried on her crusade, which began about the time of the Chicago riots in 1886.

An important link in proving that a conspiracy to kill the President existed developed in Buffalo Friday, September 13th, in warrants sworn out for the arrest of Dr. Isaac Saylin of Buffalo, who was arrested in Chicago on September 12th. The physician told the police that he was in Chicago to see a sick brother. Evidence was secured by the police showing that his brother was not sick at that time. The police regarded with suspicion the fact that a meeting was held at the house of Miss Mattie Lang in Buffalo August 31st, at which Emma Goldman, Dr. Saylin and several others were present.

On Saturday, the day the President died, the hearing of a petition for habeas corpus on behalf of Editor Isaak, Miss Goldman and the other prisoners was to have been had in Chicago, but the feeling against those persons was so intense that it was postponed. In order to prevent an attack upon them by the incensed people of Chicago a very heavy guard was put over them and they were hurried from the courtroom to the jail without ceremony or delay. Fortunately the jail was in the same building. Had the prisoners gone into the street they would certainly have been mobbed.

All of them looked extremely pale, frightened and apprehensive, and were glad when they were safe in their cells again.

On September 10th a violent anarchist named Antonio Maggio was arrested on order from Washington. He had been making bold speeches for some time previous, and distributed Socialistic literature. In them he repeated several times that President McKinley would be shot before October 1st, 1901. The arrest was regarded as a most important one.

The Men Who Arrested the Assassin.

Credit for the arrest of President McKinley's assassin and for his rescue from the crowd was claimed by Captain John P. Wisser of the Artillery Corps, U. S. A., to belong to his men, whose names he gave in his report of the shooting to the Adjutant General of the United States Army at Washington. Captain Wisser said in his report that he made a detail at the request of Mr. Babcock of the reception committee to assist in regulating the advance of the people at the President's reception in the Temple of Music September 6th.

Corporal Bertschey and ten men reported to Mr. Babcock at 3 p. m. The corporal was a soldier of twenty years' service. The corporal gave the men in his detail instructions to keep their eyes open and watch every man approaching the President.

"When the assassin fired two shots," said Captain Wisser, "Private Brooks was standing immediately in the rear of John Milburn, who was on the left of the President; Private O'Brien was immediately on Mr. Milburn's left; Private Fennbough was directly opposite the President and Private Neff was opposite Private O'Brien. Corporal Bertschey was midway between Private O'Brien and the point where the President stood. When the shots were fired Private O'Brien was the first man on the assassin, with Private Neff. Corporal Bertschey and Private Brooks reached him at about the same time, Private Brooks colliding with Mr. Milburn in his effort to get at the assassin.

"Private O'Brien got the assassin down. Private Neff jumped on him before he was down and held his arm while Private O'Brien wrenched away the revolver as he was falling. Corporal Bertschey then jumped on the assassin, kneeling on his chest and neck, and said: 'I claim this man as my prisoner.' Private Heiser followed Corporal Bertschey in falling on the prisoner, and while he was down on his right knee at the right side of the prisoner's head he saw that the President was still standing up looking down on the group of men on the prisoner. The President then walked with the help of two men to a chair and sat down."

The report added that the secret service men came on the scene and grabbed Corporal Bertschey, sweeping away the corporal's detail, and tried to take the assassin's pistol from Private O'Brien, who frustrated their attempt.

"The secret service men then took the prisoner to the Music Temple. One of them hit the assassin in the face. Then they took him to a room to the left of the stage in the Music Temple.

"Four of the secret service men continued in their effort to take the pistol from O'Brien, who finally handed it to his corporal. The secret service men failed in their attempt to take the weapon from the corporal, who put it in his pocket."

While Captain Wisser held back the crowd with his men the secret service men got the assassin in a carriage and took him off. Captain Wisser's men kept the crowd from capturing the prisoner by standing with fixed bayonets.

The Captain sent a detail to clear the esplanade and keep up with the carriage. Two of Captain Wisser's men ordered two men from the wheels

of the carriage, but the two men hung on until Captain Wisser's man, Sergeant Rothweiler, threatened to shoot. Captain Wisser put the revolver in a case, sealed it and turned it over to the Chief of Police of Buffalo, September 7th.

In conclusion, Captain Wisser said in his report:

"I respectfully recommend that my detail of men be mentioned in general orders for their conduct on this occasion, which was all that could be desired."

A Study of the Assassin Czolgosz.

Dr. Harold N. Moyer, one of the most eminent alienists in the United States, made a study of a photograph of the assassin Czolgosz, and prepared a statement as to the indications of insanity or degeneracy found in the features.

"The photograph that is available for examination is a reproduction of a finished picture which has probably been retouched, and it is possible that the art of the photographer may have obliterated some of the important features.

"The face and head, taken as a whole, make a decidedly pleasing impression. At first glance they would not be taken as belonging to a degenerate, but it is to be borne in mind that any photograph taken full front may be devoid of some distinctive characteristics which would be found in the original. There are certain prominences of the jaw and irregularities in the profile which would not show in a full front view. Hence an opinion based on an examination such as is afforded by a study of this picture may be at best only tentative.

"The forehead is of medium height, the hair line coming rather well down. The nose is straight. The eyes are moderately deep set, and a line running from the inner to the outer angle of each eyelid is exactly at right angles with the long axis of the face. The nose may possibly be deformed when seen upon profile.

"The mouth is the best feature of the face. The lips are curved, both upper and lower, and the groove extending from the septum of the nose to the upper lip is well formed.

"The chin is well formed, and is what would probably be called a 'weak chin.'

"The projection of the jaws, which is of such great importance in estimating degeneracy, cannot be estimated because the picture is a full front view.

"The ears are well formed and do not set out from the head, but the details of their formation cannot be described from the photograph.

Their size corresponds with the general facial development. They are not over large or under sized.

"The general outline of the head, the pose of the shoulders and neck, indicate, so far as the upper portion of the body is concerned, a well formed individual. It is, however, to be remembered that the photograph was taken while the individual was posing under the direction of a photographer, and hence may not represent a characteristic attitude. One of the characteristic signs of a degenerate is want of symmetry between the two sides of the head and face.

"So far as one can judge from his photograph there is no want of symmetry. But the amplification is not great, and with minute measurements it is easy to be at fault in this particular. The left side of the face is in shadow, hence it appears smaller, but it may not really be so.

"The individual would not be classed among degenerates from a study of his photograph alone, nor does he present any characteristic signs of an insane person. As a rule, the insane may be classed by a study of their pictures. The main types of insanity have a certain expression in common that would enable one to roughly group them. This would be true of a majority of cases, but there are many insane individuals who present nothing in their features characteristic of insanity.

"Naturally a study of this individual's face recalls some of the great criminals that have gone before—notably Prendergast, who assassinated Mayor Harrison of Chicago, and Guiteau, who assassinated President Garfield.

"Both of these individuals are now regarded by those who make a close study of these subjects as insane. These propositions were denied at the time, and there was much expert testimony—apparently conflicting—in both of these cases.

"Prendergast assassinated Mayor Harrison as a result of his failure to receive an appointment for which he was in no way fitted and for which he had not been considered. The mere receiving of his application was sufficient, in his distorted mind, to create an impression that he was in some way entitled to recognition.

"The killing of President Garfield had the same basic elements, plus considerable general excitement growing out of party controversies at the time.

"In each case—those of Mayor Harrison and President Garfield—there was a motive, but it was of a sort that could only have moved a mind incapable of reasoning correctly. We are not now saying that in each case the mental defect was of a sort that should absolve the indi-

viduals of responsibility for their crimes, but we do say that to class them as normal persons, capable of reasoning correctly, means failure to recognize the most obvious of mental defects.

"In this latest attempt at the assassination there is no personal motive, so far as is now known. The President bore no personal relation—even in the slightest degree—to this individual, and he reasoned as correctly as most of his class reason—namely: that the taking of the life of the President was a furtherance of the Anarchistic propaganda.

"Judging this man by his surroundings and the influences which have been brought to bear upon him, it was a sane act, though the attempt being ever so foolish from the standpoint of the ordinary law-abiding citizen. It was a crime the outgrowth of adequate causes, and not a distortion of an inadequate motive by an insane mind."

The idea that the assassin of President McKinley was insane never entered the head of any person until after the commission of the awful deed, and then it was merely said that "he must have been crazy to do such a thing." However, to guard against the possibility of the insanity theory being a prime factor in the trial the District Attorney at Buffalo had Czolgosz, after his arrest, examined daily by prominent physicians, who found the murderer normal and fully capable of appreciating what he had done.

Czolgosz was never called crazy by any of those who associated with him. He was a laborer most of his working life, with the expection of the time when he kept a saloon, but he always conducted himself in a rational manner. He persistently preached the doctrines of anarchy, and was often heard to say that he wanted to be "active," but this was no sign of insanity.

Immediately succeeding the death of President McKinley the wrath of the Buffalo people became so great that it was necessary to hide the place of imprisonment of the assassin. The assassin was hastily escorted to the penitentiary at Trenton Avenue and Pennsylvania Street, in Buffalo, where he remained until removed to Danemora Prison, where he suffered the death penalty for his outrageous crime.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon of September 14th Czolgosz was taken away, and he went in the clothes he wore at the time he committed his crime and which he wore all the time he was in the dungeon in the basement of the police headquarters. Chief Cusack was the only man with him.

A door of the cellroom in which was the dungeon that contained Czolgosz opened into a corridor that ran north and south. Near the north

end of the hall and opening from its left side was a door that led into a room that comprised the northwest corner of the cellar, and from the northwest corner of that room a door opened into Erie Street. It was the most obscure door the building had. Ordinarily it was used only for the removal of barrels of ashes and garbage. It was through that corridor, that northwest room and that exit that Chief Cusack smuggled the prisoner at an hour when the attention of newspaper men was centered in doings in the superintendent's office on the second floor. A few passers-by saw the two men emerge from the remote doorway. The two passed directly across the sidewalk to the curb and got into a carriage that had arrived only a second or two before. Czolgosz walked briskly as his custodian led him to the carriage.

If Czolgosz was at all reluctant when the detective took him out of his cell the most cunning and resourceful of all Buffalo sleuths had convinced him that a hasty transfer was necessary. Perhaps the chief had brought him to believe he was in imminent danger of being mobbed and lynched if he remained at headquarters.

Cusack took no chances of the prisoner's escape. Czolgosz was securely handcuffed to him. To make a break for liberty the murderer would have to lug Cusack with him. The handcuff was on the officer's left wrist, and his right hand was free to draw a revolver which he had. But the prisoner made no attempt to escape. The two had hardly seated themselves when the driver whipped up the team and drove at breakneck speed across Erie street to the Upper Terrace.

Biography of Emma Goldman.

Emma Goldman, according to conditions, preached both for and against violence in carrying out the principles—as she called them—of anarchy. She was never a very consistent person, because, so some persons say, she had always had her speeches and the articles which appeared over her name written for her by some one else. What she lacked in education and thought she made up, however, by a crude eloquence, which stirred up many a gathering of anarchists in New York, Chicago and other cities. She gained for herself the title of "The Little Firebrand," a most appropriate title for a person of her lurid proclivities.

She was about thirty-five years old when President McKinley was shot. She was a Russian, the daughter of a tailor, and she came to the United States in 1884. At that time she had no more notion of anarchy than she had of constitutional law. From the first her associations in

The Birthplace of William McKinley at Niles, Ohio

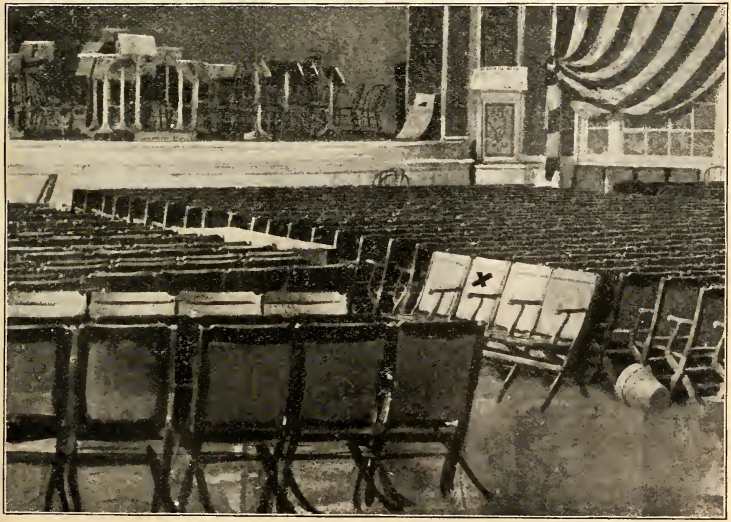
The Residence of John G. Milburn, Buffalo, N. Y.
The House in which President McKinley Died

1—Old Sparrow House, Poland, Ohio. where William McKinley enlisted. 2—Seminary at Poland, Ohio, attended by William McKinley.
3—School near Poland, Ohio, where William McKinley taught school.

Where the President was Assassinated

No. 1 marks the position of the President.
No. 2 the position of Czolgosz.

President and Mrs. McKinley and Mr. Milburn Driving over the Exposition Grounds



The Seat (X) where President McKinley Awaited the Ambulance

Eminent Surgeons and Physicians who Attended President McKinley at Buffalo

Eugene Wasdin
John Parmenter

P. M. Rixey
Herman Mynter

Roswell Park
Matthew D. Mann

New York City were anarchists, though, and she soon became the hottest headed of them all.

She married a man named Grunbaum and lived with him in Rochester, N. Y. An anarchist named Louis Bernstein taught her its first principles, and pretty soon she had deserted her husband and was traveling around the country with Bernstein, spreading the red doctrines of anarchy.

She came to New York City soon and joined the Pioneers of Liberty, founded by Johann Most. Her violent speeches sent chills up the backs of the Pioneers, and finally when in addressing a meeting of them she said: "By and by your wives, instead of cooking your dinners, will be cooking dynamite," they ran her out of the organization.

Alexander Berkmann, whom Emma had met among the Pioneers, succeeded Bernstein as her teacher in anarchistic doctrines. Berkmann and Bernstein had several fights over the woman, who was then rather good-looking, but they finally both lost her to Johann Most. Most and Emma trained with the German group of anarchists.

Soon Emma Goldman's name appeared appended to violent articles in Most's paper, "Die Freiheit." Most is said to have written all of these articles. But Emma finally quarrelled with Most, and one night in New York City she horsewhipped him while he was making a speech to some of his followers.

Berkmann's shooting of H. C. Frick at the Carnegie Steel Works made him so much of a hero with the anti-Most anarchists, that Emma, who always loved the spectacular, went back to him. She lived near the jail in which he was confined, and she publicly applauded the Frick shooting.

When she returned to New York City she took great delight in praising it in public meetings. At that time she made one or two speeches of the hair-raising order. Nothing of so violent a nature had ever been heard publicly in that city before, and nothing like it certainly was heard afterward. In other cities she was arrested for such speeches, but she rather enjoyed the advertising she got out of arrest. In addition to preaching anarchy she preached free love and atheism.

Several meetings which she was addressing broke up because people refused to listen to her ravings.

Finally in a speech at New York City the woman went too far and was arrested. She was sent to the Island for a year. At that time she declared that she never preached violence and that she was opposed to disorderly means of bringing about the conversion of the people to

anarchy. Yet here is an extract from a speech that she made just before she was arrested:

"Go out into the social revolution. Prepare yourselves. The capitalists have prepared themselves with police who are armed with clubs and pistols, but you can defend yourselves with clubs and stones if you are attacked. I tell you again, organize yourselves and go out and demand what you want. If you don't get it, take it by force. If you take bread alone you will do very little good. Go to the houses of the capitalists. Demand your rights. Prepare yourselves. Long live anarchy."

After her release from prison even the anarchists wouldn't have much to do with her, and she went to Europe, saying that she was through with this country and the anarchists in it forever. They were a milk-and-water lot, she said, and she had nothing in common with them.

She made a great many denials of things which had been said of her, in fact, whitewashed herself thoroughly and sailed away. It wasn't long before she was back in the United States again, and she continued to make her home in this country.

Indictment and Trial of the Assassin.

The assassin Czolgosz was indicted for murder by the grand jury at Buffalo on September 16th, the day President McKinley's body was removed to Washington, and immediately afterward arraigned before Judge Edward K. Emery in the County Court. By a strange coincidence, the court was situated on the floor above and directly over the spot where President McKinley's body had lain in state a few hours before.

Czolgosz came into court chained by the wrists to Detectives Solomon and Geary. His limbs were trembling so violently that he had to be almost pushed up before the court.

Every eye was fixed upon the prisoner. He stood there, looking dumbly, hopelessly ahead with eyes that did not seem capable of flashing an angry look. Thick masses of curly chestnut hair were pushed roughly back from his forehead, a growth of beard was on his face. A murmur ran through the crowd in the court. The man before them was a complete surprise.

The handcuff on his right wrist would not open, and a half a dozen detectives were giving it their attention. But Czolgosz was oblivious to it all. He was like a dead man to all going on around him.

District Attorney Penney called him by name, but he did not answer nor move his eyes.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked Mr. Penney.

Not a move did Czolgosz make. Mr. Penney reiterated the question, thundering the words, but they did not seem to reach the prisoner's ears.

Mr. Penney cleared his throat. He held the freshly written indictment half opened in his right hand. His left fore finger was pointed at the assassin. His voice shook as he spoke.

"Leon Czolgosz, you have been indicted for murder in the first degree," he said. "Have you a lawyer?"

As the word "murder" was framing on the attorney's lips Czolgosz turned his eyes on the speaker's face for one brief instant, and in their blue depths there was reflected horror and fear, terror too great for words. They seemed to say:

"Save me, save me!"

His square chin twitched, his lips trembled and parted, and he tried to speak, but there was no sound. Then his eyes wandered to the steel band glistening on his right wrist, still resisting every attempt to remove it.

"Have you a lawyer?" repeated Mr. Penney.

"He is trying to speak, your honor," said Assistant Police Chief Cusack.

"Do you want a lawyer, Czolgosz?" again asked Mr. Penney.

"There is a charge of murder against you here. Do you want a lawyer?"

Czolgosz trembled like a leaf. His eyes dilated and his face twitched all over. His lips moved silently again. Judge Emery spoke, repeating Mr. Penney's query, but he was no more successful. He tried again with a like result, and then there was a pause, during which it seemed that no one in the room even breathed.

Judge Emery rose from his chair. He said:

"Leon Czolgosz, you are here charged with murder. Since it appears that you have no counsel it becomes the duty of this country to provide for you. I have a communication here from the Buffalo Bar Association suggesting for the service two eminent gentlemen, famous in their profession. It is best for the good name of our State that you should have the benefit of the defense the law permits. I name as your counsel the Honorable Messrs. Lorin L. Lewis and Robert C. Titus."

The counsel for Czolgosz were two retired members of the Supreme Court of New York, and they saw that their client had a fair, impartial trial. The latter was a speedy one, and resulted in the conviction of the assassin. On Thursday, September 27th, he was sentenced to expiate his crime by electrocution.

CHAPTER VIII.

McKinley One of the Most Finished and Graceful Orators the United States Has Ever Produced—His Eulogies On President James A. Garfield, the Volunteer Soldier of America and General U. S. Grant.

No citizen of the Republic should fail to avail himself of the opportunity to read and study the speeches of President McKinley after his entrance into public life. They are models of sincerity, grace and feeling.

Among the most celebrated of his efforts was his eulogy of President Garfield in accepting the statue of the Martyr President on behalf of the State of Ohio, delivered in the National House of Representatives, January 19th, 1886. It was a magnificent and striking eulogy in every way.

"Mr. Speaker:—Complying with an act of Congress passed July, 1864, inviting each of the States of the Union to present to National Statuary Hall the statues of two of its deceased citizens illustrious for their heroic renown, or distinguished by civic or military services, worthy of national commemoration, Ohio brings her first contribution in the marble statue of James Abram Garfield. There were other citizens of Ohio earlier associated with the history and progress of the State and illustrious in the nation's annals who might have been fitly chosen for this exalted honor.

"Governors, United States Senators, members of the supreme judiciary of the nation, closely identified with the growth and greatness of the State, who fill a large space in their country's history; soldiers of high achievement in the earlier and later wars of the Republic; Cabinet ministers, trusted associates of the martyred Lincoln, who had developed matchless qualities and accomplished masterly results in the nation's supreme crisis; but from the roll of illustrious names the unanimous voice of Ohio called the youngest and latest of her historic dead, the scholar, the soldier, the national representative, the United States Senator-elect, the President of the people, the upright citizen, and the designation is everywhere received with approval and acclaim.

"By the action of the authorities of the State he loved so well and served so long, and now, by the action of the national Congress in which he was so long a conspicuous figure, he keeps company today with 'the immortal circle' in the old Hall of Representatives, which he was wont to call the 'Third House,' where his strong features and majestic form, represented in marble, will attract the homage of the present and succeeding generations, as in life his great character and commanding qualities earned the admiration of the citizens of his own State and the nation at large, while the lessons of his life and the teachings of his broad mind will be cherished and remembered when marble and statues have crumbled to decay.

"James A. Garfield was born on the 19th day of November, 1831, in Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, and died at Elberon, in the State of New Jersey, on the 19th day of September, 1881. His boyhood and youth differed little from others of his own time. His parents were very poor. He worked from an early age, like most boys of that period. He was neither ashamed nor afraid of manual labor, and engaged in it resolutely for the means to maintain and educate himself. He entered Williams College, in the State of Massachusetts, in 1854, and graduated with honor two years later, when he assumed charge of Hiram College in his own State.

"In 1859, he was elected to the Senate of Ohio, being its youngest member. Strong men were his associates in that body, men who have since held high stations in the public service. Some of them were his colleagues here. In this, his first political office, he displayed a high order of ability, and developed some of the great qualities which afterward distinguished his illustrious career.

"In August, 1861, he entered the Union Army, and in September following was commissioned Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Infantry Volunteers. He was promoted successively Brigadier and Major-General of the United States Volunteers, and while yet in the army was elected to Congress, remaining in the field more than a year after his election, and resigning only in time to take his seat in the House, December 7, 1863. His military service secured him his first national prominence. He showed himself competent to command in the field, although without previous training. He could plan battles and fight them successfully. As an officer, he was exceptionally popular, beloved by his men, many of whom were his former students, respected and honored by his superiors in rank, and his martial qualities and gallant behavior were more than once

commended in general orders and rewarded by the Government with well-merited promotion.

"He brought to this wide range of subjects vast learning and comprehensive judgment. He enlightened and strengthened every cause he advocated. Great in dealing with them all, dull and commonplace in none, but to me he was the strongest, broadest, and bravest when he spoke for honest money, the fulfilment of the nation's promise, the resumption of specie payments, and the maintenance of the public faith. He contributed his share, in full measure, to secure national honesty and preserve inviolate our national honor. None did more, few, if any, so much, to bring the Government back to a sound, stable, and constitutional money. He was a very giant in those memorable struggles, and it required upon his part the exercise of the highest courage. A considerable element of his party was against him, notably in his own State and some parts of his Congressional district. The mad passion of inflation and irredeemable currency was sweeping through the West, with the greatest fury in his own State. He was assailed for his convictions, and was threatened with defeat. He was the special target for the hate and prejudice of those who stood against the honest fulfilment of national obligations. In a letter to a friend on New Year's eve, 1867-'68, he wrote:

" 'I have just returned from a tedious trip to Ashtabula, where I made a two hours' speech upon finance, and when I came home, came through a storm of paper-money denunciation in Cleveland, only to find on my arrival here a sixteen-page letter, full of alarm and prophecy of my political ruin for my opinions on the currency.'

"To the same friend he wrote in 1878:

" 'On the whole it is probable I will stand again for the House. I am not sure, however, but the Nineteenth District will go back upon me upon the silver question. If they do, I shall count it an honorable discharge.'

"These and more of the same tenor, which I might produce from his correspondence, show the extreme peril attending his position upon the currency and silver questions, but he never flinched, he never wavered; he faced all the dangers, assumed all the risks, voting and speaking for what he believed would secure the highest good. He stood at the forefront, with the waves of an adverse popular sentiment beating against him, threatening his political ruin, fearlessly contending for sound principles of finance against public clamor and a time-serving policy. To me his greatest effort was made on this floor in the Forty-fifth Congress, from his old seat yonder near the center aisle. He was at his best. He rose to the

highest requirements of the subject and the occasion. His mind and soul were absorbed with his topic. He felt the full responsibility of his position and the necessity of averting a policy (the abandonment of specie resumption) which he believed would be disastrous to the highest interests of the country. Unfriendly criticism seemed only to give him breadth of contemplation and boldness and force of utterance.

"In General Garfield, as in Lincoln and Grant, we find the best representation of the possibilities of American life. Boy and man, he typifies American youth and manhood, and illustrates the beneficence and glory of our free institutions. His early struggles for an education, his self-support, his 'lack of means,' his youthful yearnings, find a prototype in every city, village, and hamlet of the land.

"His broad and benevolent nature made him the friend of all mankind. He loved the young men of the country, and drew them to him by the thoughtful concern with which he regarded them. He was generous in his helpfulness to all, and to his encouragement and words of cheer many are indebted for much of their success in life. In personal character he was clean and without reproach. As a citizen, he loved his country and her institutions, and was proud of her progress and prosperity. As a scholar and a man of letters, he took high rank. As an orator, he was exceptionally strong and gifted. As a soldier, he stood abreast with the bravest and best of the citizen soldiery of the Republic. As a legislator, his most enduring testimonial will be found in the records of Congress and the statutes of his country. As President, he displayed moderation and wisdom, with executive ability which gave the highest assurances of a most successful and illustrious administration.

"Mr. Speaker, another place of great honor we fill today. Nobly and worthily is it filled. Garfield, whose eloquent words I have just pronounced, has joined Winthrop and Adams, and the other illustrious ones, as one of 'the elect of the States,' peopling yonder venerable and beautiful hall. He receives his high credentials from the hands of the State which has withheld from him none of her honors, and history will ratify the choice. We add another to the immortal membership. Another enters 'the sacred circle.' In silent eloquence from the 'American Pantheon' another speaks, whose life-work, with its treasures of wisdom, its wealth of achievement, and its priceless memories, will remain to us and our descendants a precious legacy, forever and forever."

McKinley to the Grand Army Veterans.

President McKinley's tribute to the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, delivered in the Metropolitan Opera-house at New York on May 30th, 1889, is worthy of going on record for all time. It is beautiful in sentiment and expressive of high ideals:

"The Grand Army of the Republic is on duty today. But not in the service of arms. The storm and siege and bivouac and battle line have given place to the ministrations of peace and the manifestations of affectionate regard for fallen comrades, in which the great body of the people cheerfully and reverently unite. The service of the day is more to us—far more to us—than to those in whose memory it is performed. It means nothing to the dead, everything to the living. It reminds us of what our stricken comrades did and sacrificed and won. It teaches us the awful cost of liberty and the price of national unity, and bids us guard with sacred and sleepless vigilance the great and immortal work which they wrought.

"The annual tribute which this nation brings to its heroic dead is, in part at least, due to American thought and conception, creditable to the living and honorable to the dead. No nation in the world has so honored her heroic dead as ours. The soldiery of no country in the world have been crowned with such immortal meed or received at the hands of the people such substantial evidences of national regard.

"Other nations have decorated their great captains and have knighted their illustrious commanders. Monuments have been erected to perpetuate their names. Permanent and triumphal arches have been raised to mark their graves. Nothing has been omitted to manifest and make immortal their valorous deeds. But to America is mankind indebted for the loving and touching tribute this day performed, which brings the offerings of affection and tokens of love to the graves of all our soldier dead.

"We not only honor our great captains and illustrious commanders, the men who led the vast armies to battle, but we shower equal honors in equal measure upon all, irrespective of rank in battle or condition at home. Our gratitude is of that grand patriotic character which recognizes no titles, permits no discrimination, subordinates all distinctions; and the soldier, whether of the rank and file, the line or the staff, who fought and fell for Liberty and Union—all who fought in the great cause and have since died, are warmly cherished in the hearts, and are sacred to the memory of the people.

"Mr. President, from the very commencement of our Civil War we recognized the elevated patriotism of the rank and file of the army and their unselfish consecration to the country, while subsequent years have only served to increase our admiration for their splendid and heroic services. They enlisted in the army with no expectation of promotion; not for the paltry pittance of pay; not for fame or popular applause, for their services, however efficient, were not to be heralded abroad.

"They entered the army moved by the highest and purest motives of patriotism, that no harm might befall the Republic. While detracting nothing from the fame of our matchless leaders, we know that, without that great army of volunteers, the citizen soldiery, the brilliant achievements of the war would not have been possible. They, my fellow citizens, were the great power. They were the majestic and irresistible force. They stood behind the strategic commanders, whose intelligent and individual earnestness, guided by their genius, gained the imperishable victories of the war.

"I would not withhold the most generous eulogy from conspicuous soldiers, living or dead—from the leaders, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Hancock, McClellan, Hooker, and Logan—who flame out the very incarnation of soldierly valor and vigor before the eyes of the American people, and have an exalted rank in history, and fill a great place in the hearts of their countrymen. We need not fear, my fellow citizens, that the great captains will be forgotten. * * *

"My fellow citizens, the rank and file of the old Regular Army was made of the same heroic mold as our Volunteer Army. It is a recorded fact in history, that when treason swept over this country in 1861—when distinguished officers, who had been educated at the public expense, who had taken the oath to support the Constitution of the United States and defend this Government against all its enemies—when they proved recreant to trust and duty, and enlisted under the banner of the Confederacy, the rank and file of that old army stood steadfast to Federal authority, loyal to the Federal Government, and no private soldier followed his old commander into the ranks of the enemy. None were false to conscience or to country. None turned their backs on the old flag.

"The most splendid exhibition of devotion to country, and to the Government, and the flag, was displayed also by our prisoners of war. We had 175,000 soldiers taken prisoners during the Civil War, and when death was stalking within the walls of their prisons, when starvation was almost overcoming their brave hearts, when mind was receding and reason

was tottering, liberty was offered to those 175,000 men upon one condition —that they would swear allegiance to the Confederate Government, and enlist in the cause of the Confederacy.

"What was the answer of our brave but starving comrades? There could be but one answer. They preferred to suffer all and to bear all rather than prove false to the cause they had sworn to defend.

"Now, so far removed from the great war, we are prone to forget its disasters and underestimate its sacrifices. Their magnitude is best appreciated when contrasted with the losses and sacrifices of other armies in other times. There were slain in the late war nearly 6,000 commanding officers and over 90,000 enlisted men, and 207,000 died of disease and from exposure, making a grand total of 303,000 men. In the War of the Revolution between the United States and Great Britain, excluding those captured at Yorktown and Saratoga, the whole number of men killed and wounded and captured of the combined British and American forces was less than 22,000. We witnessed that loss in a single battle in a single day in the great Civil War. From 1775 to 1861, including all the foreign wars in which we were engaged, and all our domestic disturbances, covering a period of nearly twenty-four years, we lost but ten general officers, while in the four and a half years of the late war we lost one hundred and twenty-five.

"And, my fellow citizens, we not only knew little of the scope and proportions of that great war, or the dreadful sacrifice to be incurred, but as little knew the great results which were to follow. We thought at the beginning, and we thought long after the commencement of the war, that the Union to be saved was the Union as it was. That was our understanding when we enlisted, that it was the Constitution and the Union— the Constitution as it was and the Union as it was—for which we fought, little heeding the teachings of history, that wars and revolutions can not fix in advance the boundaries of their influence or determine the scope of their power. History enforces no sterner lesson. Our own Revolution of 1776 produced results unlooked for by its foremost leaders. Separation was no part of the original purpose. Political alienation was no part of the first plan. Disunion was neither thought of nor accepted. Why, in 1775, on the 5th day of July, in Philadelphia, when the Continental Congress was in session declaring its purposes toward Great Britain, what did it say? After declaring that it would raise armies, it closed that declaration with this significant language:

"'Lest this declaration should disquiet the minds of some of our friends and fellow subjects in other parts of the Empire, we assure them

that we do not mean to dissolve the union which has so long and happily subsisted between us.'

"Our fathers said in that same declaration:

" 'We have not raised armies with ambitious designs to separate from Great Britain and establish independent States.'

"Those were the views of the fathers. Those were the views entertained by the soldiers and statesmen of colonial days. Why, even the Declaration of Independence, which has sounded the voice of liberty to all mankind, was a shock to some of the colonists. The cautious and conservative, while believing in its eternal truth, doubted its wisdom and its policy. It was in advance of the thought of the great body of the people. Yet it stirred a feeling for independence, and an aspiration for self-government, which made a republic that has now lived more than a century; and only a few days ago you were permitted to celebrate the centennial inauguration in this city of its first great President.

"Out of all that came a republic that stands for human rights and human destiny, which today represents more than any other government the glorious future of the human race.

"Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, those were brave men whose graves we decorated today. No less brave were those whose chambers of repose are beneath the scarlet fields in distant States. We may say of all of them as was said of Knights of St. John in the Holy Wars: 'In the forefront of every battle was seen their burnished mail, and in the gloomy rear of every retreat was heard their voice of conscience and of courage.'

" 'It is not,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'what we say of them, but what they did, which will live.' They have written their own histories, they have builded their own monuments. No poor words of mine can enhance the glory of their deeds, or add a laurel to their fame.

"Liberty owes them a debt which centuries of tribute and mountains of granite adorned by the master hands of art can never repay. And so long as liberty lasts and the love of liberty has a place in the hearts of men, they will be safe against the tooth of time and the fate of oblivion.

"The nation is full of the graves of the dead. You have but a small fraction of them here in New York, although you contributed one-tenth of all the dead, one-tenth of all the dying, one-tenth of all the prisoners, one-tenth of all the sacrifices in that great conflict. You have but a small number here; the greater number sleep in distant States, thousands and tens of thousands of them of whom there is no record. We only know

that fighting for freedom and union they fell, and that the place where they fell was their sepulcher.

"The Omniscient One alone knows who they are and whence they came. But when their immortal names are called from their silent muster, when their names are spoken, the answer will come back, as it was the custom for many years in one of the French regiments when the name of De la Tour d'Auvergne was called, the answer came back, 'Died on the field of honor.' America has volumes of muster-rolls containing just such a record.

"Mr. President and comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, our circle is narrowing with the passing years. Every annual roll-call discloses one and another not present, but accounted for. There is a muster-roll over yonder as well as a muster-roll here. The majority of that vast army are fast joining the old commanders who have preceded them on that other shore.

"'They are gone who seemed so great—
Gone! but nothing can bereave them
Of the force they made their own
Being here; and we believe them
Something far advanced in state,
And that they wear a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave them.
Speak no more of their renown,
And in the vast cathedral leave them.
God accept them; Christ receive them.'"

President McKinley's Eulogy on Grant.

On the 27th of April, 1893, President McKinley delivered a eulogy on General Grant at Galena, the occasion being the Old Commander's birthday. Said he:

"We are not a nation of hero-worshipers. Our popular favorites are soon counted. With more than a hundred years of national life, crowded with great events and marked by mighty struggles, few of the great actors have more than survived the generation in which they lived. Nor has the nation or its people been ungenerous to its great leaders, whether as statesmen or soldiers. The Republic has dealt justly, and I believe liberally, with its public men. Yet less than a score of them are remembered by the multitude, and the student of history only can call many of the most distinguished but now forgotten names.

"How few can recall the names of the Presidents of the United States in the order of their administrations; fewer still can name the Governors of Illinois, and the United States Senators who have represented this State in that great legislative body.

"This distinguished citizen, whose life we commemorate, and the anniversary of whose birth we pause to celebrate today, was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, on April 27, 1822. His early life was not eventful. It did not differ from that of most of the boys of his time, and gave no more promise than that of the multitude of youth of his age and station, either of the past or present. Of Scottish descent, he sprang from humble but industrious parents, and with faith and courage, with a will and mind for work, he confronted the problem of life.

"At the age of 17 he was sent as a cadet to the West Point Military Academy; his predecessor having failed to pass the necessary examination, the vacancy was filled by the appointment of young Grant. At the Academy he was marked as a painstaking, studious, plodding, persistent pupil, who neither graduated at the head nor the foot of his class, but stood number twenty-one in a class of thirty-nine.

"His rank at graduation placed him in the infantry arm of the service, and in 1843 he was commissioned a brevet Second Lieutenant in the Fourth United States Regulars. No qualities of an exceptional nature showed themselves up to this point in the character of the young officer.

"His first actual experience in war was in Mexico. Here he distinguished himself, and was twice mentioned in general orders for his conspicuous gallantry. He was twice brevetted by the President of the United States for heroic conduct at the battles of Monterey, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Chapultepec and Molino del Rey. After the war with Mexico he was stationed with his regiment on the Northern frontier, and subsequently on the Pacific coast in Oregon and California, in which latter stations he saw much trying service with the Indians.

"On July 31, 1854, he resigned his commission in the army, after eleven years' service therein—a service creditable to him in every particular, but in no sense so marked as to distinguish him from a score of others of equal rank and opportunity.

"He was successful from the very beginning of his military command. His earliest, like his later blows, were tellingly disastrous to the enemy. First at Paducah, then defeating Polk and Pillow at Belmont; again at Fort Henry, which he captured. Then he determined to destroy Fort Donelson, and with rare coolness and deliberation he settled himself

down to the task, which he successfully accomplished on February 16, 1862.

"After two days of severe battle, 12,000 prisoners and their belongings fell into his hands, and the victory was sweeping and complete. He was immediately commissioned Major General of Volunteers, in recognition of his brilliant triumph, and at once secured the confidence of the President and trusting faith of the loyal North, while the men at the front turned their eyes hopefully to their coming commander.

"His famous dispatch to General Buckner, who had proposed commissioners to negotiate for capitulation—'No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted; I propose to move immediately upon your works'—electrified the country, and sent cheer to every loyal heart at home and to the brave defenders in the field. It sounded the note of confidence and victory, and gave to the Union cause and lovers of the Union new and fervent hope. It breathed conscious strength, disclosed immeasurable reserve power, and quickened the whole North to grander efforts and loftier patriotism for the preservation of the Union.

"On March 17, 1864, a little more than three years from his departure from Galena, where he was drilling your local company as a simple Captain, Grant assumed the control of all the Federal forces, wherever located, and in less than fourteen months Lee's army, the pride and glory of the Confederate Government, surrendered to the victorious soldier. It was not a surrender without resistance—skillful, dogged resistance. It was secured after many battles and fierce assaults, accompanied by indescribable toil and suffering, and the loss of thousands of precious lives.

"The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna and Cold Harbor, and the siege of Petersburg, witnessed the hardest fighting and the severest sacrifices of the war, while the loss of brave men in the trenches was simply appalling. The historian has wearied in detailing them, and the painter's hand has palsied with reproducing the scenes of blood and carnage there enacted.

"General Grant not only directed the forces in front of Richmond, but the entire line of operation of all our armies was under his skillful hand, and was moved by his masterful mind. The entire field was the theater of his thought, and to his command all moved as a symmetrical whole, harmonious to one purpose, centering upon one grand design.

"In obedience to his orders, Sherman was marching, fighting, and winning victories with his splendid army in Georgia, extending our vic-

torious banners farther and deeper into the heart of the Confederacy; and all the while the immortal Thomas was engaging the enemy in another part of the far-stretching field, diverting and defeating the only army which might successfully impede the triumphant march of Sherman to the sea. Sheridan, of whom General Grant said the only instruction he ever required was 'to go in,' was going into the Shenandoah Valley, that disputed field, the scene of Stonewall Jackson's fame.

"Here his dashing army, driving by storm and strategy the determined forces of Early, sent them whirling back, stripped of laurels previously won, without either their artillery or battle-flags. Schofield had done grand work at Franklin, and later occupied Wilmington and Goldsboro, on the distant seacoast, with a view to final connection with Sherman. These movements, and more, absorbed the mind of the great commander.

"The liberal terms given to Lee at Appomattox revealed in the breast of the hard fighter a soft and generous heart. He wanted no vengeance; he had no bitterness in his soul; he had no hates to avenge. He believed in war only as a means of peace. His large, brave, gentle nature made the surrender as easy to his illustrious foe as was possible. He said, with the broadest humanity: 'Take your horses and side-arms, all of your personal property and belongings, and go home, not to be disturbed, not to be punished for treason, not to be outcasts; but go, cultivate the fields whereon you fought and lost. Yield faithful allegiance to the old flag and the restored Union, and obey the laws of peace.'

"Was ever such magnanimity before shown by victor to vanquished? Here closed the great war, and with it the active military career of the great commander.

"His civil administration covered eight years—two full terms as President of the United States. This new exaltation was not of his own asking. He preferred to remain General of the Army with which he had been so long associated and in which he had acquired his great fame.

"The country, however, was determined that the successful soldier should be its civil ruler. The loyal people felt that they owed him the highest honors which the nation could bestow, and they called him from the military to the civil head of the Government. His term commenced in March, 1869, and ended in March, 1877. It constituted one of the important periods of our national life. If the period of Washington's administration involved the formation of the Union, that of Grant's was confronted with its reconstruction, after the bitter, relentless internal struggle to destroy it.

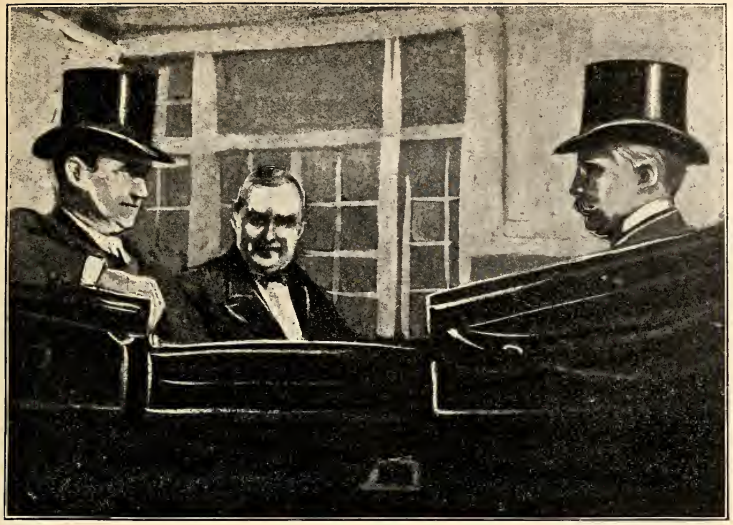
"It was a most delicate era in which to rule. It would have been difficult, embarrassing and hazardous to any man, no matter how gifted, or what his previous preparation or equipment might have been. Could any one have done better than he? We will not pause to discuss. Different opinions prevail, and on this occasion we do not enter the field of controversy, but, speaking for myself, I believe he was exactly the man for the place, and that he filled to its full measure the trust to which his fellow citizens called him.

"He committed errors. Who could have escaped them, at such a time and in such a place? He stood in his civil station battling for the legitimate fruits of the war, that they might be firmly secured to the living and to their posterity forever. His arm was never lifted against the right; his soul abhorred the wrong. His veto of the Inflation bill, his organization of the Geneva Arbitration Commission to settle the claims of the United States against England, his strong but conciliatory foreign policy, his constant care to have no policy against the will of the people, his enforcement of the Constitution and its Amendments in every part of the Republic, his maintenance of the credit of the Government and its good faith at home and abroad, marked his administration as strong, wise, and patriotic.

"Great and wise as his civil administration was, however, the achievements which make him 'one of the immortal few whose names will never die' are found in his military career. Carping critics have sought to mar it, strategists have found flaws in it, but in the presence of his successive, uninterrupted, and unrivaled victories, it is the idlest chatter which none should heed.

"He was always ready to fight. If beaten today, he resumed the battle on the morrow, and his pathway was all along crowned with victories and surrenders, which silence criticism, and place him side by side with the mighty soldiers of the world.

"With no disparagement to others, two names rise above all the rest in American history since George Washington—transcendently above them. They are Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant. Each will be remembered for what he did and accomplished for his race and for mankind. Lincoln proclaimed liberty to four million slaves, and upon his act invited 'the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.' He has received the warm approval of the one, and I am sure he is enjoying the generous benediction of the other. His was the greatest, mightiest stroke of the war. Grand on its humanity side,



The Latest Photograph of President McKinley

Taken seventeen minutes before the President was shot. John G. Milburn sits beside the President, Private Secretary Cortelyou in the forward seat. They were en route to Music Hall.

Tents for Military Guards and Reporters opposite the Milburn Residence

Detective Sam R. Ireland

Geo. B. Cortelyou
Private Secretary to President McKinley

masterly in its military aspect, it has given to his name an imperishable place among men.

"Grant gave irresistible power and efficacy to the Proclamation of Liberty. The iron shackles which Lincoln declared should be loosed from the limbs and souls of the black slaves, Grant with his matchless army melted and destroyed in the burning glories of the war; and the rebels read the inspired decree in the flashing guns of his artillery, and they knew what Lincoln had decreed Grant would execute.

"He had now filled the full measure of human ambition, and drunk from every fountain of earthly glory. He had commanded mighty legions upon a hundred victorious fields. He had borne great responsibilities and exercised almost limitless power. He had executed every trust with fidelity, and, in the main, with consummate skill. He had controlled the movement of a larger army than had been commanded by any other soldier, the world over, since the invention of firearms.

"He was made General of the United States Army by Congress on July 25, 1866—a rank and title never given to an American soldier before. He had won the lasting gratitude of his fellow countrymen, and whenever or wherever he went among them they crowned him with fresh manifestations of their love and veneration—and no reverses of fortune, no errors of judgment, no vexatious and unfortunate business complications ever shook their trustful confidence.

"When he sought rest in other lands, crowned heads stood uncovered in his presence and laid their trophies at his feet, while the struggling toiler, striving for a larger liberty, offered his earnest tribute to the great warrior who had made liberty universal in the Republic. Everywhere he went grateful honors greeted him, and he was welcomed as no American had been before. He girded the globe with his renown as he journeyed in the pathway of the sun. Nothing of human longing or aspiration remained unsatiated.

"He had enjoyed all the honors which his lavish countrymen could bestow, and had received the respectful homage of foreign nations.

"His private life was beautiful in its purity and simplicity. No irreverent oath passed his lips, and his conversation was as chaste and unaffected as that of simple childhood. His relations with his family were tender and affectionate.

"Only a few years ago, in one of his journeys through the South, when he was receiving a great ovation, some colored men crowded his hotel to look into the face and to grasp the hand of their great deliverer.

To this intrusion objection was made, and the colored men were about to be ejected, when the General appeared, and in his quiet way, full of earnest feeling, said: 'Where I am they shall come also.' He believed in the brotherhood of man—in the political equality of all men—he had secured that with his sword, and was prompt to recognize it in all places and everywhere.

'But, my friends, Death had marked him for a victim. He fought Death with his iron will and his old-time courage, but at last yielded, the first and only time the great soldier was ever vanquished. He had routed every other foe, he had triumphed over every other enemy, but this last one conquered him, as in the end he conquers all.

"He, however, stayed his fatal hand long enough to permit Grant to finish the last great work of his life—to write the history he had made. True, that history had been already written—written in blood, in the agony of the dying and in the tears of the suffering Nation; written in the hearts of her patriotic people.

"The ready pens of others had told more than a thousand times the matchless story; the artist had, a hundred times, placed upon canvas the soul-stirring scenes in which Grant was the central figure; the sculptor had cut its every phase in enduring marble, yet a kind Providence mercifully spared him a few months longer, that he who had seen it and directed it should sum up the great work wrought by the Grand Army of the Republic under his magic guidance. He was not an old man when he died; but, after all, what a completed life was his!

"Mighty events and mightier achievements were never crowded into a single life before, and he lived to place them in enduring form, to be read by the millions living and the millions yet unborn. Then laying down his pen, he bowed resignedly before the Angel of Death, saying: 'If it is God's providence that I shall go now, I am ready to obey His will without a murmur.'

"Great in life, majestic in death! He needs no monument to perpetuate his fame; it will live and glow with increased luster so long as liberty lasts and the love of liberty has a place in the hearts of men. Every soldiers' monument throughout the North, now standing or hereafter to be erected, will record his worth and work as well as those of the brave men who fought by his side. His most lasting memorial will be the work he did, his most enduring monument the Union which he and his heroic associates saved, and the priceless liberty they secured.

"Surrounded by a devoted family, with a mind serene and a heart resigned, he passed over to join his fallen comrades beyond the river, on

another field of glory. Above him in his chamber of sickness and death hung the portraits of Washington and Lincoln, whose disembodied spirits in the Eternal City were watching and waiting for him who was to complete the immortal trio of America's first and best loved; and as the earthly scenes receded from his view, and the celestial appeared, I can imagine those were the first to greet his sight and bid him welcome.

"We are not a nation of hero-worshipers. We are a nation of generous freemen. We bow in affectionate reverence and with most grateful hearts to these immortal names, Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, and will guard with sleepless vigilance their mighty work and cherish their memories evermore."

CHAPTER IX.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AS A LAWYER—EARLY FAME AS A SPEAKER—PRESIDENT HAYES' ADVICE TO THE YOUNG POLITICIAN—MCKINLEY'S CAREER IN CONGRESS—THE TARIFF BILL—ELECTED GOVERNOR OF OHIO—MCKINLEY AT THE MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION—ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY—HIS ADMINISTRATION.

Doubtless Major McKinley would have attained eminence in the law had not politics early attracted him. Yet he pursued the law with the same fidelity that had marked his every undertaking and he achieved not merely success but popularity at the bar. One of his cases long remembered was when he was pitted against John McSweeney, then considered one of the most brilliant lawyers of the Ohio bar. The case was a suit for damages for malpractice, the plaintiff charging that a surgeon had set his broken leg in such a way as to make him bow-legged on that side. McKinley defended the surgeon. McSweeney brought his client into court and had the injured limb exposed to the view of the jury. It was very crooked, and the case looked bad for the surgeon. McKinley had both his eyes wide open, however, and fixed them to good purpose on the man's other leg. As soon as the witness was turned over to him, he asked that the other leg should also be bared. The plaintiff and McSweeney vigorously objected, but the judge ordered it done. Then it appeared that this second leg was still more crooked than that which the surgeon had set.

"My client seems to have done better by this man than nature itself did," said McKinley, "and I move that the suit be dismissed with a recommendation to the plaintiff that he have the other leg broken and then set by the surgeon who set the first one."

HE ENTERS POLITICS.

As an advocate he was remarkably successful, and in the preparation of his cases he had few superiors, becoming noted for the thoroughness and care with which he did his work. He was noted also for the brilliancy and effectiveness of his speaking and was already in much demand in his party. Even in the early days he was so eagerly sought that fre-

quently he spoke oftener in his own district and county than the candidates on the ticket.

Stark County, where he had opened his office, was one of the banner Democratic counties of the State, and when, in 1869, he was put forward by his party for District Attorney the nomination was regarded as an empty honor. Perhaps that was why it was given to so young and inexperienced a man. But, however the convention and the public considered it, McKinley took it seriously. He made a vigorous canvass of the county, and to the amazement of everybody he was elected. At the end of his two years' term he was renominated, and though defeated, kept his opponent's majority down to forty-five where it had usually been several hundred. But he had won much. He had attracted attention to his ability as a successful campaigner, and his law practice greatly improved.

This was the beginning of McKinley's political career. But throughout this period and until his election to Congress in 1876, he was devoted to the law, and built up a lucrative practice. As a persuasive advocate before a jury he had no superior in Canton, and his thorough preparation and eloquence won many important cases.

The State campaign in 1875 was one that attracted national attention, the nominees for Governor were Rutherford B. Hayes and William Allen. The greenback craze was at its height. McKinley entered the campaign with his usual energy and made many speeches for honest money and the resumption of specie payments. During the campaign Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, spoke at Canton. McKinley, much against his will, was called on for a speech at the close of the meeting. Animated by the eloquence of their distinguished visitor, the young man captured both his audience and the visiting orator.

Early Fame as Speaker.

He made such an impression on Mr. Woodford that he urged the State Committee to put McKinley on the list of speakers. They had not heard of him in that capacity before, but they put him on the list and he was never off it till his death.

The following year (1876) was not a promising one for a budding Republican politician. The party had suffered defeat, the greenback theory was ravaging everything and there was a general demoralized condition. Nevertheless, McKinley chose this time to seek election to Congress. He had stumped the States for Hayes for Governor the preceding year, and had gained considerable reputation as a public speaker. Still the veteran politicians shook their heads doubtfully when he was announced as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress.

But he was nominated by the convention on the first ballot, and was elected by 3,300 majority.

While the canvass was going on he visited the Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia. He was introduced by James G. Blaine to the great audience which Blaine had been addressing at the Union League Club and he scored such a remarkable success that he was at once in demand throughout the country. He afterward spoke hundreds of times in almost every State and Territory and to more people than ever were addressed by any other public man in the history of the Republic. An unbiased review of his life leaves the impression that he never failed to meet expectations or to benefit the cause he advocated.

McKinley was a protege of ex-President Hayes, and up to the time of the latter's death he recognized the ex-President as his adviser and counselor. He was in General Hayes' regiment during the Rebellion. General Hayes knew him and his father well. He needed a counselor, an adviser, a friend, and General Hayes watched over him with the love, devotion and pride of a father.

President Hayes' Advice.

He entered Congress on the day that his old friend, Colonel Hayes, became President. He was a frequent and welcome visitor at the White House. One day the President gave McKinley advice, which made him the foremost champion of a protective tariff. President Hayes thus spoke to him:

"To achieve success and fame you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing. Become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your study. Why not take up the subject of tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame."

With these words ringing in his ears McKinley began studying the tariff, and soon became the foremost authority of the time on the subject. April 15, 1878, he made a speech on what was known as the Wood tariff bill, the bill being brought in by Fernando Wood, of New York. McKinley opposed it so effectively that, although the House was Democratic, the measure was postponed and finally abandoned altogether. The speech was published and widely circulated by the Republican Congressional Committee.

Fighting Gerrymanders.

The Democrats recognized him as a man who would be dangerous to their party if he were allowed to keep on in politics. Having control of

the Legislature in Ohio, they proceeded to gerrymander the State, so that when McKinley sought re-election, he found himself in a district normally Democratic by at least 1,800. Nothing daunted, he entered the campaign and was successful by a majority of 1,300.

Then the former district lines were restored, and he was easily returned for his third and fourth terms. The Democratic fears concerning him were now realized. He was by this time one of the leading Republicans in the House, and one of those who were doing most for the lasting supremacy of that party and the lasting discomfiture of the Democrats. So, getting possession of the Ohio Legislature again in 1884, they gerrymandered the State the second time with the express purpose of keeping McKinley at home. They put him, as they thought, in a district which would be surely Democratic by from 1,200 to 1,500.

But the people of eastern Ohio re-elected him for his fifth term by over 2,000 majority. Sixth and seventh terms followed as a matter of course. Then the State was a third time gerrymandered. McKinley was put into a district which had the year before given a Democratic plurality of 2,900. He accepted the challenge, made a gallant fight, and was defeated by only 302 votes. It is interesting to recall, in view of this one defeat, that McKinley had been some years before twitted in Congress by Mr. Springer, on having been returned at the previous election by a somewhat diminished majority.

Mr. Springer said: "Your constituents do not seem to support you." McKinley replied: "My fidelity to my constituents is not measured by the support they give me. I have convictions which I would not surrender if 10,000 majority had been entered against me."

McKinley's Career in Congress.

To tell the story of McKinley's seven terms in Congress would be to tell the history of that body and well-nigh of the nation for fourteen years. From the beginning he was active and conspicuous. His speech against the repeal of the Federal election laws in April, 1879, was considered of such value that it was issued as a campaign document by the Republican National Committee the two following years. In 1880 he was chairman of the Republican State Convention of Ohio. He was recognized by Speaker Randall with a place on the Judiciary Committee in this year, and in 1880 succeeded President Garfield as a member of the Ways and Means Committee, an honor that came to him unsought and was repeatedly given to him until the termination of his congressional career in 1891. He was chosen by the Chicago convention as an Ohio member of the Republican National Committee and accompanied Garfield on his speaking

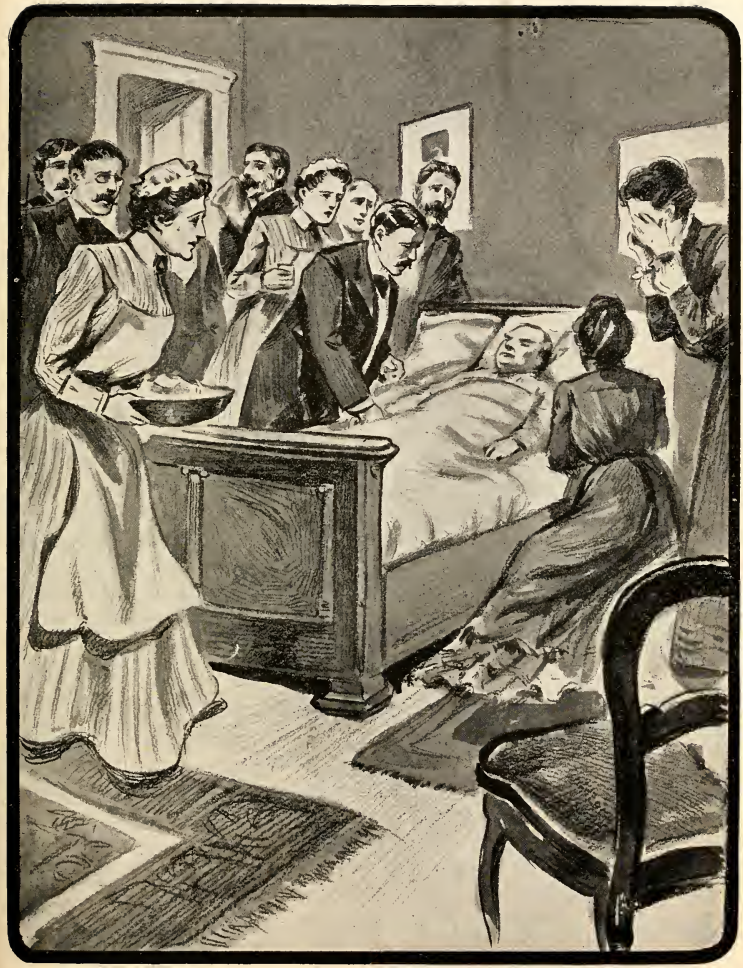
tour through New York. He also spoke in this State and other States east and west.

The Forty-seventh Congress, acting on the recommendation of President Arthur, appointed a commission to revise the tariff. McKinley did not give unqualified approval to this commission, preferring that Congress should do the work, but he insisted that the protective policy should not be abandoned. In the elections of 1882, which occurred while the tariff commission was still holding its session, the Republicans were generally defeated. McKinley was elected only by the narrow margin of eight votes over his Democratic competitor. At the short session which followed the report of the tariff commission was submitted, and on this the Ways and Means Committee introduced a bill reducing the duties about 20 per cent.

McKinley supported this measure. It failed. In the following year he delivered one of the most effective addresses against the Morrison tariff bill. In the same year he presided over the Ohio Republican State Convention. He was a Blaine man, and did much to further his nomination to the Presidency. He accompanied Blaine on his celebrated tour, speaking constantly with him from the same car or platform.

In the State campaigns from 1881 to 1887 he was on the stump in all parts of Ohio. In the Forty-ninth Congress, in 1886, he made a notable speech on arbitration as the best means of settling labor disputes. In 1886, when the statue of Garfield was presented to Statuary Hall, at the Capitol, he delivered a memorial address. In 1887 he delivered a memorial address on General John A. Logan, much admired for its beauty and tenderness. He advocated the passage of the dependent pension bill over President Cleveland's veto.

President Cleveland's third annual message, in December, 1887, made a strong assault on the tariff system. It was followed by the Mills bill in the House. On this there was remarkable debate. It proved to be the great opportunity of McKinley's congressional life. While the bill was under consideration he came from Washington to Canton and delivered an address before the Ohio State Grange on the subject raised by President Cleveland's message and the Mills bill. Immediately thereafter he delivered a remarkable address before the Home Market Club, at Boston. April 2d he presented to the House the minority report of the Ways and Means Committee on the tariff bill. His speech at the close of the general debate was described at the time as the most effective and eloquent tariff speech ever heard in Congress. Many of his statements as to the effects of the legislation were so cogent and conclusive that the bill was amended in many particulars that he suggested.



Scene at the Death-Bed of President McKinley.

The Funeral of President McKinley—Taking the Casket into the Church at Canton

Funeral of President McKinley—The Casket in the City Hall, with Military and Civil Guard

Funeral of President McKinley—Sailors and Soldiers Taking the Casket into the Buffalo City Hall

The McKinley Tariff Bill.

At the Ohio convention in 1888 McKinley was elected a delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention, where he was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. Here he made an effective stand against a sentiment that spoke of him for the Presidency, declaring his loyalty to Sherman. Many of his friends believed that the speech then cost him the Presidency. In the campaign of 1889 he was active as usual, and on the organization of the Fifty-first Congress resumed his place on the Ways and Means Committee, to the head of which he succeeded on the death of Judge Kelley. This brought him into the leadership of the House. December, 1889, he introduced the first important tariff measure of the session. It passed the House late in the session, and became a law in June, 1890. It is known as the customs administration bill. In April, 1890, he introduced the general tariff measure which has become known as the McKinley bill. For four months it had been under consideration by the Ways and Means Committee, during which time hearings had been given to manufacturers, laborers, merchants, farmers, agents and factors. McKinley's speech in support of the measure fully sustained his great reputation as an orator, and as a dispassionate advocate. The ovation, for such it was, that greeted him when he had concluded, has hardly been surpassed in the annals of Congress. Demanding an immediate vote, he declared:

"With me this position is a deep conviction, not a theory. I believe in it and thus warmly advocate it because enveloped in it are my country's highest development and greatest prosperity. Out of it comes the greatest gain to the people, the greatest comfort to the masses, the widest encouragement of manly aspirations with the largest reward dignifying and elevating our citizenship, on which the safety, purity and permanency of our political system depend."

The bill passed the House after some amendments, among them the reciprocity amendment proposed by the Senate and which Mr. McKinley had supported before the House Committee.

Mr. William E. Curtis, who was then secretary of the Bureau of the American Republic, has given the following history of the reciprocity movement.

"The Pan-American conference had the question under discussion while the House Committee on Ways and Means was framing the present tariff laws and adopted a report written by Mr. Romero, of Mexico, recommending the adoption of reciprocity among American nations so far as could be done without impairing their necessary revenues. On Feb-

ruary 10, 1880, Mr. Blaine met the House Committee in Mr. McKinley's rooms at the Ebbitt House. He explained the situation and asked the committee not to disturb the duties on merchandise from South America.

"They did not follow his suggestion, but prepared their bill without regard to the conference. When Mr. Blaine found that it was proposed to remove the duty on sugar, he sent me to Mr. McKinley with a proposition which he wanted added to the bill as an amendment. It afterward became known as the Hale amendment. It provided that the President should be authorized to take off the duty on sugar whenever the sugar producing nations removed their duties on our farm products and certain other articles.

"Mr. McKinley presented this amendment to the Committee on Ways and Means. It was not adopted. Mr. McKinley voted for it the first time it was presented. Then a second proposition containing some modifications was presented, and Mr. McKinley voted for that, as he voted for the Blaine reciprocity amendment every time it was submitted, in whatever form."

The McKinley tariff bill received the approval of the President in October, 1890. When the general election occurred the following month the Republicans met with not unexpected defeat. McKinley's own district had this time been so gerrymandered that he had a majority of 3,000 to overcome. In the short time between the ending of the session of Congress and the election, he made one of the remarkable campaigns in the history of the country, attracting almost as much national attention as the noted Lincoln-Douglass debate in Illinois thirty-two years before. He was defeated, but still he ran at the head of his ticket, exceeding by 1,250 votes that of Harrison in the previous Presidential campaign, and came within 300 of being elected.

Is Elected Governor of Ohio.

The short session of Congress that followed attracted little attention, but McKinley attracted great attention, and his nomination for Governor began to assume the shape of a popular movement. When it was known that he would accept, he was nominated by acclamation at the State Republican Convention in June, 1891. Meanwhile, his many speeches and addresses continually added to his reputation both as an orator and as a man of national dimensions. In Congress he spoke and voted for the eight-hour law; he advocated the direct tax refunding law, anti-trust law, and presented and advised the adoption of the resolution declaring that the new tariff should not invalidate our treaty with Hawaii.

In December he responded to the toast, "New England and the Future," at the New England dinner at Philadelphia. At the Lincoln banquet at Toledo in February, 1891, attacking President Cleveland's speech on American citizenship, he formulated the phrase that "cheap coats meant cheap men."

He was popular with the old soldiers everywhere and spoke at national encampments in this city, at San Francisco, at Pittsburg and at Washington. In his speech accepting his first nomination for Governor, he declared that the public credit and sound finances must be preserved even at the risk of defeat, which could only be temporary, advising this rather than a capitulation to the demagogue or a surrender of honesty. He opened his Ohio campaign in August and before the election he made one hundred and thirty-four speeches, visiting all of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio. His opponent, Governor Campbell, was an able man and they once met in joint debate. McKinley won the election by 21,500 votes; Campbell had previously been elected by a plurality of 11,000.

McKinley at Minneapolis.

Soon after his inauguration as Governor a campaign for him as President began, but to every suggestion he replied that he believed General Harrison was justly entitled to another term and that he was for him. He was again elected as a delegate-at-large for Ohio to the national convention, and by that body made permanent chairman. Some of his friends persisted in urging his name, but he steadfastly refused assent. When the ballot was taken, however, two votes in the Ohio delegation were cast for him. He at once challenged the vote from the chair and put himself on record for Harrison, who on the entire roll call received 535 votes, yet McKinley nevertheless received 182 votes, precisely the number that Blaine received. Leaving the chair, McKinley moved to make the nomination unanimous. It was apparent in this convention that the affections of the party were centered on him as a Presidential candidate. One delegate, with much frank effectiveness, in the course of his speech said: "Never you mind, William McKinley; you're doing right now, but we are going to make you President next time," a sentiment that drew forth vast applause.

He was chairman of the committee that notified the President of his renomination, June 20th, and from that time until the campaign closed he was more busily engaged perhaps than any other national party leader. His principal addresses of the time were at Ann Arbor, before a national convention of college clubs; before the Nebraska Chautauqua on "The Triumph of Protection," and in Philadelphia on "The Issues of 1892."

With Harrison's defeat the people seemed to have repudiated to a degree the doctrine of protection, for which McKinley then stood pre-eminently. But he lost neither courage nor confidence. He declared that protection was never stronger. In 1893 at the Lincoln banquet at Columbus he declared that the defeat of 1892 "had not made Republican principles less true nor our faith in their ultimate triumph less firm." In this year his address at Galena, Ill., on the seventy-first anniversary of the birth of Grant and his memorial address on President Hayes at Delaware were both much admired for their research and beauty.

At the next Republican convention in 1893 he was unanimously renominated for Governor, and after an exhaustive canvass was re-elected by 80,995, the greatest plurality (with a single exception during the war) that had ever been given up to that time in the history of the State. The country reviewed this result as an indication of what would follow next in national politics, and he was everywhere looked on as the most prominent Republican candidate for the Presidency.

His second annual message as Governor ranks high among such papers. In February, 1894, he delivered an address on the life and public service of Washington at Chicago, which attracted wide attention. Beginning in September of that year, at Bangor, Me., he was continually on the stump throughout the country for two months. The Wilson-Gorman tariff law had just been enacted, and he made it the chief subject of his speeches. In that city, September 26th, he was introduced by General Harrison on the opening of the campaign, with these words: "Major McKinley has endeared himself to all by his record as a gallant soldier battling for the flag. He has honored himself, his State and the country by his conspicuous services in high legislative and executive places. No man more than he is familiar with the questions that now engage public thought; no man is more able than he lucidly to set them before the people. I do not need to invoke your attention to what he shall say; he will command it."

After opening the State campaign in Ohio he made a series of speeches throughout the West, again proving himself to be one of the most remarkable of campaigners. Traveling in special trains, he frequently spoke a half-dozen times a day and three or four times at night. In Wisconsin he spoke twenty-three times in sixteen hours. For over eight weeks he averaged seven speeches a day, ranging in length from ten minutes to an hour. He traveled more than 16,000 miles and addressed more than two million people. At every point he visited his party was successful, carrying the lower branch of Congress, largely on the impetus that he gave to the campaign, by more than a two-thirds majority.

During the following winter his duties as Governor of Ohio were arduous. At one time seven thousand people were out of food in the Hocking Valley. By appeals to the people he succeeded in raising sufficient to meet the case by voluntary contributions. Several serious outbreaks occurred during this administration, at one time requiring the presence of three thousand of the National Guard, and entailing an expense of $60,000.

During this time he delivered notable addresses in various parts of the country, among them an oration on Grant at his tomb in Riverside Park on Memorial Day. In the ensuing political canvass he confined himself to Ohio, where his party for the first time in thirty years succeeded in electing both United States Senators.

Is Elected President.

After his term as Governor he returned to Canton, where he remained for the next six months, excepting for a visit to Chicago, where he delivered an address on Lincoln, in February of 1896. In this address, taking Lincoln's views on the tariff as the text, he stated what in his opinion should constitute the Republican platform in the coming campaign.

About this time the movement for his nomination appeared in many places. State after State and district after district declared for him until the convention in St. Louis, when he was the choice of more than two-thirds of the delegates and was nominated on the first ballot. Early in the campaign he announced that he would do no speaking, his only contribution to be his letter of acceptance. But the people began to flock to Canton as they flocked here when Harrison was first nominated, and at his home he made more than 300 speeches from June to November of that year to more than 750,000 people. About thirty States sent delegates and more than thirty times as many political clubs and organizations were represented.

Mr. McKinley was elected President in 1896, after a heated canvass, receiving 271 electoral votes to 171 for Mr. Bryan. He had a popular plurality over Bryan of 603,514.

Mr. McKinley's Administration.

Mr. McKinley came to the White House with a reputation won chiefly by his shrewdness in politics and by his strenuous and persistent advocacy of protection. Many of those who voted for him had little confidence in him, except that his honesty and good intentions were not questioned. In his inaugural address he spoke somewhat conservatively on the great issue on which he had been elected, but the feeling now is that he was perhaps

wise not to fall in wholly with the plans of the more radical currency reformers. At any rate, he postponed currency reform to tariff reform, and shortly after his inauguration he called the Fifty-fifth Congress together in extraordinary session on March 15th. In his message he called attention to the condition of the finances of the country, attributing the bad state of affairs to the insufficiency of the revenue raised by the tariff then in force. He said: "The necessity of the passage of a tariff law which shall provide ample revenue need not be further urged. The imperative demand of the hour is the prompt enactment of such a measure, and to this object I earnestly recommend that Congress shall make every endeavor. Before other business is transacted, let us first provide sufficient revenue to faithfully administer the Government without the contracting of further debt or the continual disturbance of our finances."

Both branches of Congress were controlled by the Republicans. As far back as December the leaders had been in conference on the subject, and so it was possible to report a bill promptly, the measure coming to the House from the Ways and Means Committee March 19th. Twelve days were allowed for a discussion of the bill, the date for its passage being fixed as March 31st. It passed the House on that date by a vote of 205 to 122. The discussion in the Senate was protracted, and 872 amendments were incorporated into the bill. It passed that body July 7th by a vote of 38 to 28. The House non-concurred in the Senate amendments, but the conference committee reported in favor of a great many of them, and the report was finally agreed to, the President affixing his signature to the bill July 24, 1897.

There was other important legislation at the special session, but its sole purpose was accomplished when the tariff bill was passed, and it adjourned shortly afterward.

Mr. McKinley's first Cabinet was as follows: Secretary of State, John Sherman; Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage; Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger; Secretary of the Interior, Cornelius N. Bliss; Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson; Postmaster-General, James A. Gary; Attorney-General, Joseph McKenna. Mr. Sherman subsequently gave way to William R. Day, who was in turn succeeded by John Hay; Mr. Alger was succeeded by Elihu Root; Mr. Bliss by E. A. Hitchcock; Mr. Gary by Charles Emory Smith; Mr. McKenna by John W. Griggs, who later gave place to Philander Knox.

The Trouble with Spain.

From the beginning of the McKinley administration the trouble with Spain became acute. The President dealt with it conservatively and pru-

dently. There were other important foreign questions still unsettled when he died. Among these may be mentioned the Alaskan boundary question, the sealing question, the arbitration treaty with Great Britain and the inherited Venezuelan arbitration question, which, however, had been mostly disposed of by the Cleveland administration. When Congress met in regular session in December the Cuban troubles occupied the most prominent position. There was a strong war spirit manifest from the start. The apparent impossibility of Spain ever subduing the island, the sufferings of the reconcentrados, and indeed the general situation as depicted by Senator Proctor, in a calm, unsensational and almost passionless speech, all combined to create the feeling that war was inevitable. Yet the President exerted all his influence in behalf of peace. Finally the blowing up of the United States battleship Maine in Havana harbor precipitated matters so that it was impossible to avert war. Yet it did not come for two months. In the meantime the question of the destruction of the Maine was carefully investigated by a commission and the conclusion was reached that the explosion was from the outside of the ship, though no blame was placed on Spain by the commission.

Finally war began April 22, 1898, when the American cruiser Nashville captured the Spanish ship Buena Ventura. The next day the President issued a call for 125,000 volunteers. Spain declared war April 24, and the next day war was declared by Congress. The history of it is known to the world. Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila May 1. In June an army was sent to Cuba, and the fighting was continuous up to the time of the destruction off Santiago of the fleet of Cervera, on July 3. Shortly after this peace negotiations began, and at last the protocol was signed by the United States, and M. Cambon, the French ambassador, who acted for Spain. This was on August 12. Manila surrendered to the American army August 13.

The treaty of peace, providing for the abandonment of Spanish sovereignty over Cuba, the cession of Porto Rico and the Philippines to the United States, and the payment of $20,000,000 to Spain, was signed at Paris December 10th. The treaty was ratified by the Senate February 6th, 1899. The result was to impose vast responsibilities on this Government.

Some of the Results of the War.

Most of what has happened since has been the result of the war with Spain. The Philippine insurrection has been going on ever since the ratification of the treaty, though it has now been practically suppressed. President McKinley did everything in his power to learn the facts. He

sent a commission to investigate the situation and was guided largely by its report. Congress left to the President a free hand in dealing with the problem. At the earliest possible moment he sent the commission, headed by William H. Taft, to establish civil government in the archipelago, and that work is being carried forward as rapidly as circumstances will permit. It is to be noted further that the President never committed himself definitely to any policy for the final settlement of the difficulty. He insisted that we could not allow ourselves to be driven from the islands; that it would not be safe or wise to leave them, and that it was our duty, and a duty which was imposed on us, to restore peace and order.

The greatest trouble came over the Porto Rican tariff question—greatest in the political sense, for it came nearer dividing the Republican party. In his message of 1899 the President had said that it was "our plain duty" to give free trade to Porto Rico, and many of the Republican leaders agreed with this view. But gradually opposition developed to this plan, and finally the President himself yielded, and at last, on April 12, 1900, an act was passed for the government of the island which imposed duties on goods going into and coming out of Porto Rico amounting to 15 per cent of the Dingley duties—all the proceeds of the tariff to go to Porto Rico. And this action raised the constitutional question as to the relation of the United States to its new possessions, which finally was answered by the Supreme Court during the year 1901. The Porto Rican tariff act was upheld. It provided that under certain conditions the President should proclaim free trade with Porto Rico, which has since been done. The island has improved rapidly under American administration. In Cuba a military government has been maintained with Leonard Wood as governor general, and here, too, great results have been achieved. And now it is thought that the Cubans having adopted a constitution of their own, will soon have an independent government, subject to a qualified protectorate of the United States.

Hawaii and Samoa.

May 17, 1898, in the heat of the Spanish war, and shortly after the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor, a joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Hitt in the House, providing for the annexation of Hawaii. A substitute was introduced by the minority of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which contemplated maintaining the independence of the islands, but this was rejected June 15 by a vote of 204 to 96, and the resolution proposed by the majority of the committee was adopted on the same day by a vote of 209 to 91. It went to the Senate June 17, and discussion began June 20, continuing till July 6, when it was adopted by

The White House

The remains of President McKinley were placed in the famous "East Room" immediately upon arrival in Washington. This room is nearest the lamp post in the above picture. Garfield's remains also lay in this room.

The War Room in the White House, 1898

a vote of 42 to 21. Other island possessions won were Guam, which was captured by an American vessel, and the island of Tutuila, of the Samoan group, which was set off to the United States when the islands were finally partitioned and the joint control of the United States, Germany and Great Britain was terminated. The Samoan convention was concluded November 14, 1899.

The bankruptcy law now in force was passed during Mr. McKinley's first term. The bill was taken up by the House February 16, 1898. After a debate of three days it passed by a vote of 159 to 125. The Senate nonconcurred, but finally an agreement was reached, and the bill was approved by the President July 1.

The Money Question.

In his first message Mr. McKinley briefly spoke of the money question, his recommendation being limited to a provision that when greenbacks were once redeemed for gold they should not again be paid out except for gold. He renewed this recommendation in his message of December 5, 1898. In addition to this, he advised that a trust fund be created for the redemption of greenbacks. He was sympathetic toward the efforts of the currency reformers, and was no doubt influenced by those who met in convention in this city on two different occasions for the consideration of the money question. But the President was not ardent. His message of 1898 was not insistent, or, indeed, strenuous, on the subject in any particular. The bill prepared by the committee created by the Indianapolis conference did not meet with great favor among the Republican leaders in Congress. But finally, in his message of December, 1899, the President grew more emphatic. He urged that authority be granted to organize national banks with a capital of $25,000; that power be conferred on the Secretary of the Treasury to sell gold bonds to maintain the gold reserve, and that steps be taken to maintain the gold standard. He pointed out that the inadequacy of the revenue had removed one source of embarrassment, and he insisted that we should "remove the only remaining cause by conferring the full and necessary power on the Secretary of the Treasury, and impose upon him the duty to uphold the present gold standard and preserve the coins of the two metals on a parity with each other, which is the repeatedly declared policy of the United States."

Mr. Overstreet's financial bill was introduced in the House December 7, and it was passed December 18 by a vote of 190 to 150. In the Senate it was debated at considerable length, amended and passed February 15, 1900, by a vote of 46 to 29. The House, as usual, non-concurred, and the inevitable conference committee followed, which reported

a substitute, which was adopted March 13, and was signed by the President the next day. It changed the national banking system somewhat, provided for the refunding of a large portion of the public debt, declared gold to be the standard and prescribed methods for maintaining that standard. With the financial question reasonably well settled, with the country prosperous, with an abundant revenue, and with the record made in the Spanish war, it was inevitable that President McKinley should be renominated. In fact, no one else was seriously thought of, and when the Republican convention met at Philadelphia, June 19, 1900, Mr. McKinley was nominated by acclamation, Theodore Roosevelt being nominated as candidate for Vice-President.

The Canvass of 1900.

Mr. Bryan was again Mr. McKinley's opponent, and again the old issue was fought over. It was found impossible to subordinate the financial issue, with Mr. Bryan in command of the opposing force, and with a flat-footed declaration for free silver coinage in the Democratic platform. Imperialism was much discussed, and some prominent men that supported Mr. McKinley in 1896 deserted him in 1900, and either refused to vote or voted for Mr. Bryan. But the result was even more decisive than it had been in 1896. The McKinley plurality was 849,455, and his plurality in the electoral college was 137, he receiving 292 votes to 155 for Mr. Bryan. We have already noted the changes that took place in the Cabinet of Mr. McKinley.

Congress met in December, 1900, and Mr. McKinley sent in a message in which he discussed our new responsibilities at great length. However, the session was not of great importance, the greatest interest being shown in the ship subsidy bill, which never got to a vote, and in the river and harbor bill, which was talked to death. The session was the short one and Congress adjourned March 4.

Mr. McKinley showed no elation, either in his message after his second election or in his second inaugural, over the triumph of himself and his party. He set himself to work to solve the grave problems with which the country was confronted and he gave the country his best efforts. He was able to accomplish little or nothing toward settling our differences with Canada, and the Alaskan boundary question is still unadjusted, the modus vivendi being still in operation. What must have been a serious disappointment to him was the rejection by the Senate of the treaty negotiated between this country and Great Britain dealing with the Nicaraguan canal question. The Senate amended it in important par-

ticulars, and later the British government refused to agree to it. So that great question is still pending.

President McKinley got along very comfortably with Congress. He made little use of the veto power, and generally his theory seemed to be that he was not so much a leader as a co-worker with Congress. He deferred greatly to Senators and Representatives, especially in the matter of patronage. And it must be said with regret that civil service reform suffered a severe setback during his administration. His exemption of many places from the rules, and his failure to punish violations of the law on the part of his subordinates are responsible for the "backward step" that had been taken.

Difficult Problems.

No President since Mr. Lincoln had so many and so difficult problems to deal with. Many of them have already been spoken of. It is admitted by every one that Mr. McKinley bore himself with great dignity during the Spanish war, and that he and his administration served the country faithfully and intelligently. In the relations of this Government with foreign powers Mr. McKinley was a safe guide, and it had been many years since we had had a President who was more respected abroad than was Mr. McKinley. The people of Great Britain, having the McKinley tariff in mind, were convinced that he would prove to be a pronounced anglophobist. But he was criticised by the more extreme of our own people for his courtesy and manifest good will toward England. At a time when there was a strong demand that there should be some intervention—peaceable or other—in behalf of the Boers, and with a campaign coming on, Mr. McKinley nevertheless held the balance true. It will not be forgotten how, in spite of the friction with Germany at Manila, the American President exerted all his influence to cement the relations between this country and Germany. Indeed, in one of his recent utterances he went so far as to make our English friends fearful that we were going to prefer Germany to Great Britain.

The truth is that the President simply recognized that he was the head of a great nation that did not want any enemies, and whose great wish was to live on terms of peace and concord with all mankind. So Mr. McKinley was prompt to respond to the Czar's invitation to The Hague conference, and the United States was ably represented at that gathering. But the great test of Mr. McKinley's power came last year, with the assault on the foreign legations in Pekin. From the very beginning he and his Secretary of State saw things straight. They were not deceived by wild reports, or stampeded into a wild cry for vengeance.

They insisted all the while that the legations were safe, that the first duty was to rescue them, that there was no evidence to prove that the Chinese government was in any way responsible for the outbreak, and more important than all, they had the sense to understand that the first thing to do was to discover some government in China with which they could deal.

The situation was not unlike that which confronted Bismarck after the German army had captured Paris. He saw that there must be a French government if there were to be any settlement of the questions at issue. And his first concern was to discover one—and then to uphold it. It was so at Pekin last year. The President maintained the most friendly relations with the Chinese minister in this country, and it was finally through him that communication with the besieged legationers was effected.

And all the while Secretary Hay was negotiating with the European powers on the subject, and almost before they knew it he had them committed to the American policy of maintaining the integrity of the Chinese Empire, and to a renunciation on the part of each power of any purpose to strive for any special advantage, or to deal separately with the Chinese government. American troops were sent to China, and they bore a gallant part in the relief of the legationers, entering Pekin August 14, 1900. When they were no longer needed they were promptly withdrawn. Plainly, Mr. McKinly was a greater man than he was supposed to be when he went into office.

General Characteristics.

Mr. McKinley did not always shine in his state papers. They were, as a rule, sober and prosaic, and often dully conventional rehearsals of facts and timid recommendations of policy. He was in no sense a showy man. But there was no doubt that he always strove to do his duty as he saw it. He was noted for his independence, yet he had great capacity for growth as he abundantly showed by his changed attitude on the tariff question. The nation was materially blessed under the McKinley administration. With the laying of the free silver ghost, prosperity came with a bound. Our foreign trade was the greatest the country had ever known. Industry had been abundantly prosperous. Wages had been good and investments profitable. To such a pass had it come that foreign nations were dreading American competition. There was work for all that were willing and able to work. Our industrial conquests abroad startled the world.

In general it may be said that during the administration of President McKinley the people were happy, contented and prosperous. From a material point of view, at least, it was our golden age. And all over the world the great republic is respected and honored.

CHAPTER X.

SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE CASES OF PRESIDENTS MCKINLEY AND GARFIELD—IN NEITHER INSTANCE WAS THE BULLET WHICH PROVED A SOURCE OF DANGER LOCATED—PHYSICIANS IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE DISTINGUISHED PATIENTS.

The shooting of President McKinley, and above all the failure of the surgeons to locate the second bullet, of course turned the thoughts of every one to the plight of President Garfield when he lay for eleven weeks and more suffering from the effects of Guiteau's bullet, the whereabouts of which the surgeons failed to discover until the knife laid bare its course at the autopsy.

After President Garfield was shot he was taken first to a private room in the station and thence removed to the White House. He had been shot twice, first in the right arm, just below the shoulder, and the second and fatal time in the back, just above the right hip and near the kidney.

The surgeons who were hastily summoned probed for the bullet without success, but announced that its course had been downward and forward into the groin, and that the wound was serious but not likely to be fatal. The wound in the arm did not amount to much, save for the pain it caused. The President retained consciousness, and when he reached the White House he dictated a telegram to Mrs. Garfield, who was at Elberon.

When he was shot down he was on his way to meet her in Jersey City, whence with some members of his Cabinet he was to make a trip into New England.

President Garfield's recovery from the shock of the wounds was very gradual. Later attempts to find the bullet failed, but there were no signs at once of serious internal hemorrhage and there was little external bleeding.

A former physician of General Garfield's said that the President had very few chances. The President maintained his courage, kept a clear head and continued cheerful through Sunday, but he asked the doctors to tell him if he was going to die. Hopes of the medical men rose on

Sunday, but on Sunday at midnight they had vanished. Serious inflammation had set in during the evening, and at 9 o'clock Vice-President Arthur was awaiting a summons to the White House to take the oath of office.

By noon of Monday the doctors had relieved the pain, which till then had been constant and which the patient had complained of all the time as being in his legs and feet. It was due to the injury of the nerves supplying the extremities. One New York surgeon said after the President's death that these pains he complained of showed that there was trouble in the sciatic muscle region and that this indication should have led the surgeons to make an incision there which would have let out the pus which afterward caused so much trouble.

At 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon President Garfield said he felt better than at any time since he was shot. He had then a pulse of 110, temperature 100 and respiration 24. The examinations up to that time, it was announced, had only demonstrated that the bullet was in the neighborhood of the liver.

From then until the autopsy disclosed their error the surgeons spoke of the President's wound as having penetrated the liver, and statistics were evoked for an illustration of the chances of life with such a wound. It was found that of one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy cases of similar liver wounds in the Civil War, twenty-three were treated successfully.

The great danger in President Garfield's case was acknowledged to be, as in the case of President McKinley, in peritonitis, which it was said then was almost always fatal. On the first evening brandy and cracked ice helped General Garfield to rally. But presently he could not retain that. On the second evening the champagne and cracked ice aided him. Then his diet fell to milk and lime water, with, later, some chicken broth and rum of old vintage.

On the Tuesday following the shooting the patient had as comfortable a day as could be expected, and on Wednesday there was the same waiting for developments, which it was hoped might be good, but feared would be bad. All that the doctors could do was to try to keep the patient's strength up. They feared blood poisoning all the time, but could do nothing to prevent it, as they did not know the course of the bullet.

They were all ready for instant operation should it develop, as, if it did, there must be instant operation or death would be certain. The

patient might appear to be getting well, but suddenly the blood might come into contact with the putrid matter sloughing from the wound and be turned to gall, and then the patient would die. The operating instruments were kept to hand and the surgeons stood guard.

The newspapers were printing extra editions almost hourly and the physicians were issuing frequent bulletins, but it was well understood—the doctors even saying so—that the bulletins gave little real information. They merely recorded the pulse, temperature and respiration and left the public to make its own deductions. No diagnosis was made public. From the rise of the surgical fever on July 3d, the variations of the pulse to July 6th were from 98 to 126, of the temperature from 98.9 to 101.9, and of the respiration from 19 to 24.

President Garfield was told that the bullet had perforated his diaphragm and on that account he mustn't talk. He liked to converse and the doctors wanted to keep him very quiet. They got him to the point where he would even ask mutely for water by putting his hand to his lips. Later he lost all desire to talk.

Not until Friday was pus—which the physicians said showed that the wound was healing—seen. Ten days after the shooting the patient's temperature reached the highest point—102.8. The doctors all this time believed that the bullet had passed between the eleventh and twelfth ribs, through the liver, and to the abdominal cavity, where they said it had lodged in the anterior wall of the abdomen, from which they expected to be able to remove it readily, in due time, without danger.

It was only learned by the public on July 13 that the President had "circumscribed peritonitis," and that he had had it since the second day of his illness. This circumscribed peritonitis was defined by a tenderness in the abdomen and it was believed by the surgeons that this located the bullet.

They thought that the tenderness due to the peritonitis marked where the bullet had found lodgment, but a little lump there which they thought was the bullet they concluded after the autopsy must have been hard pus at the end of a canal which it had bored for itself from a point near the beginning of the bullet wound.

The pus worked forward, while the bullet had gone sidewise across the back; but it was many weary weeks before this was learned, and the sufferer, from abundant health in midsummer, had passed through all the stages to the knife of the post-mortem examiner just before the autumnal equinox.

The surgeons had not relied solely upon the manifestations of the pus-workings, but had employed upon more than one occasion the "induction balance." There had been at least two occasions of serious relapse in the latter part of July, and at length Dr. Agnew made an incision. Explorations were made along the pus canal, the supposed course of the bullet, where there was a channel several inches deep, but the results were not satisfactory; so experiments to locate the bullet were made by the induction balance, under the direction of Professor Graham Bell and an assistant. The report of one of them on August 1st said:

"Under the supervision of the attending surgeons, Professors Bell and Taintor this morning made another application of the electrical apparatus known as the induction balance, with a view to completing the tests of last week, which were not entirely conclusive, and ascertaining definitely and certainly, if possible, the location of the ball.

"They tried this improved apparatus on the President's body for the first time last week, and although it indicated faintly the location of the ball, it was afterward found to be slightly out of adjustment, and the experiment was not regarded as perfectly conclusive. The results of this morning's tests, however, are entirely satisfactory both to Professors Bell and Taintor and to the attending surgeons, and it is now unanimously agreed that the location of the ball has been ascertained with reasonable certainty, and that it lies, as heretofore stated, in the front wall of the abdomen, immediately over the groin, about five inches below and to the right of the navel."

Improvement and relapse continued throughout August, and on September 6th the President was removed from the White House to Elberon, his case then being really hopeless. Three thousand five hundred feet of track were laid from the railroad station at Elberon to the Francklyn cottage, to which the President was taken, so that the train could run practically to the door.

His condition fluctuated from that time until his death at 10:35 p. m. on September 19th. The autopsy was made the next day, the knife being used by Dr. D. S. Lamb, of the Medical Museum of Washington, in the presence of the other surgeons. The official announcements of its results said:

"It was found that the ball, after fracturing the right eleventh rib, had passed through the spinal column in front of the spinal canal, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts and lodging below the

pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted.

"The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. An abscess cavity, six inches by four in dimensions, was found in the vicinity of the gall bladder, between the liver and the transverse colon, which were strongly adherent. It did not involve the substance of the liver, and no communication was found between it and the wound.

"A long suppurating channel extended from the external wound, between the loin muscles and the right kidney, almost to the groin. This channel, now known to be due to the burrowing of pus from the wound, was supposed during life to be the track of the ball."

The report of the autopsy was signed by Drs. D. W. Bliss, J. K. Barnes, J. J. Woodward, Robert Reyburn, Frank H. Hamilton, D. Hayes Agnew, Andrew D. Smith and D. S. Lamb. Dr. Reyburn has said that the injury to the spine would have caused death in any event. Dr. Bliss in a review of the case, mentioning the points revealed in the autopsy which required consideration by the profession, said:

"Would the condition of the President immediately after his injury have justified a more thorough exploration of the wound, or would such a procedure have been safe at any time before primary reaction was established? Considering carefully the condition of the President during the entire period of his illness, and the facts revealed by the autopsy, would not any operation for the purposes before mentioned have placed the President's life in great jeopardy, and, at best, have hastened the time of his death without affording any signal relief? * * * I desire to make the inquiry whether more extensive explorations could have been safely made? * * * I would ask if any known instrument or means of exploration has ever been presented to the profession capable of tracing before the death of said patient the course of this bullet?"

There was discussion both lay and professional after the result of the autopsy was made known, and, of course, opinions differed. The general conclusion was that the wound was mortal anyway, without reference to the mistaken diagnosis.

One rather delicate point raised was as to the exact part taken by Drs. Hamilton and Agnew. They were called in consultation after the other surgeons had taken preliminary measures, and they approved what had already been done. It was said afterward that, instead of mak-

ing explorations or examinations for themselves on their arrival at Washington, they accepted the reports of the other attending surgeons and gave their approval of the course taken by them.

On one hand it was said that they were bound to accept the reports of the other doctors who were first in charge. On the other, it was said that their profession and the people expected them to be their own judges wholly, and that the profession all over the world when informed that these two men had been summoned felt satisfaction that the President was to have the best medical and surgical skill and knowledge available, and that this implied initial examination on the part of these surgeons. The case, by reason of the remarkable mistake in the diagnosis, of course became a famous one in surgical annals.

Remarkable Operation Upon President McKinley.

The operation performed upon President McKinley at the little emergency hospital within the Pan-American grounds at Buffalo just after he was shot was in many respects remarkable. Physicians said that if he recovered it would be in no small measure due to the fact that within a comparatively few minutes there was gathered together in the operating room a corps of the most able surgeons in the world. Besides the President's own physician, Dr. Rixey, there were present three surgeons of international reputation and five accounted as among the best in their localities.

At 4:07 o'clock the President was shot. At 4:18 he lay on the table ready for the operation. Dr. Lee, of St. Louis, and Dr. Mynter, of Buffalo, were on the grounds and at hand within ten minutes. Dr. Mann and Dr. Parmenter were away from their offices, but were at the hospital within an hour after the shooting. Dr. Roswell Park was at Niagara Falls. A special Michigan Central train bore him with marvelous speed to Buffalo, and within an hour and a half he, too, was at the operating table.

Dr. Roswell Park was easily the foremost of the corps of physicians attending the President. He was a surgeon of world-wide fame and author of "Park's System of Surgery," a standard work. He was also an acknowledged expert in cancer. He was then about 48 years of age and enjoyed a good practice. He was graduated from the Rush Medical College, of Chicago, some twenty-five years ago, and for a time taught there what he had learned.

Subsequently he spent much time in European study, and upon his return earned his reputation as a rapid, clean, and what is professionally

termed a pretty operator, and was one of the few ambidextrous surgeons in practice. He was chief surgeon at the Buffalo General Hospital and professor of surgery at the University of Buffalo.

Dr. Herman Mynter, an older man, perhaps 56, was a Dane by birth and famous in two continents as an expert abdominal surgeon and specialist on appendicitis, concerning which subject he had written a work which is indispensable to the profession. In 1900 he went to Denmark and lectured on his chosen subject before the Danish Medical Congress at Copenhagen. He was formerly surgeon at the Sisters' Hospital and later operated at the German Deaconess Home at the new German Hospital in Buffalo.

Dr. Matthew D. Mann, aged 56, professor of gynæcology at the University of Buffalo, and gynæcologist at the Buffalo General Hospital, attained a world-wide reputation through his standard text book on Gynæcology. He was a Park Commissioner of the City of Buffalo. He had practiced from thirty to thirty-five years in Buffalo and was known as an eminent abdominal surgeon. He was once an instructor at the Harvard University.

Dr. John Parmenter, though not so well known abroad, was esteemed as one of the best and most careful operators in New York State. He was under 40 years old, and was professor of anatomy at the University of Buffalo.

Dr. Eugene Wasdin, surgeon of the Marine Hospital, Department of the United States, stationed at Buffalo, will be remembered as one of the experts detailed to investigate yellow fever in Cuba during the Spanish war. He was about 40 years old and an expert surgeon of more than local reputation.

Dr. T. W. Lee, of St. Louis, who assisted in the operation, was medical director of the Omaha Exposition and a famous surgeon.

Dr. Charles G. Stockton, of Buffalo, was called into consultation because of his store of medical knowledge. He was perhaps the best-known physician in Buffalo.

Dr. N. W. Wilson, who was in charge of the emergency hospital at the time and who was in charge of the President until the surgeons arrived, won a reputation early in his career. He was and had been for three years post surgeon at Fort Porter, was connected with the staff of the Sisters' Hospital and was the sanitary officer of the Pan-American Exposition.

Dr. Presley M. Rixey, the physician to the McKinley family, who was with the President in Buffalo, was a medical inspector in the United

States Navy. He is a Virginian, born in Culpepper, in that State, and a brother of John Franklin Rixey, the Representative in Congress from the Eighth Virginia District.

Dr. Rixey was appointed an assistant surgeon in the regular army on January 28, 1874. His first cruise was in the Congress, attached to the Eastern station, and when his service on her was completed in 1876, he was assigned to the Marine Hospital at Philadelphia, remaining there until the following year. His next service was at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and then in 1878 he was assigned to special service.

Surgeon General Bates, of the Navy, who had been Mrs. McKinley's physician in Washington when the President was in Congress and who had resumed that duty when the McKinleys moved into the White House, died in October, 1897.

General Leonard Wood, then an assistant surgeon in the army on duty in Washington, succeeded him as the White House physician, and when General Wood went away from Washington as Colonel of the Rough Riders early in 1898, the President made very careful inquiry as to the qualifications of certain physicians, before selecting General Wood's successor.

As a result of this inquiry he decided on Dr. Rixey, and for three years that officer was constantly in attendance on the President and his wife. He always accompanied Mrs. McKinley on her railroad journeys with the President and was with her when she was taken so seriously ill in California in the spring previous to the shooting of the President.

CHAPTER XI.

INTENSE HORROR THROUGHOUT THE WORLD WHEN THE NEWS OF THE SHOOTING OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY BECAME KNOWN—MESSAGES OF CONDOLENCE AND SYMPATHY RECEIVED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE EARTH—GREAT GRIEF SHOWN.

It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the intense horror the assassination of President McKinley created in the United States and throughout the world. The people absolutely refused to believe it at first, but when the cruel rumor was confirmed there was gloom everywhere. Why a murderer should have selected the Chief Executive of the great North American Republic as his victim none could understand.

It was well known that, after the killing of King Humbert of Italy, in 1900, by Bresci, the anarchist, the statement was made that the Reds had marked President McKinley, the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia for death, but no one dreamed that this meant danger to the beloved head of the United States Government.

The morning succeeding the shooting of the President at Buffalo the State Department at Washington was flooded with cablegrams and telegraph messages, all expressing the gravest concern, and by noon the Department was prepared to make public some of the messages that had been received, abandoning the idea of holding them in hand until the list was complete.

These messages came from crowned heads, from foreign Ministers, from resident Ministers of foreign countries in the United States, and from individuals of distinction. Some of them follow:

From the German Emperor and Empress:

"Koenigsberg—The Empress and I horrified at the attempt planned against your husband. Express our deepest sympathy, hoping that God may restore to health Mr. McKinley. WILLIAM, I. R.

"VICTORIA, I. R."

From the President of the French Republic:

"Rombouillet—With keen affliction I learn the news of the heinous attempt of which your Excellency has just been a victim. I take it to

heart to join with the people of the United States in wishing the early recovery of your Excellency, and I earnestly desire in this sorrowful juncture to renew to you the assurance of my sentiments of constant and cordial friendship. EMILE LOUBET."

The following telegram was received from King Edward, who was at Kiel:

"Please send immediately to the American Embassy and offer my deepest sympathy on the dastardly attempt on the life of the President. I have telegraphed direct to the President. Please keep me informed as to his condition."

From the President of Guatemala:

"Guatemala—My government and I most heartfully lament the unhappy event. Be pleased to receive our profound sorrow.

"M. ESTRADA C."

From New South Wales:

"Sydney—The government and people of New South Wales join with me in expressing our deep sympathy with you in your sufferings and our sorrow at the crime which has been committed. We pray that the Almighty in His infinite goodness may spare you to your people.

"FREDERICK M. DARLEY."

From the Italian Ambassador:

"Rome—I am deeply grieved at the terrible crime. I trust the President will be spared to his country and his friends. BARON FAVA."

From the German Ambassador:

"Bremen—Please accept the expression of my most sincere and hearty regret on account of the dreadful accident the President has met with. Please convey this message, if possible, to the President and Mrs. McKinley. HOLLEBEN."

From the Methodist Conference:

"London—In accordance with action taken on this 7th day of September this Ecumenical Methodist Conference, assembled in Wesley Chapel, London, expresses to the American people its intense indignation at the dastardly attempt on the life of the President of the United States and its profound sympathy with the nation in its deep anxiety.

"JOHN BOND,
"JAMES M. KING,
"Secretaries."

From the French Foreign Minister:

"Paris—I beg your Excellency to accept the expression of profound horror inspired in the French nation and government, ever ready to share the sorrows as well as the joys of the people of the United States, by the attempt on President McKinley's life and our ardent wishes for the early recovery of the noble chief of the great American Republic.

"DELCASSE."

From the Canadian Premier:

"Ottawa—To Lord Pauncefote, British Embassy: I have the command of his Excellency the Governor General to ask your Lordship to convey to Mr. Hay, the Secretary of State, the expression of the sense of horror with which the government and people of Canada have learned of the fiendish attempt upon the life of the President of the United States, and the deep sympathy which they feel in the distress of the American nation and Mr. McKinley's family. They fervently hope and pray that it may please Providence to foil the hand of the assassin and preserve a life held in such high reverence, not only by the people of the United States, but by all other nations, and particularly by the people of the Dominion of Canada. WILFRID LAURIER."

From Minister of Foreign Affairs at Nicaragua:

"Leon, Nicaragua, Sept. 7.—The cable has just advised us of the attempted assassination made against President McKinley. The Government and people of Nicaragua, bound as it is to this great nation, with whose friendship it is honored, deplore the tragedy and trust that his Excellency Mr. McKinley recover from the wounds which treacherous villainy has caused him. With expressions of distinguished consideration, I remain your obedient servant, FERDINANDO SANCHEZ,

"Minister of Foreign Affairs."

From the Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at Guatemala City:

"Guatemala, Sept. 7.—President Cabrera requests information regarding attempted assassination of President McKinley.

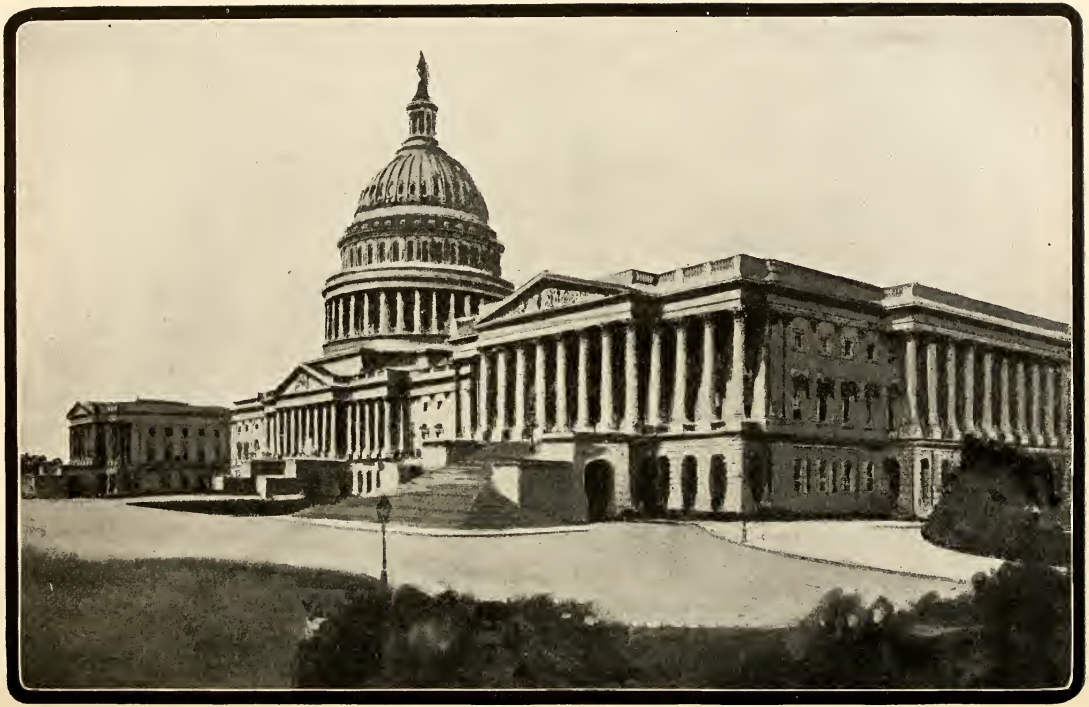
"BAILEY."

From the Prime Minister of Cape Town to the President:

"Cape Town, Sept. 7.—On behalf of Government and people of Colony I desire to express the deepest sympathy with you in your terrible affliction and the hope that your life may be spared for the good of the great country over whose destinies you preside.

"PRIME MINISTER, Cape Town."

The Remains of President McKinley Lying in State in the Rotunda of the Capitol



The Capitol at Washington

In the vast rotunda of this building the remains of President McKinley were viewed by nearly one hundred thousand people.

From the London Commissioner of Victoria:

"London, Sept. 7.—On behalf of the State of Victoria I desire to express its profound sorrow and indignation at the outrage on the President. ANDREW CLARKE."

Municipalities in England and Scotland to the Secretary of State:

From the Lord Provost of Glasgow:

"Glasgow, Sept. 7.—The Lord Provost of Glasgow desires to express in the name of the Corporation and of the entire community their profound grief and indignation at the attempt made on the life of the President of the United States. They cherish the deepest sympathy with him in his present sufferings and with the people of the American Republic in the distress into which this act has plunged them, and they fondly hope that God will graciously grant the suffering President a complete and speedy recovery. SAMUEL CHISHOLM, Lord Provost."

From the Lord Mayor of Leeds, England:

"Leeds, Sept. 7.—Lord Mayor and citizens of Leeds, England, have received intimation of attempted assassination of President McKinley with feelings of profound indignation and abhorrence. They offer to the citizens of the United States their deepest sympathy and fervently hope that the life of the President may be spared.

"LAWSON, Lord Mayor."

From the Lord Mayor of Liverpool:

"Liverpool, Sept. 7.—On behalf of the citizens of Liverpool I beg to offer the expression of their deepest sympathy with the Government and people of the United States and their deep abhorrence of the crime which has placed in jeopardy the life of a President who has done so much to maintain the cordial relations which they trust will ever continue between this country and the United States. I earnestly trust that by the help of Almighty God the life of the President may be spared.

"ARTHUR CROSTHWAITE, Lord Mayor."

From the Belgian Minister to Washington:

"Ecaussines, Belgium, Sept. 7.—Accept expressions my sentiments of indignation and grief for awful attempt. LICHTERVELDE."

From the Danish Minister:

"Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 7.—In the name of my Government and in my own I beg to express deepest sympathy on account of atrocious crime committed against the President and sincerest wishes for recovery.

"BRUN."

From the Minister of Sweden and Norway:

"Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 7.—I beg to express to you my horror at the abominable attempt and my congratulations that the President's valuable life was spared. I have wired my sympathy direct to Mr. Cortelyou. A. GRIP."

From the Minister of Haiti:

"Deer Park, Md., Sept. 7.—I heard of sad news of criminal attempt on President's life. I beg to convey the heartfelt sympathy of my Government and people, of my own and our best wishes for the President's recovery. LEGER."

From the Minister of Guatemala:

"Deer Park, Md., Sept. 7.—Deeply impressed by the awful crime, I wish to express to you my great regret and sincerely hope for the recovery of the illustrious President McKinley. A. LAZO ARRIAGA."

From the Chargé d'Affaires of Switzerland:

"Manchester, Mass., Sept. 7.—Deeply deploring odious attempt against President's life, I beg to express my sincere hope that his precious life may be spared to his country. LARDY."

From the Mexican Ambassador to the United States:

"Buffalo, Sept. 6.—The Mexican Ambassador expresses to the Government of the United States his deep regrets for the atrocious attempt against the life of his Excellency President McKinley. The diplomatic representatives of Ecuador, Costa Rica, Spain, Japan, Peru, Colombia, Corea, Turkey, Russia, Venezuela, Brazil and China, at present in this city, have requested the Ambassador to express in their names the same sentiment. M. DE AZPIROZ."

From the Chargé d'Affaires of the Dominican Republic:

"New York, Sept. 6.—Heartily deplore the criminal attempt on the person of his Excellency President McKinley, and hope he may have a very speedy recovery. F. L. VASQUEZ."

From the Minister of France in Switzerland and formerly Chargé d'Affaires of France in Washington:

"Berne, Sept. 7.—Please convey to the President respectful sympathy and wishes for speedy recovery. THIEBAUL."

From Bishop S. Barretti of Havana to the War Department:

"Sincerest sympathy in nation's sorrow. I pray God for President's recovery. May God grant his recovery."

From Emilio Nunez, Havana:

"I regret the sad news of the President's accident and I hope for a speedy recovery."

From the Chargé d'Affaires of Great Britain in the United States to the Secretary of State:

"Newport, R. I., Sept. 7.—I am directed to express the King's deepest sympathy at the dastardly attempt on the President. Lord Lansdowne and the members of the Cabinet beg me also to express their deepest sympathy to the United States Government.

"GERARD LOWTHER."

The King of Portugal to Mrs. McKinley:

"Cascaes, Sept. 7.—Accept, Madame, the expression of my full sympathy on this, so grievous an occasion. KING OF PORTUGAL."

From the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Venezuela:

"Caracas, Sept. 7.—Government of Venezuela execrates Buffalo attempt and makes wishes for the health of President."

From the Under Secretary of State of Canada:

"Quebec, Sept. 7.—May I be permitted to add my personal tribute of sorrow at the sad news of yesterday. I pray that the dastardly attempt may fail, and that President McKinley's life may long be spared for the good of the American people. JOSEPH POPE."

From the United States Minister at Berne, Switzerland:

"Berne, Sept. 7.—Federal Council sends deep sympathy and sincere wishes for prompt recovery. HARDY."

From the Chancellor of the German Empire:

"Berlin, Sept. 7.—Accept the expression of my warmest sympathy with the deep sorrow which has fallen on the Government and people of the United States by an execrable crime. God save the life of the President so grievously endangered. COUNT VON BULOW."

From the Chargé d'Affaires of the Netherlands to the Secretary of State:

"Pequot House, New London, Conn., Sept. 7.—I am instructed to offer to the American Government assurance of keen and painful sympathy of my Government by reason of awful attempt on President's life and to express the best wishes for speedy recovery.

"VAN ROIJER."

From the Belgian Chargé d'Affaires:

"Newport, R. I., Sept. 7.—I pray your Excellency to express to President McKinley my deepest sympathy and most sincere regrets on account of the shocking attempt on the President's life.

"WAUTERS, Chargé."

From the United States Ambassador at the City of Mexico:

"City of Mexico, Sept. 7.—Attempted assassination produced profound sensation here of mingled horror and sympathy. President Mariscal and other members of the Cabinet called at Embassy last night, expressing their deep sympathy, likewise their diplomatic and other prominent people of all nationalities. Greatly relieved to know that wounds are not necessarily fatal. CLAYTON."

From the political Governor of Ensanada, Lower California:

"Ensanada, Mexico, Sept. 6.—May your Excellency be pleased to accept the expression of my sorrow at the misfortune of which President McKinley is the victim. M. SANGINEZ."

The Argentine Minister to the United States to the Acting Secretary of State:

"Long Branch, N. J., Sept. 7.—Convey to you the feelings of sorrow and deprecation for savage attack upon life of President of the United States. With earnest hopes that his noble life may be spared for the happiness of his people. M. GARCIA MEROU."

From the Ambassador of the United States at Paris:

"Paris, Sept. 7.—Government and all classes of people here deeply touched by appalling news of attempted assassination of President and warm in expression of condolence. I tender profoundest sympathy and most earnest hope for recovery from all members of Embassy. Your cable just received. Please advise me of any changes in condition.

"PORTER."

From the Consul-General of the United States at Guayaquil, Ecuador:

"Guayaquil, Sept. 7.—Horror intense. Grief universal. God save President. DE LEON."

From the Consular Agent of the United States on Prince Edward Island:

"Summerside, Sept. 7.—I am directed by the Mayor and Corporation of Summerside to convey through you to Mrs. McKinley and family the heartfelt sympathy of the people of this town and also to express their horror of the crime that has been so ruthlessly committed in that attempted assassination of so noble a man as President McKinley.

"RICHARD HUNT."

From the Italian Chargé d'Affaires:

"Manchester, Mass., Sept. 7.—Horrified, dastardly attempt against President. I beg you to accept the expression of my deepest sympathy and sincerely hope early recovery. CARIGNANI."

From the Minister of Nicaragua to the United States:

"Paris, Sept. 7.—Please convey President McKinley and all the members of your Excellency's Government my sincere and deep sympathy. COREA."

From the Governor of Louisiana:

"Baton Rouge, La., Sept. 7.—Have just heard with profound sorrow of the dastardly assassination of President McKinley. Am at a loss to understand how any one could have found it in his heart to take the life of so amiable a personality as was that of the President. It is a public calamity and I voice the general sentiment of the people of Louisiana in saying that the President's taking off is deeply deplored and mourned by all. W. H. HEARD, Governor."

From President James D. Thurburn of the Liverpool Cotton Association:

"Liverpool, Sept. 7.—The members of the Liverpool Cotton Association desire to express their sympathy with the American people in the dastardly attempt upon the life of their President and they earnestly hope that his valuable life may be spared.

"JAMES D. THURBURN, President."

From ex-Senator William V. Allen:

"Madison, Neb., Sept. 6.—The appalling news of the assassination of the President has just reached us. The people of Nebraska are profoundly shocked. May God deal gently with his wife and may swift justice be meted to his murderer."

From the Cosmopolitan Club of Santiago, Cuba:

"Americans, foreign colony, residents Santiago, greatly shocked, praying for recovery of the President."

From the President of the Board of Trade, Chicago:

"Chicago, Sept. 7.—The Board of Trade of the City of Chicago at its meeting held today, desires in this hour of private and public affliction to express through you their profound sympathy with the President and his stricken family and with yourself and with other members of the Cabinet and hope for a speedy recovery.

"WILLIAM S. WARREN, President."

From A. B. Hamilton, Commander:

"The Fourteenth Annual Encampment of the Southern California Veteran Encampment Association assembled at Coronado, Cal., express to their comrade, the President, and his family, their great sorrow in the affliction and their horror at the attempt upon his life. They hope for his early recovery."

From the Mayor of Goderich, Canada:

"Goderich, Ont., Sept. 7.—At a meeting of the Town Council held here last evening it was resolved that the sympathy of the people of Goderich be tendered Mrs. McKinley and the American nation on the blow inflicted on them by the hand of an assassin, and they hope that the Ruler of Nations will spare President McKinley to his people.

"JAMES WILSON, Mayor."

From the Free Baptists of America:

"Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Sept. 7.—For Mrs. McKinley: The Free Baptists of America assembled in triennial conference at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., rejoice that the beloved President lives, and pray that a kind Providence may restore him in health to his exalted office.

"R. D. LARD, President."

The Secretary of State received a telegram from Gustav M. Schwab, dated New York, saying that he had been instructed by the North German Lloyd Company of Bremen to express their heartfelt sympathy with their hope for a speedy recovery of President McKinley.

The Secretary of State received a telegram signed by A. P. Graham, Lieutenant Colonel, and A. J. Turner, Adjutant, reading:

"British Naval and Military Veterans' Association deplore the dastardly attempt on life of President of United States. All lands in sympathy and horror. May God preserve the President."

From the resident Americans of Nassau, N. P.:

"Nassau, Sept. 7.—We tender deepest regrets and sympathy to President on account of dastardly attempt at assassination."

Methodists pass vote of sympathy:

London, Sept. 7.—When the International Methodist Ecumenical Conference met today, with Bishop Arnett acting as president, a vote of sympathy with President McKinley was passed and a prayer offered for his recovery.

Among those who spoke on the resolution was the Rev. Dr. Bristol, who was formerly the President's pastor. He said that Mr. McKinley was the only President who had been a member of the Methodist Church. Bishop Gaines, of Georgia, also made an address on the President.

From the Carter Harrison League:

Chicago, Sept. 7.—The Carter H. Harrison League adjourned its meeting last night out of respect to President McKinley, after unanimously adopting this resolution:

"We take this earliest opportunity of condemning the most cowardly attack on our highest Executive. We hope for his speedy recovery and pray that his good wife may bear this great calamity to her and the nation with fortitude."

Inquiries from the people of Cuba:

Havana, Sept. 7.—Hundreds of telegrams were received at the Palace today inquiring after President McKinley's condition. They came from all parts of the island, from Mayors, Judges, foreign Consuls and the people generally, and all expressed most sincere sympathy. The Constitutional Convention adopted a resolution that on account of the shooting of President McKinley a committee should be sent to Governor General Wood to ask him to telegraph their sympathy in the name of the convention. As a further mark of respect the Constitutional Convention decided not to hold any session today.

From President Lincoln's home:

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 7.—Acting Governor Northcott spoke sympathetically when asked for an expression concerning the attempted assassination of President McKinley. He said:

"I do not think that the attempted assassination of President McKinley is evidence of any insecurity of our form of government or of any evil in the social conditions of our country. The accident of assassination by insane persons may occur in any form of government and any civilization.

"The sorrow of the American people at this tragedy is beyond expression. No man since Lincoln has been more loved and respected than

President McKinley. He was the most effective friend of the laboring man in American history."

Governor Northcott last night telegraphed sympathy to Secretary Cortelyou.

From ex-Vice-President Adlai Stevenson:

Bloomington, Ill., Sept. 7.—Former Vice-President Adlai Stevenson was profoundly shocked by the intelligence of the shooting of President McKinley.

"The report of the attempted assassination of President McKinley is indeed appalling," he said. "The tidings will bring unspeakable grief to the hearts of all his countrymen. He is a man of the kindliest feeling and could have no personal enemy."

Messages from Manila:

Washington, Sept. 7.—Acting Secretary of War Gillespie and Acting Adjutant General Ward sent telegrams respectively last night to Governor Taft and Major General Chaffee at Manila, telling of the attempted assassination of the President. This morning the following responses were received:

"Sympathy and solicitude for President from army in Philippines.
"CHAFFEE."

"Greatly shocked by report that President has been shot. Anxiously awaiting exact information. TAFT."

Sympathy from Nashville:

Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 7.—The City Council met in special session today and adopted resolutions strongly condemning the attempted assassination of President McKinley and expressing sympathy for the President.

From the Amalgamated Association:

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 7.—The Executive Board of the Amalgamated Association was in session when the news of the attack on McKinley reached strike headquarters, and the telephone was kept busy until the board adjourned with inquiries directed to newspaper offices for bulletins.

T. J. Shaffer, the head of the strike, said:

"This is awful. I do not see how any man could do so atrocious a deed. Mr. McKinley is a kindly man and as President of the United States should be respected by all. There is no punishment which human

hands can inflict that is severe enough for such a man. Is there no secure protection for our President in public places?"

M. F. Tighe, the Amalgamated Assistant Secretary and next to Shaffer the most prominent man in the strike, said:

"President McKinley was a friend to everybody, yet this man tries to kill him. It would be a great loss to the country if he should not recover. But why do the American people not do away with the senseless custom of crowding up to shake hands with their President? It wears out a man and really means nothing to the people themselves."

Secretary John Bishop of the Ohio State Board of Arbitration, and a former president of the Amalgamated, who came to Pittsburg yesterday in connection with the new efforts at strike settlement, said:

"The strikers and every workman will warmly sympathize with Mr. McKinley, for he has always been known as a friend of the workingman. Not only has he always had the interests of the workingman at heart, but the President has been a close student of economic and industrial problems, and the legislation that has resulted from that study has proved a great blessing to labor. President McKinley by his efforts has placed work in the hands of tens of thousands who needed employment. He has been a great benefactor and always a friend of humanity. For that reason every heart is now going out toward him."

Among the groups that watched the newspaper office for bulletins were many of the steel strikers, and they were foremost in expressions of regret over the deed and anger at the perpetrator.

Day of prayer in Maryland:

Baltimore, Sept. 7.—Gov. John Walter Smith today issued a formal proclamation setting apart next Tuesday, Sept. 10th, as a day of prayer for the recovery of President McKinley. All citizens of Maryland are requested to lay aside their customary duties and to close their places of business for at least a part of the day and to repair to their accustomed places of worship and petition the Almighty to avert such a national calamity as would be the death of the President at the hands of an assassin.

When it is said that the proclamation is formal, it is meant that it was issued with all the form and requisites provided by law and by virtue of the official authority of the Chief Executive of the State. The Governor spoke most feelingly today of President McKinley. He said:

"It is not only my personal inclination, but I think it my duty as a representative of the people of Maryland to issue this proclamation. I had intended to leave town early this morning, but remained to attend to this matter. The date should, of course, be as early as possible, but I have fixed Tuesday as the earliest possible time to reach all the people of the State through the press."

Endeavorers in sorrow:

Boston, Sept. 7.—President Francis E. Clark of the World's Christian Endeavor this afternoon gave out the following:

"President McKinley has always manifested the deepest interest in the Christian Endeavor Societies, sending a message every year to their annual convention and frequently remembering the Christian Endeavor birthday in February with a congratulatory message. It is natural, then, that the members of this society in all parts of the world should feel with a peculiar sorrow the blow that has come to the President and his household."

A British Columbia Christian Endeavor convention, which was in session, sent the following telegram to Secretary Baer of the United Society:

"British Columbia Union of Christian Endeavor in session send heartfelt sympathy in your national sorrow and pray that God may spare the President's life. MARGARET MACFARLANE, Secretary."

On receipt of this President Clark telegraphed to Mrs. McKinley:

"British Columbia Christian Endeavorers in convention assembled today join in fervent prayer for President McKinley. Millions of Endeavorers in all parts of the world will follow this example. God spare our beloved President's life."

General Cabell wants vengeance:

New Orleans, La., Sept. 7.—General W. L. Cabell, one of the few surviving Confederate Generals, came to New Orleans today from his home in Dallas, Tex.

"I would gladly lead a detachment of my old men," he said, "and go to Buffalo for the purpose of attending to the assassin's case in person. It was an outrage on the good name of the people of the whole nation that the crime should be attempted. We must stop such outbreaks of anarchy and lawlessness, and the quicker the better for the entire country."

CHAPTER XII.

REMARKABLE JOURNEY OF THE FUNERAL TRAIN FROM BUFFALO TO THE NATIONAL CAPITAL—DETAILS OF THE TRIP—SCENES NEVER BEFORE WITNESSED—CHILDREN STREW FLOWERS ALONG THE RAILS—GRIEF OF THE MULTITUDES.

Over a route of four hundred and twenty miles in length, amid the tolling of bells and through endless lanes of mourning people that at every town, village and hamlet lined the track far out into the fields, the funeral train that bore both a dead and a living President traveled from Buffalo to Washington September 16th in a journey that is destined to be recorded as a dramatic episode in one of the saddest tragedies in American history.

It was a solemn pageant all the way from Buffalo up over the Alleghanies, down into the broad valley of the Susquehanna, and on to the marble city on the banks of the shining Potomac. It was the nation's murdered President's last journey to the seat of the Government over which he presided for four and one-half years.

Fully half a million persons saw the train during its trip.

FLOWERS STREWN OVER THE TRACK.

At many cities and towns school children and young women had strewn flowers on the track, hiding the rails, and the engine wheels cut their way through the fragrant masses of blooms spread out to show the love felt for the dead President.

The whole country seemed to have assembled its population at the sides of the track over which the funeral train passed. The thin lines through the mountains and the sparsely settled districts thickened at the little hamlets, covered acres in towns suddenly grown to the proportions of respectable cities, and were congested into vast multitudes in the larger cities.

Work was suspended in field and mine and city. The schools were dismissed. And everywhere appeared the trappings and tokens of woe. A million flags at half-mast dotted hillside and valley and formed a thicket of color over the cities. And from almost every banner streamed a bit of crape.

At all the larger towns and cities after the train got into Pennsylvania militiamen drawn up at present arms kept back the enormous crowds.

Gazed in Silence on Casket.

The silence with which the countless thousands viewed the remains of their hero was oppressive and profound.

Only the rumbling of the train's wheels, the sobs from men and women with tear-stained faces, and the doleful tolling of the church bells broke on the ear. At several places—Williamsport, Harrisburg and Baltimore—the chimes played Cardinal Newman's grand hymn.

Taken altogether the journey was the most remarkable demonstration of universal personal sorrow since Lincoln was borne to his grave.

Bier Ever in View of People.

Every one of those who came to pay their last tribute to the dead had an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the flag-covered bier elevated to view in the observation car at the rear of the train.

There was no other bit of bright color to catch the eye on this train of death. The locomotive was shrouded in black, the curtains of the cars in which sat the widow, the relatives of the President, Cabinet officers, and others were drawn. The whole black train was like a shuttered house, save only for the last car, where the body lay guarded by a soldier of the army and a sailor of the navy.

It was not solely in and near the towns and villages these mute mourners stood as the train, with steady, even pace, swept by. In the depths of the country itself, far away from centers of population, were clusters of people whose travel-stained vehicles bore evidence of long journeys, begun perhaps with the early dawn, to the nearest point on the railroad where the train would pass.

It was no mere morbid curiosity that brought them there. That was evidenced by the sad faces and the simple emblems of sorrow that they bore, touching little badges and draperies that told of the sympathetic work of women's hands in remote farmhouses, the symbols above all others that most would have stirred the heart of him for whose memory they were wrought.

Even more impressive than these were the farm laborers in the distant fields halting in their work and standing with bared heads as the train passed by.

Women and Children Mourn.

But above all was remarkable the vast outpouring of women and children. It was the story of Buffalo throngs repeated over again in this

respect. By the freemasonry of their sex the women of America seemed to have exalted the late President as representative of all that was tender and most chivalrous in the relations of husband to wife. And then, constantly before their eyes was the picture of that gentle-faced sufferer who in the bewildered hopelessness of her grief was moving through all that funeral gloom as one in a dream, scarce grasping the utter obliteration of all there was in life that it meant to her.

Sympathy for Mrs. McKinley drew thousands to the vicinity of the Milburn house in Buffalo when the President lay dying there. Sympathy for her again drew thousands to the railroad as the train that bore her passed by.

Mrs. McKinley Stands by Casket.

Mrs. McKinley, an hour after leaving Buffalo, was escorted to the funeral car by Dr. Rixey and Secretary Cortelyou, and stood for a time looking down on the closed casket. Then she retired to her stateroom in the car Olympia and remained in seclusion with only her attendants and her niece by her during all the rest of the journey.

All the way the train was preceded about fifteen minutes by a pilot engine sent ahead to test the bridges and switches and prevent the possibility of an accident to the precious burden it carried. The train had the right of way over everything. Not a wheel moved on the railroad system thirty minutes before the pilot engine was due, or for the same length of time after the train had passed.

The train left Buffalo at 8:30 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Washington at 8:38 o'clock that night. In those twelve hours it was estimated that over half a million people saw the coffin which held all that was mortal of President McKinley.

So far as the journey from Buffalo to Washington was concerned, it was, with the exception of one trifling incident, performed with clock-like precision.

At Baltimore just after starting the coupling of one of the cars became loosened and caused a slight delay. Otherwise there was not a hitch from the moment of starting to the time of arrival in the station in Washington.

School Children Show Grief.

At East Aurora, the first town through which the train passed after leaving Buffalo, the inhabitants had been augmented by thousands from the surrounding country. The country schools along the way let out and the children the President loved so well in life were there to see his

body pass. The train slowed down at every station to allow the people lined up on either side to get a better view of the flag-covered casket.

The population of the little towns along the way like Holland, Arcade, Machiau Junction, Franklinville, and Hinsdale had tripled and quadrupled. The towns seemed suddenly grown into cities.

As the train slowed up the mourners behind the curtained windows of the train could hear the tolling bells. Olean was reached at 10:29 o'clock. There were 3,000 persons at the railway station as the train came to a stop.

Two Engines Used in the Mountains.

Two engines were used to pull the heavy train up the mountains. After leaving Olean the train descended into the valley of the Susquehanna. At Emporium Junction one of the engines was taken off. The route continued down the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna.

At the town of Driftwood, which was reached at 12:30 o'clock, the entire population of the town was massed behind a little band of Grand Army veterans, who had planted a furled crape-trimmed flag in front of them.

Mrs. McKinley was prevailed upon to lie down soon after the start from Buffalo was made. There were no flowers in the apartment set apart for her use, and nothing to recall to her mind the mournful mission on which the train was speeding.

President Roosevelt at Work.

President Roosevelt was quartered in a drawing-room in the car Hungary with Private Secretary Loeb. He busied himself with letters and telegrams and with the innumerable questions which required immediate answer.

The members of the Cabinet individually cared for the more pressing business requiring their attention. Secretary Root was occupied for an hour dispatching orders in connection with the assembling of troops at Washington and other points for the ceremonies soon to take place. The Cabinet officers joined President Roosevelt from time to time, but there was nothing in the nature of a concerted meeting.

Major General Brooke, in fatigue uniform, with a band of crape about his left sleeve, conferred occasionally with the Secretary of War, and with him determined upon the military requirements of the occasion.

At Renovo ropes had been stretched to keep back the crowds which surged through the neighboring streets. A big flag with President McKinley's picture framed in crape was strung from corner to corner of the station, and in front of it were hundreds of school children, their hats

in their hands and their faces grave. This was the terminus of one of the railroad divisions, and the train hands were all lined up with bared heads.

After leaving Renovo the train passed through a more thickly populated country and the crowds grew denser. Flags at half mast were on every schoolhouse and the bells of the churches tolled dolefully as the funeral train sped by.

President Roosevelt had lunch in the dining car of the train with Secretary Root at 1:30 p. m. The members of the Cabinet and other distinguished persons aboard the train had preceded him into the diner. Mrs. McKinley and her immediate party remained in the car Olympia, which was provided with its own special dining car service.

At Williamsport, which was reached at 2:30 o'clock, there was a remarkable demonstration, the feature of which was the presentation of an immense floral offering by 5,000 school children of the city. It was received by Colonel T. C. Bingham, the President's aid. He stood on the platform of the observation car in which the catafalque lay exposed to view, and the scene was profoundly impressive.

Fragrant Blossoms on the Rails.

At Lock Haven the young women of the city lined up along the track and strewed the path of the dead President with flowers. Some had baskets brimming full of color and others held the fragrant blossoms in their arms. They poured their floral offering beneath the wheels.

Each small town had conceived some distinct way of its own to show its respect for the dead. Others sought to obtain souvenirs of the sad occasion in unique ways. At one point beyond Lock Haven hundreds of boys placed silver coins on the track and when the train rushed by hurried to secure the flattened bits of silver for preservation as mementoes.

The passage through Sunbury, which is midway between Williamsport and Harrisburg, was a sight long to be remembered. Third Street, through which the railroad runs, was covered with flags and bunting, all heavily draped with crepe. All business was suspended and the entire population gathered on either side of the street. No demonstration was made, dead silence prevailing. As the train passed slowly through the throng all hats were lifted and from wet eyes and bowed heads the funeral train was watched until its disappearance in the distance.

Companies E and K, Twelfth Regiment, headed by Colonel C. M. Clement and staff, served as an escort for the train through the town.

The Farmers Leave Their Work.

After leaving Williamsport the train ran through stretches of farming country, dotted here and there with small manufacturing towns. At Milton all work was suspended, and the town turned out at the station and lined the railroad track. Workmen lined up in their overalls, with serious faces and hats in hand. All ages and conditions of the people joined in the tribute—the children, with tiny flags topped with knots of black, cripples on crutches, and babes held above the crowd for a sight they might never see again.

In the fifty miles from Sunbury to Harrisburg the route skirted the Susquehanna, and the vistas of green-clad slope and peak gave way to broad sweeps of rich farming country. The rivermen were aware of the coming of the train. A ponderous dredge halted in its operations and the men lined the deck of the unwieldy craft. At a little town across the river the populace had emptied upon the wharves and could be seen straining for a view of the speeding train.

Farther on a farmhouse had its porch looped with black, and underneath were gathered the old and young of the household with sorrowing faces.

At one cross-road hundreds of vehicles were drawn up, with country people standing in them, and evidently some nearby town had thus sought a point of vantage near the track.

Factory Hands Show Sorrow.

Approaching Harrisburg factory hands again lined the track. The rooftops of buildings were alive with people. Flags were at half mast and emblems of mourning were at every hand. Hundreds of men and women crowded the tops of freight cars. Within the station the people were banked in thousands, surging through all the approaching streets as far as the eye could reach. From a viaduct spanning the track countless faces peered down into the car windows. The tolling of the church bells could be heard, and as the train entered the station the notes of a bugle sounded taps.

Despite the vigilance of the guard, women pushed through the train and pleaded at the windows for any trifle the cars might yield as a memento of the trip. Just as the train stopped a great choir, ranged tier on tier on the station steps, began "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and then as the train pulled out the strains turned to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Printed slips were handed to the car windows, giving the lines of the two hymns, bordered in black.

Funeral of President McKinley—Crowd Waiting in the Rain near the Capitol at Washington

The Funeral of President McKinley

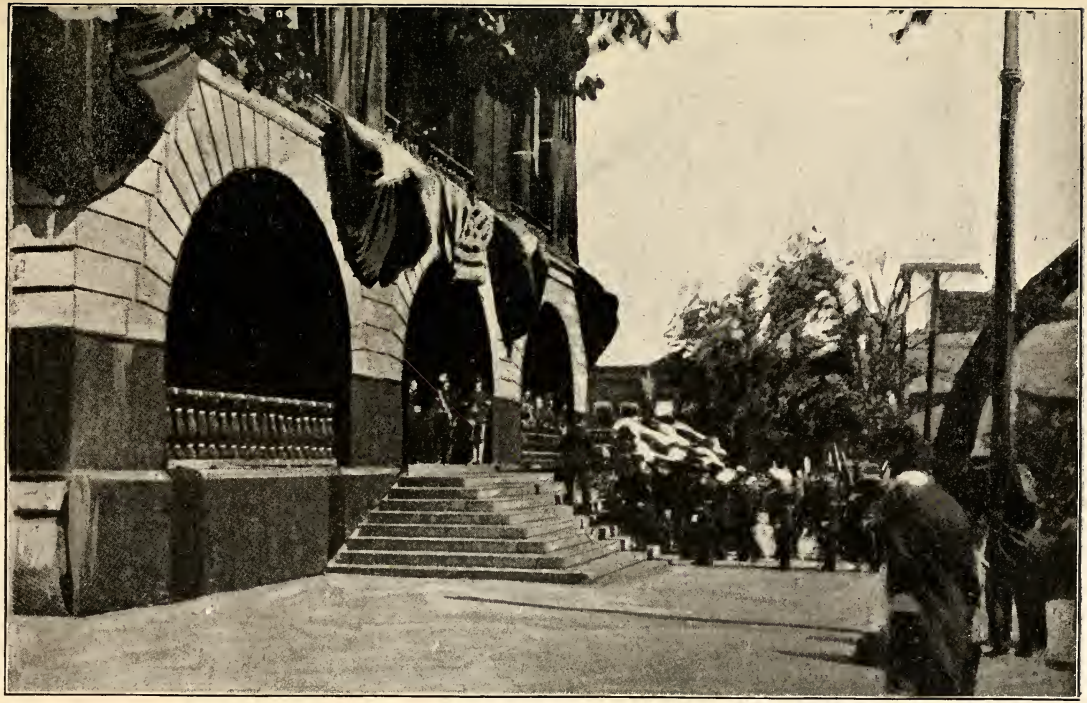
Carrying the Body into the Capitol at Washington

The Funeral of President McKinley

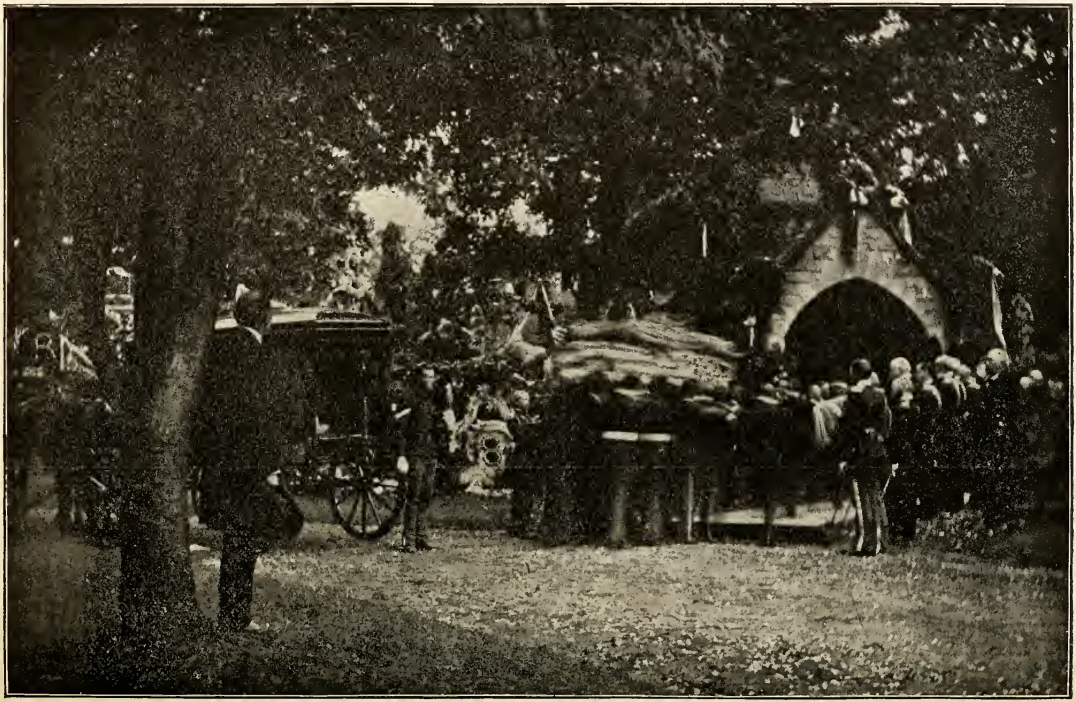
The Funeral of President McKinley

Carrying the Body into the Capitol at Washington

The Funeral of President McKinley—Naval Honorary Pall-Bearers at Washington



Bearing the Remains of President McKinley into the Stark County Court-House at Canton, Ohio



The Last Sad Scene at Canton

The Remains of William McKinley Being Placed in the Receiving Vault

Hymns Are Sung at Harrisburg.

During the wait at the union station three hundred members of the Harrisburg Choral Society sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "America." Companies D and I, Eighth Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, and the Governor's Troop were drawn up along the track and stood at present arms as the train passed through.

The crush at the station was so great that the militia was called by the railroad authorities to drive the crowd back. It is estimated that there were 30,000 persons crowded in and about the station to see the train.

Governor and Mrs. Stone were in the crowd, but they were unable to get near the train. The local Grand Army posts also turned out to do honor to the memory of the dead President. Business throughout the city was suspended from 4:30 until 5 o'clock, and the courthouse bell and numerous other bells tolled during the period.

The train remained five minutes at Harrisburg, leaving at 4:50 p. m.

Thousands Along the River Banks.

A remarkable spectacle was presented as the train moved across the long bridge spanning the Susquehanna from Harrisburg. On either side of the stream, up and down for miles the banks teemed with countless people. From the brink of the stream they were in solid masses to the trees far in the background. On the bridge itself urchins had clambered into the tangle of steel at the sides and roof.

On the surface of the river, in a flotilla of rowboats and yachts, hundreds more looked up at the train of death. On the far side of the bridge another dense crowd lined the tracks and, with bared heads, peered into the catafalque car.

Again, at York, the train moved for half a mile between avenues of solid humanity, and windows and housetops alive with people. By this time the sun was getting low, and in the throngs were hundreds of workmen with their dinner pails. Everywhere the same scenes of sorrow and reverence that had gone before were re-enacted.

Night Falls on the Way to Baltimore.

Night came on as the train sped from York to Baltimore without a stop, and in the darkness only the flickering lights along the way and the tolling of bells at the stations bespoke that the manifestations of sorrow were still going on.

As the train drew into Baltimore black masses of people could be seen ranged upon the huge viaducts which span the line of the road, and at every street crossing a living tide surged up to the train.

Nearing the station, the locomotive plowed its way among flowers, for great masses of blossoms had been strewn along the pathway of the train. Inside the station the iron railing held back a surging multitude, while within the rail the entire force of the city postoffice was drawn up on one side of the tracks, with banners wound with crape, and the force of the custom house on the other side.

In front of the crowd stood Mayor Hayes, with his sister, each bearing great clusters of roses and palms as a tribute of the city to be placed on the bier of the dead President. As the flowers were passed within the train the notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," arose. A moment later the train was off for the final destination.

At Baltimore the entire makeup of the train was reversed, the catafalque car being placed at the front, while that of Mrs. McKinley and the relatives, President Roosevelt, the Cabinet and public officials followed in the order named.

It was shortly before 8:30 o'clock that the distant lights of the National Capital came into view. Then the preparations for disembarking the casket began. The stalwart soldiers and sailors who were to bear it from the car were summoned to their posts. As the train ran through the suburbs the knots of people along the way gradually swelled to hundreds and then to thousands. At 8:38 o'clock the train swept into the station, around which thousands were waiting to receive their dead.

Courtesy to Grand Army Veterans.

The presence of five veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic on the funeral train developed an interesting incident, showing the considerate attitude of President Roosevelt toward the old soldiers. The thirty-fifth national encampment, G. A. R., at Cleveland, Ohio, adjourned early at the Friday morning session, on September 13, after receipt of the dispatch reporting the condition of the President at Buffalo, placing all unfinished business in the hands of the Council of Administration, consisting of one comrade from each of the forty-five departments, with full power to act.

At a meeting of the council, which remained in session until after midnight on Friday, a committee, to be appointed by Commander-in-Chief Ell Torrance, was directed, in the event of the President's death, to attend the funeral of their dead comrade at Canton, Ohio.

At a meeting held at Buffalo on the Sunday after the death of the President, presided over by Department Commander Orr, it was agreed

to offer the services of a committee of five to act as a part of the escort to the body on the funeral train to Washington.

Receives the Grand Army Men.

The committee called on President Roosevelt Sunday evening to request an acceptance so that the representatives of the G. A. R. might be assigned to this duty. The President's greeting to the Grand Army committee was most gracious. He said:

"I am pleased, much pleased, to receive you, and while, for obvious reasons, I cannot make an assignment such as you propose, I will write a note to Secretary Cortelyou with the hope that he will be able to do so. I know it is what the dead President would have desired, and it is what I desire."

The note written by the President was handed to Secretary Cortelyou, who said: "In making arrangements for the funeral I thought of the Grand Army officers. In the multitude of my duties I necessarily had to refer many matters, and that of the G. A. R. escort was sent to Colonel Bingham. Please see and tell him I sent you to him."

Colonel Bingham at once made the necessary arrangements for the G. A. R. to follow the hearse to the depot, and an assignment of a committee of five to accompany the remains.

The body of William McKinley rested the night of September 16th for the last time in that mansion where for more than four years he lived as quietly as the circumstances of his office would permit.

The coffin lay in the spacious East Room, the largest chamber of the White House, where he had time and again received the friendly homage of his fellow-citizens.

It is guarded by white-haired comrades of the great civil conflict of forty years ago, and by beardless soldiers of the present day, some of whom served in that later battle for principle which made the United States a world power.

Comes Home in Silence.

On that warm September evening the people of Washington assembled by thousands to show their sympathy and their respect for this man among men, who to them exemplified the virtues of the devoted husband, the upright citizen, the stalwart leader, and the servant of his countrymen.

It was a simple procession that they saw, but all the more impressive on that account.

There was no blare of trumpets, no great array of glittering soldiery. Silently, save for the clang and clatter of horses' hoofs on the asphalted

pavements, the escort that accompanied the body of William McKinley to the official residence of American Presidents moved along the great, broad avenue down which he had gone in his living self but six months before through a double line of cheering, enthusiastic people to take for a second time a solemn oath to defend the interests of his country and his fellow-citizens.

The People Mute With Grief.

Tonight the people were mute. With bared heads they watched the funeral car go by, and then dispersed with heavy hearts and filled with the wonder and the anguish of it all.

The overcast skies at the close of a bright, sunshiny day were in keeping with the occasion that brought the inhabitants of the National Capital to that wide thoroughfare along which the body of the late President was to pass to the home that had been his by virtue of his office.

The route of the funeral procession was short—a dozen blocks—between the railroad station and White House. For that distance the broad sidewalks were thronged with men, women and children, and every window and balcony commanding a view of the cortege was filled with reverent and interested spectators.

Those in charge of the procession avoided all possible display, and there was no attempt to play upon the feelings of the people, who were already wrought up to a dangerous point.

When the official train drew into the Pennsylvania depot the body was carried from there to the late President's old home at the White House, escorted by a troop or two of cavalry and by the members of the Cabinet and the distinguished officials who had acted as the escort of honor from Buffalo to Washington.

No President had ever been more popular with the people of Washington than Mr. McKinley. Neither Grant nor Lincoln was an exception to this, because both ruled during the trying times of and just after the War, and there was much partisan feeling aroused. Mr. McKinley, however, had the abiding love of all the citizens of Washington, and they were prepared to go into hysterics over his arrival.

The March Is Deeply Touching.

It was well, therefore, that there were no illuminations, no bands, nor anything to inspire the multitude, for a night march of this character might have produced an unfortunate effect.

As it was, the official procession from the station to the White House was exceedingly quiet, and, in spite of its extreme simplicity, deeply touch-

ing. The most notable feature of it was the entire absence of noise. There was not a band nor a drum in the whole procession, and save for the bugle note of the cavalry martial music was abandoned entirely. All that element of display will be concentrated on the daylight performance tomorrow.

The body of the late President was brought into the depot where President Garfield was shot, and thus was completed the parallel between the two Ohio Presidents, both of whom had been unexpected martyrs to their positions.

The procession which conveyed the casket was reverently received by the living lanes of people and was only disturbed here and there by the flashlight snap of over-enterprising photographers.

There was no display whatever at the White House. Mrs. McKinley's feelings were consulted in preference to anything else. The gates to the grounds adjoining the Executive Mansion were closed early in the afternoon and were only opened to admit Mrs. McKinley and the members of her official and personal family.

The casket was placed in the great East Room, which has been the scene of so many notable receptions held by President McKinley and others of his predecessors.

Casket Placed on an Historic Spot.

It was in this room that the body of Lincoln was first placed, and the casket containing the late Secretary Gresham was also there over night as the result of a special mark of respect from President Cleveland. President Garfield's casket was not placed in the East Room. As he died at the seashore it was brought direct to the Capitol, and left there for his home in Mentor.

The floral display in the East Room was, of course, extremely beautiful, but it was not intended for the sight of the general public, consisting merely of the emblems sent by personal friends, each of them containing a card with the name of the sender.

Mrs. McKinley appeared to stand the terrible strain of the day's journey from Buffalo to Washington extremely well, although once or twice she was undoubtedly on the verge of collapse, and had to be given stimulants to keep her up. When she arrived at the White House she was at once taken to her familiar rooms and was surrounded by the tender and loving care of her immediate family.

CHAPTER XIII.

WASHINGTON, THE CAPITAL OF THE NATION, PAYS ITS HOMAGE TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED PRESIDENT—SOLEMN SCENES IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL—ESCORTING THE BODY FROM THE WHITE HOUSE—SOMBER MILITARY PAGEANT—A NOTABLE ASSEMBLAGE OF PROMINENT PERSONAGES.

The Capital City of the great Republic paid its last honors to President McKinley September 17th. The night previous the body of the dead Chief Magistrate lay in the beautiful East Room of the White House, a vigil being maintained by soldiers and sailors.

Great crowds of people remained the entire night about the fence that enclosed the White House grounds; they pressed their faces against the iron palings, but they could see nothing.

Dawn had just begun to break when the silent day crowd began assembling. The sky was cloudy. For hours the throng grew, heedless of the threatening rain.

At 8 o'clock in the morning the broad sidewalk on Pennsylvania Avenue was filled with people, who pressed far back beneath the trees of Lafayette Park. Some of them had prepared themselves against the weather, but the vast throng had hurried from their homes, and when about 8 o'clock the rain began to come down in torrents they stood there quiet and subdued, braving the wet.

About the time the rain began the military escort made its appearance and the vicinity of the Executive Mansion was filled with bugle calls and sharp commands. Artillery came rumbling up. The cavalry came at a quick trot to Lafayette Place, where it took its position for wheeling into the funeral cortege.

To the west of the White House were gathered the infantry and artillery troops, while at the State, War and Navy Building were the carriages to carry the distinguished guests and the members of the diplomatic corps to the capitol, where the state funeral was to be held.

START FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

It had been arranged that the cortege should start from the White House to the Capitol promptly at 9 o'clock. It was only a few minutes

after the appointed hour that the doors of the White House were opened wide and these who had been admitted earlier began to take their places in the carriages. The hearse, drawn by six caparisoned horses, stood at the door. The same eight soldiers, two infantrymen, two marines, and four bluejackets lifted the casket from its support under the great glass chandelier which had shed its light down on the body of President Lincoln thirty-six years before, and, raising it to their shoulders, carried it between the rows of bare-headed notables and placed it in the hearse. There was a loud blast from the bugler, the squadron of mounted police moved forward, the artillery band sounded the first notes of a funeral march and the last sad march to the Capitol was begun.

After the police came General John R. Brooke in the full-dress uniform of a major general of the United States army and the members of his staff. The cortege moved down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Executive Mansion to Fifteenth Street, past the Treasury Building, again to Pennsylvania Avenue and then straight down the broad thoroughfare up which William McKinley had twice ridden to the White House after taking the oath as President of the United States.

The military led the way. There was first a squadron of cavalry. The horses were held back with tight reins to the slow time of the funeral march. Close behind the cavalry came a battery of artillery. Each of the six guns and caissons was drawn by six horses.

As the cortege swung into Pennsylvania Avenue at the south end of the Treasury Building the rain settled down in a heavy drizzle, which made the craped standards of the troops cling to the flag staffs. There were two battalions of coast artillery. They were followed by the hospital corps and a battalion of United States seamen. The National Guard of the District of Columbia ended the first section of the procession.

The military received plaudits from the assembled multitude. War heroes, whose appearance generally evokes applause, passed by almost unnoticed. Interest centered in the second section of the parade, where was the hearse in which was the coffin containing the body of the President. It was not demonstrative grief that filled and held that long line of people.

Four days of sorrow had softened their affliction. As the hearse, immediately behind the members of the Legion of Honor and the Grand Army of the Republic, came in view hats were lifted and the throng stood bareheaded.

Silent Tribute of Grief.

It was the last mark of respect that the great majority of the people

could show to the man they loved so well. Here and there a hysterical member of the multitude would sob, but in the main absolute silence was the most evident manifestation of the popular grief.

At the head of the hearse were details of fifty men each from the Old Veteran Associations, headed by General Henry V. Boynton, who was an old personal friend of the President. The funeral car was surrounded by the guard of honor. It was made up of all the army and navy officers in Washington.

They were in full-dress uniforms and they walked in a double file on either side of the carriage with bowed heads. From the hilts of their swords hung the black sign of mourning of the military establishment of the government.

Coffin Draped With Flag.

The curtains of the hearse had been pulled back so that the public could see the rich black cloth covering of the coffin draped with the American flag. Immediately behind the coffin came the carriages containing the members of the family, the cabinet and other high officials. The tops were closed and in many instances the curtains drawn.

Behind these, in single file, came the vehicles occupied by the members of the diplomatic corps. These were in full court dress, although the crowd could see little of the pageant. Following came the members of the Supreme Court, the members of Congress and the Governors of the various States who had come to Washington accompanied by the members of their respective staffs.

Following were the members of the various commissions and the civic organizations that had been invited to participate in the funeral pageant.

When the Capitol was reached the eight soldiers again lifted the coffin from the hearse and carried it to the catafalque which had been prepared beneath the great dome of the Capitol.

Alteration in Plans.

It had been intended that after the body had been placed beneath the dome of the Capitol the general public would be given an opportunity for an hour or so to take a last look at the face of President McKinley before the funeral services. The altered arrangements made it necessary to close the White House at six o'clock, in order that the body could be taken to the train which was to carry it to Canton, so it was decided that the funeral should be held as soon as the distinguished guests who had been invited to attend could take their places about the casket.

This occasioned a great crush at the Capitol, as those who had watched the cortege go to the Capitol hastened to the east front, as directed by the officials in charge of the funeral. They were taken in hand by the police and soon two long lines were formed ready to move through the Capitol as soon as the services were over.

Carry Out Floral Pieces.

After the cortege had passed from the White House, a stream of express wagons drove up to the front entrance. Servants of the Executive Mansion began carrying out the floral pieces that had been sent there.

All of the embassies in the city had sent pieces in the name of the ruler of the country represented. Besides, there were hundreds of wreaths, bouquets and pieces from friends and organizations.

These were placed in the wagons and sent to the depot, where the funeral train was waiting. The flowers filled an entire car.

The street department of the District of Columbia made a special effort to sweep scrupulously the right of way of the cortege. When the force of sweepers showed up in their white clothes each one wore a broad stripe of crape about his left arm. The street sweepers showed this honor to the dead president without instructions from their superiors.

Catholic Clergy in the Line.

The Catholic clergy of Washington marched in the funeral procession. This was said to be the first time in the history of the Capital that the priests marched in a public demonstration in a body. The Archbishop of the diocese issued orders that the priests should turn out and they obeyed to a man. There were about eighty of them in the civic section of the parade.

Mrs. Roosevelt in Mourning.

President Roosevelt was at the White House nearly half an hour before the funeral procession moved. He was accompanied by his wife and Commander and Mrs. Cowles, the latter the President's sister. The President was dressed in a black long coat. He wore a low turndown collar and a narrow black string tie. Mrs. Roosevelt was dressed in deep mourning.

The President bowed silently to those who greeted him. He went immediately to the East Room, where he remained until he took his place in the procession. His carriage was in the last section of the procession. It was closed.

As it came immediately after the carriage occupied by ex-President

Cleveland and was guarded by a number of soldiers it was easily marked by the crowd.

Somber Day for the Funeral.

The state funeral day of President McKinley opened as somber as the occasion. The sky was overcast with dark slow-moving gray clouds, occasional showers of rain fell, giving way for momentary intervals to gleams of dull sunshine, and a soft wind barely stirred into relief the signs of mourning on building fronts that told as well as the subdued air of the public that it was a day of sorrow.

It was the occasion when the nation was to pay its last tribute of respect and admiration at the bier of the dead President. All the country had sent here its representatives to testify that the dead held his place deep in the nation's heart. Other nations had ordered their diplomatic and military representatives to be present as a token that they mourned with America in its loss.

Ex-President Cleveland, who took part in the ceremonies, like President Roosevelt, paid his tribute first in private at the White House and later at the public services in the rotunda of the Capitol.

Foreign Nations Represented.

The King of Great Britain was represented in the person of Gerard Lowther, charge of the British Embassy, whom King Edward had specially commissioned to participate in the services. Captain Louis Bailey of the Royal Navy represented the Embassy. Other Embassies and Legations likewise had sent on their representatives.

States Send Chief Executives.

Many of the States had sent on their chief executives and part of their staffs.

All branches of the National Government—legislative, executive, judicial and military—were represented. Senator Frye, President Pro Tem. of the Senate, arrived from Maine in the morning. With him was Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court. General David B. Henderson, the Speaker of the House of Representatives attended as the representative of the popular legislative branch, as well as the long-time personal friend and associate of the dead man.

Many others were present also of the legislative and judicial departments.

The army and navy had their highest officers within reach of the city in attendance and all officers within the limits of the National Capital took part under orders directing them to participate in the services of honor to their late commander-in-chief. The South sent General Longstreet and other former leaders of the Confederacy.

Nlght Vigil at White House.

About the White House the patrol of soldiers and sailors guarding the entrance and grounds told the sad story. The night there had been a quiet one. A vigil over the dead had been maintained throughout the watches. Details of cavalrymen, artillerymen and infantrymen, sailors and marines were on guard around the grounds. A sentryman paced back and forth on the portico. Inside the house others did duty.

In the East Room, somber with its drawn shades and dim-burning lights and its heavy black casket in the center of the room, the guard of honor watched over the dead.

Members of the Loyal Legion and the G. A. R. performed this sad duty, silently giving way to others every two hours. At the head of the casket stood an artilleryman and a sailor. At the foot were a cavalryman and a marine. All were at parade rest. These watchers were relieved every half hour.

Mrs. McKinley's Condition.

Mrs. McKinley had retired by 10 o'clock and at that hour all the private apartments in the White House were locked for the night. There were no untoward development in Mrs. McKinley's condition, and the night gave way to day without incident having broken its sorrow.

Many Floral Offerings.

Adjutant General Corbin, then en route home from Manila; Major General Adna R. Chaffee, commander of the United States forces in the Philippines, and the commissioners of Porto Rico had floral offerings laid about the bier. A design of over six feet in diameter, composed of galax leaves and American beauty roses, about which was entwined the American flag, came from the mayor and conucil of Richmond, Vt.

Other tributes came from Mrs. James A. Garfield, widow of another martyred President; Mrs. Garret A. Hobart, widow of President McKinley's first Vice-President; Secretaries Hay and Hitchcock, Lieutenant General and Mrs. Miles, Ambassador Porter at Paris, the Argentine, Guatemalan, Costa Rican and other legations and the municipality of Havana.

While the men of note were arriving at the White House the funeral escort under command of Major General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., was forming immediately in front of the White House. Besides regular soldiers, sailors and marines, the escort was made up of a detachment of the National Guard, members of the G. A. R., Loyal Legion and kindred bodies and civic organizations and representatives of all branches of the National Government and the Governors of States and their staffs.

The public had been astir early and the streets were crowded with people. Wire cables strung along the entire route of march from the White House to the Capitol kept it clear for the funeral procession.

At precisely 9 o'clock a silent command was given and the body-bearers silently and reverently raised the casket containing all that was mortal of the illustrious dead. They walked with slow steps, and as they appeared at the main door of the White House the Marine Band stationed on the avenue opposite the mansion struck up the hymn the dead President loved so well, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

There was perfect silence throughout the big mansion, and as the last strain of music died away the throng in the building lifted their heads, but their eyes were wet.

Mrs. McKinley Remains in Her Room.

As the hearse moved away the mourners from the White House entered carriages and followed the body on its march to the capitol, where the funeral services were to be held. It was thought early in the morning that Mrs. McKinley might feel strong enough to attend the services there, but it was finally decided that it would be imprudent to tax her vitality more than was absolutely necessary, and so she concluded to remain in her room under the immediate care of Dr. Rixey, Mrs. Barber, her sister, and her niece, Miss Barber.

Slowly down the White House driveway through a fine drizzling rain the solemn cortege wound its way to the gate leading to the avenue and halted. Then with a grand, solemn swing the artillery band began the Dead March from "Saul," a blast from a bugle sounded "march," and the head of the procession was moving on its way to the Capitol. The casket, in a black carved hearse, and drawn by six coal-black horses, caparisoned in black net with trailing tassels and a stalwart groom at the head of each, moved down through the gateway and took its place in the line.

Order of the Funeral Line.

The parade moved in the following order:

FIRST SECTION.

Funeral escort under command of Major-General John R. Brooke, U. S. A.
Artillery Band.
Squadron of Cavalry.
Battery of Field Artillery.
Company A. U. Engineers.
Two Battalions Coast Artillery.
Hospital Corps.
Marine Band.
Battalion of Marines.
Battalion of U. S. Seamen.
National Guard, District of Columbia.

SECOND SECTION.

Civic procession.
Under command of Chief Marshal General Henry V. Boynton.
Clergymen in attendance.
Physicians who attended the late President.
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.
Grand Army of the Republic.
Guard of honor, pallbearers and hearse.
Officers of the army, navy and marine corps in the city who are not on duty with the troops forming the escort will form in full dress, right in front, on either side of the hearse, the army on the right and the navy and marine corps on the left and compose the guard of honor.
Family of the late President.
Relatives of the late President.
Ex-President of the United States.

THIRD SECTION.

The President.
The Cabinet Ministers.
The Diplomatic Corps.
The Chief Justices and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.
The Senators of the United States.
Members of the United States House of Representatives.
Governors of States and Territories and Commissioners of the District of Columbia.
The Judges of the Court of Claims, the Judiciary of the District of Columbia and Judges of the United States Courts, the Assistant Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, the Navy, the Interior and Agriculture, the Assistant Postmasters-General.
The Solicitor-General and the Assistant Attorney-Generals.

The Chilean Claims, Civil, Industrial, Interstate Commerce, Isthmian Canal, Joint High, Mexican Water Boundary, Fish and Fisheries, Special Tariff and Philippine Commissions and other Departments and Commissions of the Government in the order of their precedence.

Official Representatives of the Insular Government.

Organized Societies.

Citizens.

Major General Brooke Leads the Line.

Major General John R. Brooke was at the head of the line, mounted on a splendid charger. Behind him came his aides, the red-coated artillery band, a squadron of cavalry with red and white guidons, in a damp air, a battery of field artillery with the men sitting straight and stiff as statues, a company of engineers, two battalions of coast artillery and a detachment of the hospital corps.

Then came the naval contingent of the first section, headed by the Marine Band, who were followed by a battalion of marines and one of sailors from the North Atlantic squadron, very picturesque and strong.

As the National Guard of the District of Columbia brought up the rear of the first section of the parade the civic section of the procession marched into line. It was under command of General Henry V. Boynton as chief marshal and comprised detachments from the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Regular Army and Navy Union, the Union Veteran Legion, the Spanish war veterans and the G. A. R. As these veterans of the Civil War passed the waiting hearse wheeled slowly into line, the guards of honor from the army and the navy took up positions on either side of the hearse and the funeral cortege proper took its appointed place behind a delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. Cleveland Precedes President Roosevelt.

Close behind the hearse came a carriage in which were seated ex-President Grover Cleveland, Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans and General John M. Wilson. In a carriage drawn by four fine black horses coming next were President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and Commander W. S. Cowles, the President's brother-in-law.

Then folowed a line of carriages bearing all the members of the cabinet, a number of ex-members, and behind them the diplomatic corps.

Curtains were drawn so it was difficult to distinguish their occupants. Solemnly the funeral party wound down past the Treasury Building and into the broad sweep of Pennsylvania Avenue amid profound silence that was awful to those who only six months before had witnessed the enthusiastic plaudits which greeted the dead man as he made the

same march to assume for a second time the honors and burdens of the Presidential office.

The artillery band played a solemn dirge as it with slow steps led the sorrowful way down the avenue. All the military organizations carried their arms, but with colors draped and furled. The crowds were silent, all was sad, mournful and oppressive. The people stood with heads uncovered and many bowed in apparently silent prayer as the hearse passed along. A slow, drizzling rain was falling.

After the carriages in which were diplomats followed a long line of others containing the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Senate and House Committees appointed to attend the funeral, the local judiciary, the assistant secretaries of the several executive departments, members of the various government commissions and official representatives of the insular governments.

Many Bodies Represented.

Composing the remainder of the procession were representatives of local bodies of Knights Templars, over 1,000 members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the United Confederate Veterans of Washington and Alexandria, Va., various religious and patriotic societies, including the Sons of the American Revolution; secret societies and labor organizations of the city.

Scattered here and there at intervals were representatives of out-of-town organizations, including the Ohio Republican Club, the Republican Club of New York City, the New York Italian Chamber of Commerce and the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, the New York Democratic Honest Money League and the Southern Manufacturers' Club of Charlotte, N. C.

The military order of the Loyal Legion, of which President McKinley was an honored member, with a representation from the New York and Pennsylvania Commanderies, formed a conspicuous part in this portion of the procession, as also did the Knights Templars of Washington and of Alexandria, Va., and a battalion of the Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias. The full force of letter carriers of Washington, each man with a band of black crepe around his arm, walked to the solemn tread of the dirge. The banners of all organizations were folded and draped with black and all the marching civilians wore mourning badges and white gloves.

Fife and Drum Corps Bands rendered at frequent intervals along the route the President's favorite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The procession occupied one hour and a half in passing a given point.

For hours before the arrival of the funeral cortege at the east front of the Capitol an impenetrable cordon of people had massed along the walk and areas fronting the plaza. Thousands upon thousands of sorrowing people had gathered here to pay their last tribute of respect and love to the memory of the dead magistrate.

Crowds Stand in the Rain.

The entrances to the Senate and House wings of the Capitol and the great marble staircases ascending from the plaza to the respective entrances of the house and senate were jammed with people. A good rain was falling, but despite this the vast crowds clung to their places. It was a silent throng. Scarcely even was the murmur of whispered conversation audible.

The police arrangements were perfected early in the day. Captains Cross and Pierson, by direction of the Superintendent of Police, Major Richard Sylvester, cleared the plaza and threw around it a cordon of officers. The main entrance to the rotunda of the Capitol, in which the religious exercises incident to the obsequies were to be held was reserved for distinguished guests and for the entrance of the funeral party.

Shortly after 9 o'clock selected details from the Nineteenth, Thirty-ninth and One Hundred and Thirteenth Companies, Artillery Corps, under command of Captain W. E. Ellis, arrived and were stationed on the north side of the main steps, ascending from the plaza to the rotunda.

A similar detachment of seamen from the United States battleship Illinois, under command of Lieutenant De Stirguer and Naval Cadets Williams and Bruff, together with a detail of marines from Washington barracks, under command of Captain J. H. Russell, was stationed on the south side of the steps.

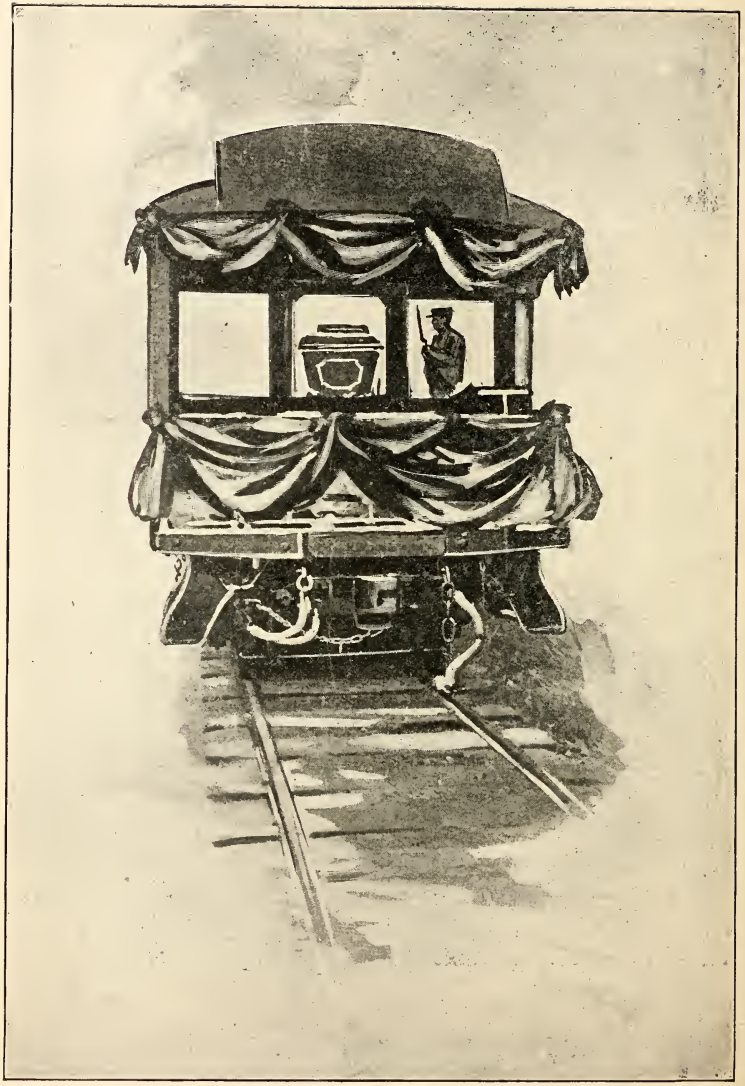
Shortly afterward prominent officers of the army and navy in full-dress uniform began to arrive in carriages. They did not enter the rotunda at once, but remained on the portico to form, in accordance with general orders, a part of the guard of honor of the President's remains.

Admiral Dewey Arrives Early.

Admiral Dewey was an early arrival. He was attired in the brilliant uniform of the Admiral of the Navy, but wore the regulation service sword with its knot of crape at the hilt instead of the handsome sword presented to him by the American people. He was given a most cordial reception.

At 10:12 o'clock the head of the procession arrived at the north end of the Capitol plaza, but instead of swinging directly into the plaza and passing in front of the Capitol, as usually is done on the occasion of Presi-

United States Senators in the McKinley Funeral Parade Passing the Treasury Building



The Last Car of the McKinley Funeral Train

dential inaugurations, the military contingent passed eastward on B Street, thence south on First Street east.

Headed by Major General John R. Brooke and staff and the Fifth Artillery Corps Band, the troops swept around to the south end of the plaza and then marched to position fronting the main entrance to the Capitol. As soon as they had been formed at rest the artillery band on the left and the marine band on the right of the entrance, the funeral cortege with its guard of honor entered the plaza from the north. As the hearse halted in front of the main staircase the troops, responding to almost whispered commands, presented arms.

The guard of honor ascended the steps, the naval officers on the right and the army officers on the left forming a cordon on each side, just within the ranks of the artillerymen, seamen and marines.

Impressive Services in the Rotunda.

Profound silence reigned in the rotunda of the Capitol when the flag-covered coffin containing the body of President McKinley was borne to its funeral catafalque. The strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," floated into the great circular hall from the steps outside, where the Marine Band was playing President McKinley's favorite hymn.

Few of the illustrious personages gathered in attendance upon the services knew the former President's ashes were so near the arched entrance, but the silence was so intense as to be painful.

Suddenly the silken folds of the National Emblem, the latter being draped over the casket, became visible, and a moment later the eight lusty sailors who upheld the coffin stepped noiselessly in with their burden. The unbroken and absolute quiet continued until the heavy coffin reposed on its black resting-place, directly under the center of the great rounded dome.

Then the shuffling of feet denoted the arrival of the family, the close friends and the officials who had followed the hearse in the funeral procession from the White House. The army officials with their gorgeous gold of their full-dress uniforms, the naval officers similarly attired, the diplomats in the various costumes of the countries whose rulers they were representing at the funeral pageant, the dignified Justices of the Supreme Court in their flowing robes, the members of the cabinet, and United States Senators and Representatives. Many had arrived in advance, but those who had ridden in the funeral procession did not come in until after the body had been placed in position for the services.

Soon, above the movement of chairs on the marble floor and the muffled tread of the many feet, there softly arose the sound of several

human voices. It was the choir of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, President McKinley's place of worship in Washington. Many times the same choir had chanted "Lead, Kindly Light," with the President for an attentive auditor. Now they were doing it softly over the body of him they loved.

Gradually the soft, sobbing tones conquered the echoing roar of the movement of the throng. Hundreds of persons bearing tickets had not been seated, so the same degree of dramatic silence which pervaded everything at the time the body arrived was not attained.

Tones of a small melodeon guided the singers through the beautiful melody, the sound of which brought tears to the eyes of many who so intimately associated it with the President's affection for the words and music. The shuffling of chairs and feet did not cease even with the end of the hymn, as scores were not seated. Busy ushers directed the ticket-bearers to the vacant chairs even while the invocation was being pronounced and the funeral address delivered.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt Arrive.

President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt were among the latest of the official guests to arrive before the hymn was sung. Mrs. Roosevelt leaned on the stalwart arm of her husband and the black veil she wore failed to conceal the tears which rolled down her cheeks upon the sad occasion which marked Mr. Roosevelt's first visit to the National Capitol as President of the Nation.

President Roosevelt's head was bowed as he passed by the coffin to the seats reserved for his party, almost at the right hand of the ministers.

Impressive were the services, although the words spoken were scarcely heard by the few near the casket, owing to the overpowering echoes which caught up every sound and repeated it with confusing reverberation. The spirit of all that was spoken was caught by all and understood, however. The invocation, pronounced slowly with deep emotion by the Rev. Henry R. Naylor, D. D., was followed by the funeral address, delivered by Bishop Edward G. Andrews, D. D.

Dr. Naylor's prayer was as follows:

"O Lord God, our Heavenly Father, a bereaved nation cometh to Thee in its deep sorrow. To whom can we go in such an hour as this but unto Thee? Thou only art able to comfort and support the afflicted.

"Death strikes down the best of men and consequent changes are continually occurring among nations and communities. But we have been taught that Thou are the same yesterday, today and forever; that

"Lead, Kindly Light."

President McKinley's Favorite Hymn.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step's enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

with Thee there is no variableness, nor the least shadow of turning. So in the midst of our grief we turn to Thee for help.

"We thank Thee, O Lord, that years ago Thou didst give to this nation a man whose loss we mourn today.

"We thank Thee for the pure and unselfish life he was enabled to live in the midst of so eventful an experience.

"We thank Thee for the faithful and distinguished services which he was enabled to render Thee, to our country and to the world.

"We bless Thee for such a citizen, for such a lawmaker, for such a governor, for such a President, for such a husband, for such a Christian example and for a friend.

PLEADS FOR THE WIDOW.

"But, O Lord, we deplore our loss today. We sincerely implore Thy sanctifying benediction. We pray Thee for that dear one who has been walking by his side through the years, sharing his triumphs and partaking of his sorrows. Give to her all needed sustenance and the comfort her stricken heart so greatly craves. And under the shadow of this great calamity may she learn as never before the Fatherhood of God and the matchless character of His sustaining grace.

"And, O Lord, we sincerely pray for him upon whom the mantle of Presidential authority has so suddenly and unexpectedly fallen. Help him to walk worthily the high vocation whereunto he has been called. He needs Thy guiding hand and Thine inspiring spirit continually. May he always present to the nation and to the world divinely illumined judgment, a brave heart and an unsullied character.

"Hear our prayer, O Lord, for the official family of the administration—those men who are associated with Thy servant, the President, in the administration of the affairs of government. Guide them in all their deliberations to the nation's welfare and the glory of God.

"And now, Lord, we humbly pray for Thy blessing and consolation to come to all the people of our land and nation. Forgive our past shortcomings; our sins of omission as well as our sins of commission.

"Help us to make the Golden Rule the standard of our lives, that we may 'do unto others as we would have them do to unto us' and thus become indeed a people whose God is the Lord.

"These things we humbly ask in the name of Him who taught us when we pray to say: 'Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into

temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

Bishop Andrews' patriarchal and kindly appearance, added to the eloquent depth of feeling manifested in every word he spoke, made a profound impression.

Bishop Andrews' Funeral Sermon.

Bishop Andrews' sermon was a beautiful tribute to the life and character of the fallen chieftain.

"Blessed be the God and Father of Our Lord, who of His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope of the resurrection from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for us who are now, by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.

"The services for the dead are fitly and almost of necessity services of religion and of immortal hope. In the presence of the shroud and the coffin and the narrow home, questions concerning intellectual quality, concerning public station, concerning great achievements, sink into comparative insignificance; and questions concerning character and man's relation to the Lord and Giver of life, even the life eternal, emerge to our view and impress themselves upon us.

"Character abides. We bring nothing into this world; we can carry nothing out. We ourselves depart with all the accumulations of tendency and habit and quality which the years have given to us. We ask, therefore, even at the grave of the illustrious, not altogether what great achievement they had performed and how they had commanded themselves to the memory and affection or respect of the world, but chiefly of what sort they were; what the interior nature of the man was; what were his affinities? Were they with the good, the truth, the noble? What his relation to the infinite Lord of the Universe and to the compassionate Savior of mankind; what his fitness for that great hereafter to which he had passed?

"And such great questions come to us with moment, even in the hour when we gather around the bier of those whom we profoundly respect and eulogize and whom we tenderly love. In the years to come, the days and the months that lie immediately before us, will give full utterance as to the high statesmanship and great achievements of the illustrious man whom we mourn today. We shall not touch them today. The nation already has broken out in its grief and poured its tears, and is still pouring them, over the loss of a beloved man. It is well. But we ask this morning of what sort this man is, so that we may perhaps, knowing

the moral and spiritual life that is past, be able to shape the far-withdrawing future. I think we must all concede that nature and training and—reverently be it said—the inspiration of the Almighty conspired to conform a man admirable in his moral temper and aims.

"We none of us can doubt, I think, that even by nature he was eminently gifted. The kindly, calm and equitable temperament, the kindly and generous heart, the love of justice and right and the tendency toward faith and loyalty to unseen powers and authorities—these things must have been with him from his childhood, from his infancy—but upon them supervened the training for which he was always tenderly thankful and of which even this great nation from sea to sea continually has taken note.

"It was a humble home in which he was born. Narrow conditions were around him, but faith in God had lifted that lowly roof, according to the statement of some great writer, up to the very heavens and permitted its inmates to behold the thing eternal, immortal and divine; and he came under that training.

"It is a beautiful thing that to the end of his life he bent reverently before that mother whose example and teaching and prayer had so fashioned his mind and all his aims.

"He was helpful in all of these beneficencies and activities; and from the church to the close of his life he received inspiration that lifted him above much of the trouble and weakness incident to our human nature, and, blessings be to God, may we say in the last and final hour they enabled him confidently, tenderly, to say: 'It is His will, not ours, that will be done.'

"Such influences gave to us William McKinley. And what was he? A man of incorruptible personal and political integrity. I suppose no one ever attempted to approach him in the way of a bribe; and we remember with great felicitation at this time for such an example to ourselves, that when great financial difficulties and perils encompassed him he determined to deliver all he possessed to his creditors; that there should be no challenge of his perfect honesty in the matter. A man of immaculate purity, shall we say?

"No stain was upon his escutcheon; no syllable of suspicion that I ever heard was whispered against his character. He walked in perfect and noble self-control.

"Shall I speak a word next of that which I will hardly advert to? The tenderness of that domestic love which has so often been commented upon? I pass it with only that word. I take it that no words can set

forth fully the unfaltering kindness and carefulness and upbearing love which belonged to this great man.

"And now may I say further that it seemed to me that to whatever we may attribute all the illustriousness of this man, all the greatness of his achievements—whatever of that we may attribute to his intellectual character and quality, whatever of it we may attribute to the patient and thorough study which he gave to the various questions thrust upon him for attention, for all his successes as a politician, as a statesman as a man of this great country, those successes were largely due to the moral qualities of which I have spoken. They drew to him the hearts of men everywhere and particularly of those who best knew him.

"They believed in him, felt his kindness, confided in his honesty and in his honor. His qualities even associated with him in kindly relations those who were his political opponents. They made it possible for him to enter that land with which he, as one of the soldiers of the union, had been in some sort at war and to draw closed the tie that was to bind all the parts in one firmer and indissoluble union. They commanded the confidence of the great body of congress, so that they listened to his plans and accepted kindly and hopefully and trustfully all his declarations. His qualities gave him reputation, not in this land alone, but throughout the world, and made it possible for him to minister in the style in which he has within the last two or three years ministered to the welfare and peace of humankind.

"It was out of the profound depths of his moral and religious character that came the possibilities of that usefulness which we are all glad to attribute to him. And will such a man die? Is it possible that He who created, redeemed, transformed, uplifted, illumined such a man will permit him to fall into oblivion?

"The instincts of morality are in all good men. The Divine word of the scripture leaves us no room for doubt. 'I,' said one whom he trusted, 'am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.'

"Lost to us, but not to his God. Lost from earth, but entered Heaven. Lost from these labors and toils and perils, but entered into the everlasting peace and everadvancing progress. Blessed be God who gives us this hope in the hour of our calamity, and enables us to triumph through Him who hath redeemed us.

"If there is a personal immortality before him let us also rejoice that there is an immortality and memory in the hearts of a large and ever-

growing people, who, through the ages to come, the generations that are yet to be, will look back upon this life, upon its nobility and purity and service to humanity, and thank God for it. The years draw on when his name shall be counted among the illustrious of the earth.

"William of Orange is not dead. Cromwell is not dead. Washington lives in the hearts and lives of his countrymen. Lincoln, with his infinite sorrow, lives to teach us and lead us on. And McKinley shall summon all statesmen and all his countrymen to purer living, nobler aims, sweeter and immortal blessedness."

The President Shows Emotion.

President Roosevelt attentively regarded the venerable preacher for some time and then bowed and leaned his forehead upon his right hand. Whether tears flowed beneath the shadow of his hand may never be known by any but himself. Ex-President Cleveland, not nearly so heavy as when he lived in the White House, regarded the speaker attentively from a seat a few feet from President Roosevelt. The eyes of hundreds of men who had made and would make history were centered attentively and respectfully upon the speaker whose sad privilege it was to officiate at the funeral.

Clear and bell-like the music of the old hymn, "Some Time We'll Understand," ascended to the high vault of the dome when the soprano of the Metropolitan Church sang its verses. The choir joined softly in the chorus and then the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. W. H. Chapman, D. D.

A Dramatic Incident Occurs.

Following the benediction came one of the most intensely dramatic happenings of the entire ceremony. The choir began to softly syllable the first lines of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." For several lines the choir alone followed the melodion in the time. Then the volume of the song was audibly increased. A few of the audience, unable to restrain themselves, had joined their voices with those of the chosen singers. Their example was followed timidly by others until the dome rang with the notes of the solemn and beloved song.

Almost afraid of the sound of their own voices, so sacred was the occasion, but impelled by the intensity of their feeling, the hundreds assembled disregarded the fact that the programme as planned had not included any song by the audience. The spontaneity of the outburst was overwhelming and so contagious was the spirit of song that hardly a lip in the room was still.

Hardened Fighters Join In.

President Roosevelt murmured the words of the song along with the other auditors. The lines of his face, which had been hard with the rigidity of trial and grief, softened into an expression of the tenderest sympathy as his lips moved in singing the hymn.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland, the very embodiment of stately dignity, seemed even more dignified as his lips parted with a barely perceptible motion in response to the rhythm of the hymn. Officers of the army and navy who had seen death in its worst form without a tremor and possibly who had not sung a church hymn for many years hummed the tune when they could not remember the words.

To record that all eyes were misty with tears at the end of the hymn would be an exaggeration, but the undimmed eyes were the exception, not the rule. Senator Hanna wiped his forehead and eyes, Abner McKinley held his handkerchief to his face and most of the women present shook with sobs. Senator Hanna's grief has seemed almost monumental in its intensity. The Senator was the first to leave the rotunda after the song was over. He leaned heavily upon the arm of John C. Milburn as he hobbled away. His shoulders were more stooped than ever and his demeanor was one of absolute dejection.

It was an affecting moment. In the midst of the singing Admiral Robley Evans, advancing with silent tread, placed a beautiful blue floral cross at the foot of the coffin.

A respectful silence followed the end of the hymn which marked the conclusion of the funeral services. A few moments elapsed and then the rotunda was cleared for the body to lie in state to be viewed by the great multitude who were crowding the steps ready to pass through in double file on either side of the coffin. The flag was draped back from the head of the casket, the velvet-covered lid was removed and the President's face was exposed to the light, which poured in through the upper windows of the dome.

The Senators and Representatives sat at the foot of the casket, the Justices of the Supreme Court, in their flowing black robes, sat at its right hand, near the President, the diplomats and the army and navy officers. The space on the left hand was reserved for invited friends of the family and unofficial guests of the funeral. The chairs for all the guests were arranged in circles around the center, where the body lay.

It was up the east front of the capitol that the lines of people came for a view of the President's face. To most of those who passed his bier the face therein was familiar, not familiar in its look of suffering, but

in the features, which usually wore a genial smile or an expression of thoughtful dignity.

In two double lines the crowd passed quickly by. The military and naval guard at the head and foot of the coffin was ready to protect it from possible harm from awkwardness of any who might pass.

Many colored folks were among those who had their last look at the dead President's features, and the emotion of their race was manifested by the tear stains on their dusky faces. Many of those in line were subordinate officials of the Government, who took the farewell look at the features of their late chief.

There were nearly as many women as men in the crowd. Uniforms of private soldiers and the liveries of coachmen added variety to the appearance of the line, but there was one feature of the demonstration in which there was no variety. It was in the uniform and intense grief which was evident in the bearing of all.

Many Hurt in Capitol Crush.

The opening of the doors of the rotunda of the Capitol, in order to permit an inspection of the body of President McKinley, caused a rush of the vast throng that had been congregated on the east side of the building since early morning. The result was that many women and children were badly hurt. The crowd brushed by the police cordon stationed at the foot of the steps as if it had been chaff. A terrible congestion on the Capitol steps and at the entrance door followed. At the latter point there was such extreme pressure that numbers of women fainted.

Many who thus became helpless were lifted up bodily and carried out over the heads of the crowd, while others, less fortunate, were trampled under foot and seriously bruised. Of the latter twelve or fifteen were taken into the Capitol. The room immediately under the rotunda, where the President's body lay in calm and peaceful repose, was a temporary hospital filled with screaming women lying prone upon improvised couches. One of them had a broken arm and another had suffered internal injuries which caused excruciating pain.

The office of the captain of police also was used to accommodate the injured, as were several other places about the building. No fewer than fifty women and children were injured to some extent, but most of them were able to go to their homes. A few were taken to the Emergncy Hospital.

CHAPTER XIV.

Closing Scenes in the Sad Tragedy of the Martyrdom of President McKinley—Trip From Washington to Canton—Mrs. McKinley Leaves the White House Forever—Final Exercises at the President's Old Home, and Burial.

It was about 6 o'clock the evening of September 17th when the military and naval guard took charge of the President's body in the rotunda of the Capitol, the doors having been closed a few minutes previously.

The military escort was re-formed at 7 o'clock, and the casket was removed from the Capitol to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, whence it was taken at 8:20 o'clock on the road to Canton. There the people among whom William McKinley grew to manhood and to greatness participated in the consignment of his body to the tomb.

A platoon of mounted police cleared the way from the Capitol to the depot, and two troops of cavalry preceded the hearse. No members of the Cabinet or representatives of the family were in line, but all officers of the army and navy in the city formed the escort.

Soon after the remains of the beloved President were placed in the observation car members of the Cabinet and friends of the family commenced to arrive. Mrs. McKinley did not leave the White House until 7:55 o'clock. Her carriage, surrounded by mounted police and followed by the immediate mourners, was driven to the lower end of the station to escape the crowd.

The members of the Cabinet joined President Roosevelt in the car arranged for them, while Senator Hanna sat alone in the adjoining coach bowed in sorrow. Fifteen carriages were required to bring the mourners from the White House.

President Roosevelt Shows no Fear.

President Roosevelt promised to give the secret service agents detailed to guard him a great deal of trouble. He was perfectly indifferent to his personal safety and disregarded all requests of friends, who were anxious that he should be more cautious. When his carriage reached the railroad station the cavalry officer detailed to accompany him, and who had

ridden upon the box beside the driver during the ceremonies, jumped hastily to the sidewalk, and quickly opened the door. Quick as a flash a half dozen or more secret service officers who had been waiting the arrival of the President hastened to his side and gave him such protection as they could afford.

There was a large crowd near by, but, unconscious of any danger that might be threatening, the President stood upon the pavement talking unconcernedly with his military attache. A carriage containing a friend had driven up in the rear, and the President without warning walked quickly to it, opened the door and conversed with its occupants.

As he impetuously moved down the curbstone into the middle of the crowd the secret service agents were horror stricken. They forced themselves to his side as best they could, and his brother-in-law, Commander Cowles, showed signs of anxiety.

The President rubbed elbows with the crowd in a most unconventional manner. With a short, snappy step he pushed his way into the entrance to the railroad station, raising his hat in response to the recognition of the throng. Down the crowded platform he rushed, with his friends and attendants vainly endeavoring to keep pace. He boarded the train and was safe with his Cabinet, greatly to the relief of his guardians.

Train in Three Sections.

The funeral train was made up in three sections. First was a train of eight cars bearing the following persons: S. J. Roberts, Mr. Doran, Mr. Schunk; Cuban commissioners Tamayo, Latosco, Quesada; John W. Yerkes, Henry M. Dawes, M. E. Ailes, Beman G. Dawes, W. W. Mills, W. G. Edens, Frank L. Campbell, A. Warfield Monroe, Charles A. Hanna, W. C. Beer, Francis C. Kilkenny, Colonel John J. McCook, Captain John F. Blake, Clark Tonner, A. W. Machen, Percy Montgomery, J. K. Richards, John J. Kennedy, George Barber, T. W. Tallmadge, General T. H. Anderson, Mr. Phister and forty newspaper men.

President on Second Section.

The second section, carrying the body, was the Presidential train proper, made up of practically the same seven cars which made the trip from Buffalo. The car Olympia was assigned to Mrs. McKinley, while the car Edgemere, which came next, was occupied by the President and his Cabinet. Behind in order came the sleepers Naples and Belgravia, the dining car Waldorf and a combination car.

On this train were the following passengers:

Mrs. McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. A. J.

Duncan, Miss Helen McKinley, Mrs. M. C. Barber, Miss Barber, Mr. John Barber, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Baer, Lieutenant James McKinley, Miss Sarah Duncan, Captain and Mrs. Lafayette McWilliams, Mr. William Duncan, Mr. Frank Osborne, Mrs. Seward Bowman, Mrs. E. A. Stafford, Dr. and Mrs. Rixey, Charles G. Dawes and Mrs. Dawes, Colonel G. F. Mock, Colonel W. C. Brown, Major Charles E. Miller, Mr. Burt Miller, Miss McKenzie and Miss Hunt (nurses), Mrs. Henry Mathews, Mr. P. C. Schell and wife, Mrs. Rand, Mrs. J. A. Porter, the President, Secretary Root, Attorney General Knox, Postmaster General and Mrs. Smith, Secretary Long, Secretary and Mrs. Hitchcock, Secretary and Miss Wilson, Secretary and Mrs. Cortelyou, Assistant Secretary Hill, Assistant Secretary Barnes, Colonel B. F. Montgomery, M. C. Latta, N. P. Webster, John G. Milburn, John Scatcherd, Conrad Diehl, Harry Hamlin, Carlton Sprague, Major Thomas W. Symons, U. S. A.; Senator Hanna and Secretary Dover, Senator Fairbanks, Senator Burrows, Senator Keene, Representative Alexander, General Michael V. Sheridan, Colonel T. Abingham, Captain J. T. Dean, Captain Henry Leon and General Harrison Gray Otis, Mr. A. N. H. Aaron, H. B. F. MacFarland, Ell Torrance, representing the G. A. R., and the bodyguard, consisting of two officers and sixteen men.

The third section was devoted entirely to the accommodation of the army and navy officers. There were Generals Brooke, Otis and Gillespie, Admiral Dewey and Rear Admirals Crowninshield, O'Neill, Bradford, Melville, Bowles and Farquhar, General Heywood, commandant of marines, and a number of junior officers of the army and navy.

A train left Washington the following afternoon for the accommodation of members of Congress and public officials who desired to be present at the interment.

All the members of the Cabinet accompanied President Roosevelt, with the exception of Secretary Hay. As a measure of precaution one member of the Cabinet, probably Secretary Hay, Secretary Gage or Secretary Root, was always in Washington.

If the funeral train arrives on schedule time it will reach Canton at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning. Only four stops will be made, and these only for the purpose of changing locomotives. George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Road, is in charge of the train. He left on the first section and District Passenger Agent Studds is on the second section.

The Arrival at Baltimore.

Leaving Washington, the long winding train bearing the remains of

the martyred President plunged out into the dark night and hurried like a black streak on its mournful journey.

The curtains of the train were drawn as it pulled out of the station, save only for the observation car, in which the corpse lay guarded by a soldier and a sailor of the Republic. That car alone was flooded with light. The countless thousands extending from the station far out into the suburbs of the National Capital, waiting patiently in the drenching rain to pay their last farewell, thus had an opportunity to catch a last fleeting glimpse of the flag-covered casket as the train sped by. Several thousand people on the bridge over the eastern branch of the Potomac, straining for a last look, could be seen by the lights strung along the bridge as the train moved under it.

As the little villages between Washington and Baltimore were passed the sound of tolling bells came faintly to the heavy-hearted mourners aboard.

As the train came out of the long tunnel leading to Baltimore, before reaching the Union Station, thousands of silent forms could be seen, and the dismal tolling of the bells could be heard. A clear-drawn bugle call sounded a requiem. At the Union Station crowds packed the station. Hundreds of people had gained access to the train shed, and they gazed sorrowfully at the casket while the locomotives were being shifted. The train, which had arrived at 9:34 p. m., pulled out for the West a few minutes later.

The Track Lined With People.

Passing out of the station at Baltimore the track was lined with people. Laborers and handsomely dressed women stood side by side. Once or twice a quick flare from a photographer's flashlight exposed the whole train to view.

At Parkton, just before the Maryland line was reached, a brief stop was made to attach an extra engine to help the heavy train up the grade at this point. Then for miles the train ran through the Dutch settlements of Pennsylvania. It was after 10 o'clock, but many Dunkards, the men uncovered, the women in their quaint bonnets, were at the track. Others of these simple folk could be seen in the open doorways of their lighted farm houses. The Dunkards usually go to bed early, but it was apparent that most of them had remained awake to get a last look at this mournful funeral train. The lighted death chamber in the rear car must have been an impressive spectacle; the bier in full view, the soldier with bayoneted gun at salute and the jack tar with drawn cutlass guarding the body.

The twinkling of the light from that car was probably seen for miles through the darkness.

York was reached at 11:30 p. m. Ten thousand people were at the station and along the track leading to it. The bells tolled dolefully as the train passed.

The train slowed up but did not stop at York, where the entire population seemed to have waited far into the night to see it pass. The dolorous tolling of the bells could be heard distinctly by those on board. Soon after leaving York all had retired aboard the train and they sped along in darkness. It was raining steadily, but neither rain nor the lateness of the hour kept the mourning people from being at the track to pay their final tribute of honor and respect to their departed President.

Harrisburg was not reached until the midnight hour, but the crowd was enormous and the scene impressive. The train stopped several minutes while the crews and engines were changed and the multitude had an excellent opportunity to see the guarded casket, revealed as by a flood of day in the brilliantly lighted car.

The train reached Altoona at 5:40 o'clock on Wednesday morning. Nearly 10,000 persons were assembled at the station to see the train go through. The Altoona city band rendered "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" while the train was in the station yard. Police and railroad officials kept the station clear of people.

The train left after a change of engines and crews. The two engines which hauled the heavy train over the Alleghany mountains were draped in black.

From early dawn, when the first rays of the sun came shimmering through the Alleghany mists, the country through which the McKinley funeral train passed seemed alive with waiting people. As the train was later than its schedule the probabilities were that many thousands lined up along the track had been waiting for almost an hour for the fleeting glimpse of the cars accompanying the murdered President's body to its last resting place.

Men With Their Dinner Pails.

Steel workers, with their dinner pails in their hands, ran the risk of being late at the mills in order to pay their last homage to the dead. It was at the steel towns, just east of Pittsburg, that the largest early crowds lined the tracks.

Between and east of the mill towns was the open mountain country interspersed with an occasional cluster of houses near coal mines or oil

wells. Even in the open country as early as 6 a. m. there were people gathered at the crossroads or leaning against farm fences.

Faces were seen peering through, up and down windows of houses situated near the tracks. In railroad yards hundreds were crowded on top of cars so as to obtain a view as the sections of the Presidential train picked their way through the maze of tracks. Women and girls as well as men and boys were eager to see the cars go by.

In the railroad cars in Pitcairn, a few miles east of Pittsburg, hundreds of factory girls were lined up. It was 8:35 a. m. when the train passed through Pitcairn, so most of the girls with lunch boxes under their arms must have been quite late to work, all for the sake of the few seconds' look at the train which brought so close to them the victim of the anarchist's bullet, and his successor, President Roosevelt.

Young women who were not shop girls were there, too, evidently having come from the most exclusive residence districts of the little city, trudging through the rough tracks to obtain a brief look.

Away from the crowds at the towns solitary watchers were passed. Engineers and firemen of passing trains leaned far out of their cab windows when the train approached. Boys and girls, perched high on rocky crags, remained in their points of vantage to see the train fly past.

As the train neared Pittsburg it passed between a continuous line of men and women, boys and girls, miles long.

Immense crowds lined the tracks for a long distance above and below the station at Johnstown, and stood in silence as the train proceeded slowly by. A detachment of company H, Fifth Regiment, N. G. P., fired minute guns and bells were tolled throughout the city.

The Train Enters the State of Ohio.

The funeral train entered Ohio shortly after 10 o'clock. The State line was also the border of the congressional district which Major McKinley represented in the national legislature for so many years.

Men and women who had known the President personally, who had shaken his hand and gazed into his genial face, lined the tracks to do honor to all that remained on earth of their neighbor, friend and chief. From the State line to Canton, the President's home, the line of mourners was almost continuous. Although a stirring depth of feeling had been manifested as the train passed through other states of the Union with its burden, nowhere was poignant grief so evident as it was during the sad journey through the President's home State.

It was the second time the State of Ohio had been called upon to pay

Funeral of President McKinley—Part of Throng Waiting to Fall in Line at Buffalo

Funeral of President McKinley—Procession on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo

homage to the ashes of one of its sons, elevated to the Presidency and then stricken by an assassin's bullet in the prime of his career.

The mustering of popular sentiment was awe-inspiring, both because of the numerical strength of the mourners and the intensity of feeling shown. In every sense was the trip of the President's body to its last resting place memorable. Miles upon miles of humanity were passed, thousands upon thousands of heads were bared. Hundreds upon hundreds of crape-tied flags were displayed, while, in the distance, the emblem of the nation was seen at half-mast upon the schoolhouse or other public building.

Arrival of the Body at Canton.

The funeral train proper, bearing the body of President McKinley, arrived at 12 o'clock. It was met by Judge Day, at the head of the local reception committee, while assembled about the station was the entire militia of the State.

Mrs. McKinley, weeping piteously, was helped from the train by Dr. Rixey and Abner McKinley and conducted to a carriage which was in waiting and was then driven rapidly to her home. The near relatives followed her.

The body was then lifted from the catafalque car and carried on the shoulders of the bodybearers through a pathway formed by President Roosevelt and his Cabinet to the waiting hearse. The surrounding soldiers were at present arms and bugles sounded taps.

The President and Cabinet then entered carriages. They were followed by the guard of honor, headed by Admiral Dewey and Lieutenant General Miles in full uniform, and the sad procession then moved up Tenth Street in the direction of the courthouse, where the body was to lie in state. Soldiers at intervals all the way kept back the immense crowds which thronged the streets. The procession passed all the way beneath big arches draped with black.

Fully two hours before the time scheduled for the arrival of the train the crowd began to gather at the Tenth Street station of the Pennsylvania Road to await its coming. A large force of deputy marshals was sworn in last night to assist the Canton police in controlling the crowd and, although the people had no intention of creating trouble, the size of the crowd made its control a matter of some difficulty for the amateur guardians of the peace. Time and again the crowd by sheer weight of numbers pressed forward beyond the limit set for them by the police, only to be pushed back as often as they pressed forward.

It was not until the militia and Troop A of Cleveland came upon the

scene that the crowd was held back, and even then it was restrained entirely by the fact that is was physically impossible for a large detachment of cavalry and a larger crowd of civilians to crowd into one space too small for the latter alone. The crowd was finally compelled to spread backward and line itself along the route marked out for the march from the depot to the courthouse.

In all the little city which the dead President loved there was hardly a structure that bore no badge of sorrow. In Tuscarawas Street, from one end to the other, business houses were hung heavy with crape and at intervals huge arches, draped and festooned in mourning colors, spanned the route of the procession from the train to the county courthouse.

President's Church in Mourning.

One of the arches was in front of the Canton high school, half a block from McKinley Avenue. The school was draped and in every window was a black-bordered portrait of the late President. In this thoroughfare, too, were two large churches, one of which was regularly attended by Major McKinley, the First Methodist Episcopal, at Cleveland Avenue, a block from the courthouse. At each corner of the edifice and above the big cathedral windows were broad draperies deftly looped, each bearing a large white rosette. The other church, the First Presbyterian, was similarly adorned.

The courthouse, the scene of the lying in state, was a mass of sable hue. At the entrance, between the two big doors, was a tablet wrought in crape and upon the cloth shield was emblazoned in white the utterance of the President when told that he must die.

"It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."

In front of the courthouse was another massive arch.

Canton was astir with break of day, such residents as had not displayed badges and draperies of mourning performing that task that morning. At Nemicella Park the soldiers of Troop A of Cleveland and the militia of various parts of the state were busy preparing to escort the distinguished dead up Tuscarawas Street.

Courthouse Ready for the Body.

Before 8 o'clock the rotunda of the courthouse had been prepared for the reception of the body. With the exception of dainty white streamers from the chandeliers there was no trace of white in the large apartment wherein the public had a last look upon the face of the departed Executive. The walls and ceilings were covered with black cloth looped

here and there from the ornamental pillars with streamers and rosettes of the same color. From each chandelier was suspended a small American flag, a larger one fluttering just above the catafalque.

Three hours before the funeral train was scheduled to arrive more than 5,000 men and women had gathered at Courthouse Square and hundreds of others had congregated in the vicinity of the railway depot, each anxious to be as near the casket as possible when it was taken from the car Pacific.

At the McKinley home itself, almost the only residence in Canton that bore no trace of mourning, was another throng and there was not a door or window that had not been peered at most assiduously by curious visitors and equally curious residents of the city.

The body lay in state until evening, when it was transferred to the home on Market street, where it remained during the night. The next day it was removed to the First Methodist Church, where the final funeral services were performed.

President Roosevelt, the members of his Cabinet and distinguished guests were in attendance upon the ceremonies, which were very brief, lasting less than an hour. The Rev. E. C. Manchester, pastor of the church, delivered a short sermon, and the Rev. Dr. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, made a short prayer and read from the Scriptures.

"Lead, Kindly Light," was then rendered by a quartette, the benediction was pronounced and the remains were then conveyed to the Woodlawn Cemetery, where they were temporarily placed in a vault. The President and his Cabinet accompanied the body to the cemetery.

Mrs. McKinley Leaves the White House Forever.

On the evening of September 17th Mrs. McKinley left the White House for the last time. She said she would never set foot in it again.

It was exactly seventy-three days before that, tenderly leaning on the arm of her husband, she departed for her home in Canton, where it was hoped that the familiar associations and the happy memories connected with her home would aid in restoring her health. She had then just risen from a bed of almost mortal sickness.

The afternoon of her last day in the Executive Mansion, just as the sun was setting, she knelt beside the couch where she spent so many hours of pain and in a broken voice cried to her devoted niece, Mary Barber, that she would to God she had never risen from that bed of pain.

She wept silently for some time with her head buried, and then

gently acquiesced in their remonstrances and took the nourishment provided for her. She immediately surrendered herself to her nurses and remained quiet until it was time to depart upon the last stage of her husband's funeral journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley, Dr. and Mrs. Hermanus Baer, Mrs. Duncan and the Misses Duncan, Miss Helen McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. Barber and Miss Mary and Miss Ida Barber, who had been in the White House since the night previous, assembled in the main lobby and entered the closed carriages prepared for the departure for the depot.

With Mrs. McKinley was Dr. Rixey and also Miss Mary Barber, who had been her mainstay not only in that crisis, but in many other illnesses and troubles. This young girl was Mrs. McKinley's chief dependence, and during her aunt's bereavement had lived and slept by her side, an example of devotion and self-sacrifice rarely seen in one not yet 20 years of age. The President was very fond of Miss Barber, and after Mrs. McKinley's illness in the spring, when she had attended her aunt with such solicitude, he presented her with a handsome diamond ring and a locket containing miniatures of Mrs. McKinley and himself.

Mrs. McKinley spent the entire day in her bedroom. It was decided early in the morning that it would be best for her not to be present at the state obsequies at the Capitol. The night before, as soon as the President's bier was established in the East Room, she begged piteously for permission to tell her dear husband good night. Dr. Rixey immediately made arrangements that the East Room should be cleared even of the military and marine guard of honor.

Mrs. McKinley was led to the casket, and spent a half-hour sitting quietly beside her martyred husband. She then went to her room and slept quietly until dawn was breaking, when she awakened Dr. Rixey and again asked to go to the East Room. This request was complied with in the same manner. After the remains of the President were taken in state to the rotunda of the Capitol she retired to her room, and spent the entire day with her sister and nieces, Mrs. Barber and her daughters.

Several times throughout the day she alluded to her happy life in Washington and seemed to dwell with particular pathos on the first day of her arrival in the White House.

Upon her arrival at Canton Mrs. McKinley was driven directly to her residence. She was present at the concluding ceremonies at the church, and bore up remarkably well.

At 2:30 o'clock the remains were carried from the church to the hearse which was in waiting to bear it to the cemetery, and at that

moment, and during the ensuing five minutes, the heart of the United States ceased to beat. All work was stopped throughout the country, and every man stood with head uncovered. At that hour the funeral processions which were moving in every city, town and village in the nation, stopped and remained motionless for five minutes.

Never before, in the history of the world, was such a tribute paid to mortal man.

CHAPTER XV.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS FARM—A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT—MAKING APPLE BUTTER—MCKINLEY'S DEXTERITY IN SHAKING HANDS—RECEPTIONS AT THE WHITE HOUSE BY MRS. MCKINLEY—HER FOUR THOUSAND PAIRS OF SLIPPERS—PROTECTING THE PERSONS OF PRESIDENTS.

On of President McKinley's friends went down to see the Chief Magistrate's farm one day and wrote the following description. It was evident that the President knew something about farming as well as politics:

"President McKinley owns a farm. A great deal has been written about Mr. Bryan's farm, but heretofore no description has been written of Mr. McKinley's broad expanse of corn fields, meadows, cow pastures and orchards, which comprise one hundred and sixty-two and one-quarter acres. His well-kept barns, corn cribs and wagon sheds show care and thrift. The wool on the backs of two hundred sheep shines with cleanliness, for McKinley's farm is a model one and a modern one. Unlike the famous Nebraska farm of the Democratic candidate for President, the public knows little about it. Two miles from Minerva, one mile from Bayard, Ohio, it stands on a sloping parcel of ground surmounted by the orchards of Baldwin apples. The Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad crosses a corner of the farm and the Big Sandy Canal courses through the field at one side of the main road.

"Along a lane to a point two-thirds of the way up the slope brings the visitor into the midst of the farm buildings. To the right, the first one is the sheep barn. This two-story structure was originally the Union Church, attended by the folks of that rural vicinity who worshiped on the Sabbath. Twenty-five years ago, when it ceased to be used for church purposes, it was moved from the corner of the farm next the main road to its present site. When it stood on the corner it was just in front of the old cemetery known as the Plain's Cemetery, which is still there.

"McKinley's farm is a profitable one. In any season when crops are good it yields richly. This year's potato crop will probably aggregate two thousand bushels. The corn fields have been known to produce as

high as 3,500 bushels in a single year. Last year the meadows produced one hundred tons of hay. The oats crop this year aggregates some seven hundred bushels.

The Making of Apple Butter.

"This is apple butter making time in this section of the country. Many of the apples on McKinley's farm, just at the present time, are being made into apple butter. The large orchard is an important part of McKinley's farm. One good year 1,700 bushels of Baldwins were gathered and as many more of other kinds, making a total yield of nearly 3,500 bushels. Part of the produce of the farm has been shipped to Canton from time to time to the McKinley home, but none has ever been sent to Washington. Canton is about twenty miles from the farm.

"Selling milk is one of the industries of the farm. There are twenty-five head of cattle. There are nine milch cows. Some of them are blooded stock. Raising calves is also an occupation. Ten fine horses are constantly employed. These are all draft horses. Two hundred sheep graze on the hillside. One season one hundred and seventy-five sheep were sold from this place. This shows what a good market there is for the wool and mutton which comes from the President's farm. While speaking of animals, the two dogs must not be forgotten. One known as 'Shep' has been on the place ever since the President came into possession of it. The other, which by the way is a yellow one, came there as a stray not long ago and has found a good home. The chickens number more than two hundred. The pea fowls became too noisy and were so inclined to pick a fuss with the chickens that it was thought best to dispose of them, so they were given away.

"The man who has charge of Mr. McKinley's farm is W. J. Adams, formerly of Canton, but who was reared in Pennsylvania. He is a farmer who understands his business, and it is said, in the vicinity, that there is not a more prosperous farm in all that section. Mr. Adams' family consists of Mrs. Adams, two boys and two girls. One hired man is kept the year around, and two are employed during the busy season of the year. Mr. Adams works the farm on shares. He has a half interest in everything. The fences are all kept up, and there is an appearance of neatness which marks his work. Mr. Adams has lived on this place for the past twenty years, and Mr. McKinley is delighted with him.

The Residence on the Farm.

"The residence is a two-story structure built sixty years ago by a man named Hostetter, who, by the way, was interested in the Big

Sandy Canal, and had it succeeded he would have finished the house. But the railroad came through, and the first boat that was sent down the canal got caught in the tunnel, not very far distant, and it was impossible to get it out. This was the only boat which every made a trip on the Big Sandy Canal. Mr. Hostetter was never able to finish the house, so to this day a number of the rooms have not been plastered. This residence is now getting quite old in appearance. It shelters eleven rooms. The porch is about the size of McKinley's famous front porch at Canton, and then on to the upright part there is a wing which is a story and a half in height. The lawn is well kept, and morning-glories grow upon the fences at one side.

"Besides the house, there are six buildings on the farm. There is the main barn, the sheep barn, the two large wagon sheds, the scale house and the pig pen. One of the sheds shelters an immense wagon which one time made a notable trip. It was after the election of McKinley to the Presidency. Six teams of horses were hitched to the vehicle and the farmers round about gathered to the number of forty and drove to Mr. McKinley's Canton home, to join in congratulating him. The trip was made in about three hours."

McKinley a Dexterous Handshaker.

The late President was a past master in the art of shaking hands. A man who stood and watched him for a time thus describes the manner in which the Chief Executive "shook" people and pleased them mightily in consequence:

"There is something grimly humorous in watching a man shake hands with a multitude at the rate of fifty a minute. Up and down the arm and hand go, like a pump handle or the rhythmic beat of a piston. I watched the President at Memorial Hall last Tuesday afternoon when he greeted 5,000 citizens, and I confess I was amazed. My first feeling was one of amusement. To hear the President mumble constantly, 'Glad to see you.' 'Pleased to see you,' in the same monotone, to watch the shake, the mechanical motion of the arm, the sudden jerk with which he half pulled—yanked it was, truly—the person just greeted, and the astonished, semi-stupefied look on the shaked one's face—all this and more was inimitably funny.

"But soon the feeling of amusement gave way to one of wonder, and then of compassion that a Chief Executive should have to submit to such an ordeal, and finally to unbounded admiration and amazement at the extraordinary vitality shown by the President.

"The McKinley grip deserves special description; it is unique in its line. It allures the caller, holds him an instant and then quietly and deliberately 'shakes' him. Mr. McKinley is not a tall man by any means; indeed he is, if anything, considerably below what I should consider the medium height—five feet ten. Consequently his 'shake' is considerably lower than a handshake you get from the average-sized man. The hand goes out straight for you, there is a good warm pressure of the palm, a quick drop, a jerk forward and the thing is over. There is something besides the extended outstretched palm to allure you, and that is Mr. McKinley's beaming countenance.

Never Ceases to Smile.

"When greeting the public he never ceases to smile. It is not a forced smile; it invites you forward and compels your own smile in spite of yourself. It is so genuinely honest, too, that one can not but conclude that, onerous as these receptions must be to the President's physique, he nevertheless enjoys them thoroughly. Long before the reception was over the President showed unmistakable signs of fatigue, his jaw began to droop and blackish rings formed under his eyes, but the smile—beaming, inviting—remained, and it lasted as long as there was one citizen to greet.

"Such occasions are the best in which to study the real traits of a man. If there is anything better qualified to produce irritability than a public reception with a lightning handshaking on the side, I do not think it has been discovered. I am frank to confess that Mr. McKinley showed traits during that ordeal that were both admirable and lovable. He was particularly kind to the veterans. His heart went with his hand to them. Several of them, dazed and bewildered, no doubt, would have passed him unheeded by in their excitement.

"His arm halted them, his hand sought theirs, and he never failed to say 'comrade' to them. To the ladies he was gracious, especially so to the feeble, older ones, and to the tots, the toddlers and the growing young Americans he was like a father. I saw him detain a mother who was carrying a tiny mite on her arm. Mr. McKinley fussed with the muslins and the woolens of the mite until he found its chubby little hand, which he pressed tenderly. That mother did not say a word, but tears of joy glistened in her eyes as she passed beyond.

"I'll venture that nobody went away from that reception feeling offended, and if there were any means of knowing I am equally certain that the President's handshake made more than one vote for him. McKinley's grip is a manly grip; it is a handshake given with genuine

pleasure. It is the grip of a man of flesh and blood and of a sympathetic soul."

Mrs. McKinley's 4,000 Pairs of Slippers.

During all of her last Western trip Mrs. McKinley was busy with her ever-present fancy work, her crocheted slippers, and even while she talked or turned to bow from her car to the assembled crowd she would occasionally toy with the wool or take a random stitch.

When asked about her slippers and if she did not tire of the work she said:

"Why, what am I to do! I must be doing something. I can't bear to be idle, and this is pleasant work which I enjoy. Would you believe it? I have kept count, and I find that I have made no less than 4,000 pairs of slippers. At one time my bill for soles was very large, but they don't cost me anything, since the Vice President is in the shoe business; he supplies me with soles for nothing. I keep him in bedroom slippers, and as he is now sick they come in nicely for him. I have no difficulty in disposing of all the slippers I can make. I give them to hospitals and other charities."

One of Mrs. McKinley's Receptions.

A guest at one of Mrs. McKinley's receptions at the White House had this to say of it:

"It is a rare pleasure to meet the first lady of our land at one of her charming afternoon receptions for which engraved invitations are issued. To non-residents of the capital it is a good opportunity to see the private apartments in the White House. After passing through a door of the handsome stained glass screen which separates the main entrance from the private corridor one is ushered into the beautiful Blue Room to await their turn to be called into the Red Room where Mrs. McKinley receives her guests. There are often a great number seated in this room awaiting to be presented. This arrangement has been made for Mrs. McKinley's comfort, as she prefers to have a limited number in the room while receiving.

"The Blue Room into which guests are first shown is one of the most attractive in the White House; owing to the color of the furnishings, blue and gold, the effect is very delicate. The clock on the mantel is of historic interest, as it was a present from Napoleon I to Lafayette, who presented it to this country. It was in this lovely oval-shaped room that President Cleveland was married.

"A visitor is still much interested in the surroundings when the 'master of ceremonies' or 'usher,' as he is called at the White House

takes your cards and, preceding you, announces your name to Mrs. McKinley, who always receives seated; she has an appropriate remark for all her callers, and in conversation she becomes quite animated. Her delicate beauty is fascinating; in manner she is very gracious and charming. On all occasions she is exquisitely gowned and especially when she is entertaining. Her fondness for jewels, flowers and children is well known, and in case a child is among the number at her receptions it is sure to receive especial attention and many caresses. Her hair, although short and curly, is always so becomingly arranged that it cannot possibly detract from her appearance. During the day her hair is usually parted and she wears handsome sidecombs and for an evening reception her hair is beautifully dressed and adorned with tips and jewels.

Her Young Relatives Assist.

"At her afternoon receptions some of her young relatives assist in entertaining. On this particular afternoon little Dorothy Morse from California was much admired, owing to her cunning baby ways; she quickly showed her fancy for another little girl by giving her a bunch of roses from the flowers on the table; this little child is a great favorite with the President and his wife, and with her mother spent a month at the White House. She participated in the 'egg rolling' at the 'White Lot' on Easter Monday, and her appearance was hailed with delight by the other children.

"Usually the President and his wife may be seen driving together on a fine Sunday afternoon. One afternoon a group of little boys was sitting along the curb as their carriage passed. One of them recognized the occupants and shouted: 'Boys, there goes Mrs. McKinley!' She bowed and smiled to each of them, and the President did the same.

"The White House carriages, while very handsome, are not so elaborate as to attract especial attention among the many elegant turnouts in Washington.

"The young ladies of the Cabinet are often entertained by the President's wife with a box party. When Sousa's successful opera, 'Bride-Elect,' was first presented here at the handsome Lafayette Square Theater, she had in her box Mrs. Morse, of San Francisco; Mrs. Foraker and one of her charming nieces. On that occasion she wore a handsome white silk en traine with tiny theater bonnet. During most of the evening her handsome opera cape rested on her shoulders.

"Those who have not recently seen Mrs. McKinley imagine her much more of an invalid than is now true. With such a responsible position more strength came to her command to enable her to fill her

many social obligations so capably. In walking she uses a cane to slightly assist her, but when accompanied by a gentleman she merely rests lightly on his arm.

"At an evening reception at the Executive Mansion after all the guests have been presented, the receiving party form in line and pass through the great East Room and corridor to their private apartments upstairs, while the Marine Band in the conservatory plays an inspiring march. It is probably at this time that we realize most deeply what a charming woman is the present mistress of the White House as in passing she bows to her admiring guests."

The President Believed in Insurance.

President McKinley was a firm believer in life insurance, having carried policies ever since his young manhood. He was known to have had at least $75,000 at the time of his death. His largest policy was one for $50,000 and was written in 1896. The agent was an old acquaintance of Mr. McKinley's, and took the matter up with him in October of the campaign year, a few weeks before the election. Major McKinley said he was carrying about $25,000 and knew he ought to have more, but did not want to take more than he could carry if the election should go wrong. He finally fixed upon a $50,000 ordinary life policy, the annual premium being $2,795.

After his election, his financial affairs being easier, he changed this to a fifteen-year endowment, maturing in 1911, when he would have been 68 years old. The annual premium on this policy was $4,125, so that the President had paid $16,500 on it. Another premium would have been due the month following his death. The policy will pay $50,000 with dividends added.

President McKinley took out a tontine policy when he was first in Congress and matured it at the end of ten years. He then took another policy for a small amount.

In addition to this Mr. McKinley had a $5,000 policy, taken out in 1873 through Joseph S. Saxton, a relative of his wife. About fifteen years later he took out another policy for the same amount in the same company. He also carried a $5,000 policy taken out over twenty years ago.

A number of attempts were made to write the President after his election, but he declined all overtures, fearing that an advertisement would be made of it.

Protecting the Persons of Presidents.

In discussing the assassination of President McKinley, Congressman George A. Pearre of Maryland said:

"I will offer a bill in the next Congress of the United States amending the constitution so as to make an unsuccessful attempt upon the life of a President of the Nation treason and the penalty death. The man who strikes at the Nation's head is a public enemy, and should be treated as such.

"If the hope and prayer of the Nation is fulfilled and President McKinley lives, the question of adequate punishment of the villain who attempted his life arises. The would-be assassin only can be prosecuted for assault with intent to murder, with a penalty of about ten years in the penitentiary."

Major Richard Sylvester, as President of the National Association of the Chiefs of Police of the United States and Canada, took a decisive step just after President McKinley's death looking to the adoption of a uniform policy throughout the world in dealing with anarchists, by addressing a letter to the Board of Directors of the Association and requesting their co-operation in bringing the various heads of the police departments of the world together in convention. The communication reads as follows:

"The National Association of Chiefs of Police of the United States and Canada, at the last annual meeting, adopted a resolution inviting the heads of foreign police departments to participate in our annual discussions. The distressing calamity which this country has recently experienced, through the assault by an unknown assassin, confirms the belief that the import of the resolution should be impressed on foreign officials, with a view of having such of their number present at our next annual meeting as may be able to attend; this with the hope that a closer relationship may be established officially and personally, and that there may be an interchange of opinion as to the best methods to be pursued to eliminate from society such organizations and persons as may be evilly disposed toward institutions of government and those charged with their conduct.

From a Police Standpoint.

"This is a most vital question, and if the laws are inadequate to crush such organizations and punish such characters, there should be recommendations from a police standpoint which would forever prevent the like in this country and aid the authorities abroad.

"I trust the members will give this matter close and careful consid-

eration, and offer such suggestions as may aid in accomplishing the desired end, and that the Secretary will be authorized to adopt such measures as will bring about a thorough understanding with our foreign friends, and to secure their presence and co-operation.

"In the meantime, there should be active efforts made looking to the eradication of these evils and information gathered and disseminated through the National Bureau of Criminal Identification with a view of accomplishing such result."

This proposition will be acted upon by the directors individually by mail. If the Board of Directors vote to adopt their executive's views the secretary of the Association will be authorized to address a letter to the officials having charge of the police affairs of the European nations requesting their attendance at the convention next year, when it is expected some definite steps will be taken to effectually stamp out or destroy the danger arising from anarchistic plots."

Laws Must Be Changed.

Colonel Myron T. Herrick, one of the martyr President's most intimate friends, in referring to the assassin and the anarchists, said:

"In view of the general feeling aroused among the people of the country against anarchists as a result of the shooting of President McKinley it seems to me that the time is most opportune to demand a change in the laws so that any attempt on the life of the Chief Executive may be punished by death. There is a strong sentiment in favor of Congress taking action during the coming session in reference to the matter.

"Once in four years the people of this country elect a President, and he immediately becomes a target for every cheap crank looking for notoriety in the country.

"In my opinion, every anarchist in the United States should be hunted down like a mad dog and confined just as are lunatics or other dangerous persons."

Threatening Letters to the Presidents.

For years previous to the murder of President McKinley threatening letters had been coming at the White House under all administrations, the number varying with the state of public feeling and the issues before the country. It was said that fewer had come within the last year of President McKinley's life than ever before, so great had been the affection of the people for him. All these letters were promptly sent to the Secret Service Bureau where they were formally investigated. The records do not show that there was much in them, although the

old files were run over to see if any evidence could be found among them of a plot.

These letters were written in red ink oftentimes; they were always fiery in their denunciation, and they warned the President that unless he changed his course in some particular the writer would come on to Washington to make an end of him. During the panicky years of the second Cleveland administration these letters were numerous and were usually based upon Mr. Cleveland's opposition to free silver and his alleged subserviency to the bondholders of Wall Street and of London.

Initial System Ridiculed.

The universal demand, after President McKinley's death, that the President of the United States should hereafter be better protected against such murderous attacks as that upon President McKinley at Buffalo recalls the ridicule which was cast in certain quarters upon the attempts made during the last administration of President Cleveland to guard against such a contingency. Coxey's army, growing out of the panic of 1893, aroused extreme consternation in Washington.

The accounts of its size and desperate purposes were greatly exaggerated so that private householders in Washington took measures of precaution. This alarm affected not only the banks and every Government department, but the officers of the Executive Mansion. The Treasury rooms, which formerly had been thrown open to the public, were closed and extra guards were employed.

At the Executive Mansion a double force of guards was employed, it is said, without the knowledge or approval of the President. When the cold weather came, in sympathy for those who had to stay our during the night hours, a small frame structure was erected similar to that occupied by flagmen at railway crossings. This was inconspicuously placed under the trees on the White House grounds.

The Alarm Over Coxey Groundless.

The critical public eagerly seized this evidence of the growing alarm of the White House occupants and named the modest wooden structure Fort Thurber, after Henry T. Thurber of Detroit, the President's private secretary, who had assumed all the responsibility for these extra precautions, always alleging that the President knew nothing of them. Whether this was out of loyalty to his chief or was actually true can never be known, except that it is certain that few things took place about the Executive Mansion in those days of which Mr. Cleveland was not cognizant.

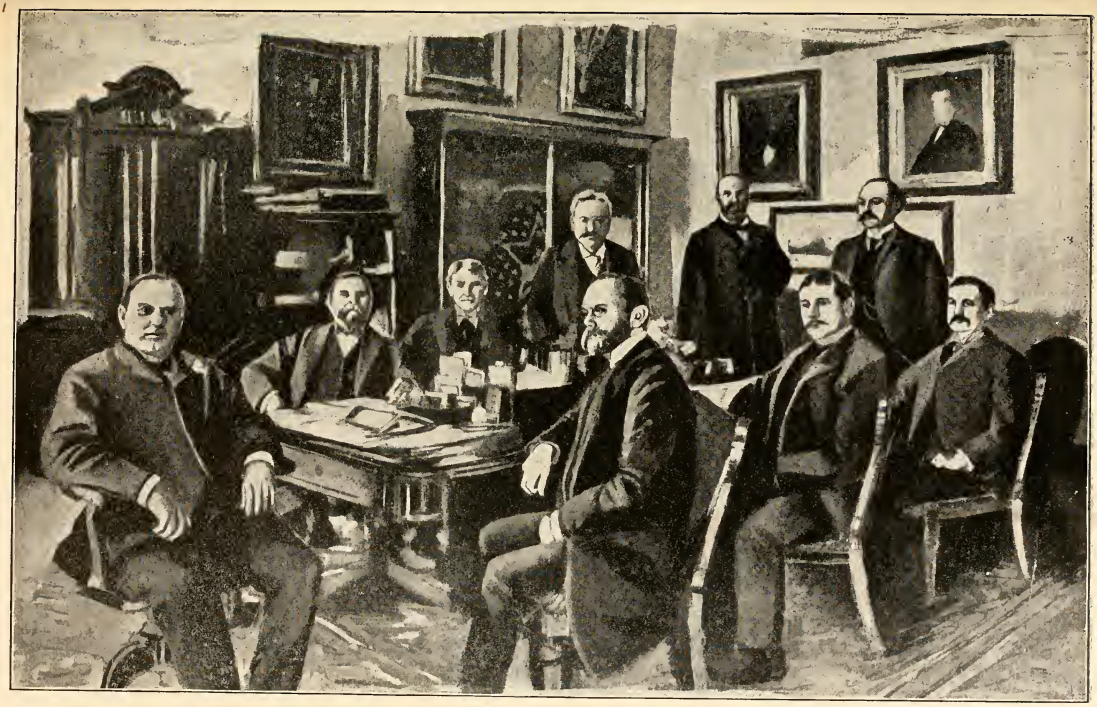
The Coxey army turned out to be unworthy of alarm, resembling a collection of tramps more than anything else. It encamped a few miles out of the Capital city, where supplies were obtained from neighboring farmers and by contributions from some of the socialistic elements of that city. Many persons feared that a would-be assassin might be in the Coxey army, but such did not turn out to be the case.

In fact, the secret service had come to recognize in crimes of this sort a great distinction between the self-announced enemy of society, who writes threatening letters, and the quiet wretch who makes few confidants but shoots to kill.

Guards Followed President Cleveland.

For a time two men in a buggy rode after President Cleveland's carriage wherever it went, but this was so distasteful to him and its purpose was so obvious that it was either taken off or its occupants instructed in making their presence less conspicuous. When President Cleveland occupied his summer home on the Woodley Lane, in the suburbs of Washington, a secret service man in plain clothing always took up his abode there. He was seen about the yard leisurely talking with the nurse girls or playing with the children.

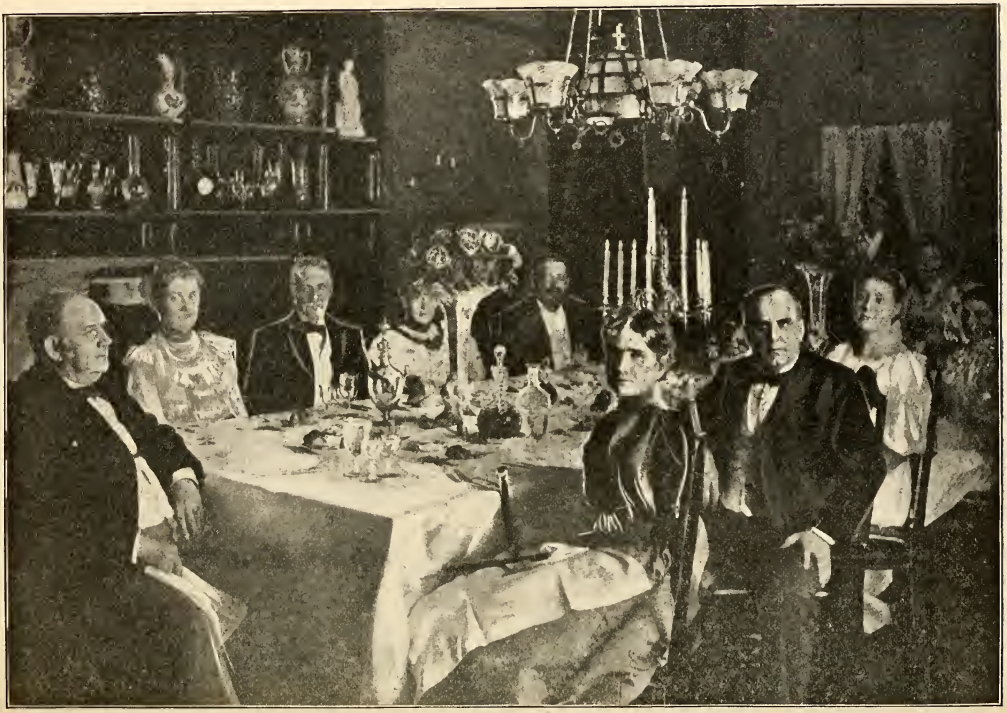
From his manner many persons believed he was paying court to one of Mrs. Cleveland's maids, although forenoon visits for that purpose would have been quite unconventional. In the same way at Buzzard's Bay, on the Massachusetts coast, the secret service man made his way. And the system then established has practically been maintained ever since. It was relaxed somewhat during the McKinley administration on account of the President's confidence in the good will of the American people.



President McKinley's Latest Cabinet

LYMAN J. GAGE, Secretary of the Treasury. JOHN HAY, Secretary of State. JAMES WILSON, Secretary of Agriculture. JOHN D. LONG, Secretary of the Navy.
P. C. KNOX, Attorney General. ETHAN A. HITCHCOCK, Secretary of the Interior. ELIHU ROOT Secretary of War. CHARLES EMORY SMITH, Postmaster General.

Each official in this group has been asked by President Roosevelt to remain in office.



A Dinner Party at Senator Hanna's Home

President and Mrs. McKinley, General Russell A. Alger, Director of Census Merriam and wife and Senator Hanna are the notable persons at the table.

CHAPTER XVI.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S TENDER AND GRACEFUL TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY—THE HEIR TO ENGLAND'S THRONE SAYS WORDS OF PRAISE—OTHER EXPRESSIONS OF ADMIRATION FOR THE CHARACTER OF THE DEAD CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

One of the most pathetic and tender tributes to the martyr President was that offered by William J. Bryan, twice defeated by President McKinley for the Chief Magistracy of the Nation.

"'God's will, not ours, be done.' These were the last words of President McKinley as he bade farewell to the loving companion of his life, to whom his kindness and devotion have been so constant and conspicuous. It was with this beautiful spirit of resignation that he turned from the realities of earth to explore the mysteries of the world beyond.

"The struggle was over—the struggle of a week during which hope and fear alternately gained the mastery. The book of life is closed and his achievements are a part of history. After he became conscious that the end was drawing near, but before the shadows quite obscured the light, he was heard to murmur some of the words of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' This sacred hymn contains several lines inspired by Jacob's night at Bethel:

"'Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone.'

"Thus do the lines immortalize the pillow which to Jacob must have seemed hard indeed—the pillow which, when morning came, the patriarch would not have exchanged for the softest one on which a weary head was ever laid.

"It is still true that one's sorest afflictions and most bitter experiences are sometimes stepping stones to higher rewards.

"The terrible deed at Buffalo, rudely breaking the ties of family and friendship and horrifying every patriotic citizen, crowns a most extraordinary life with a halo that cannot but exalt its victim's place in history, while his bravery during the trying ordeal, his forgiving spirit

and his fortitude in the final hours give glimpses of his inner life which nothing less tragic could have revealed.

"But, inexpressibly sad as is the death of McKinley, the illustrious citizen, it is the damnable murder of McKinley, the President, that melts seventy-five million hearts into one and brings a hush to the farm, the factory and the forum.

"Death is the inevitable incident of every human career. It despises the sword and shield of the warrior, and laughs at the precautions suggested by science; wealth cannot build walls high enough or thick enough to shut it out, and no house is humble enough to escape its visitation. Even love, the most potent force known to man—love, the characteristic which links the human to the divine—even love is powerless in its presence. Its contingency is recognized in the marriage vow—'until death us do part'—and is written upon friendship's signet ring. But the death, even when produced by natural causes, of a public servant charged with the tremendous responsibilities which press upon a President, shocks the entire country and is infinitely multiplied when the circumstances attending it constitute an attack upon the government itself. No one can estimate the far-reaching effect of such an act as that which now casts a gloom over our land. It shames America in the eyes of the world; it impairs her moral prestige and gives the enemies of free government a chance to mock at her. And it excites an indignation which, while righteous in itself, may lead to acts which will partake of the spirit of lawlessness.

"As the President's death overwhelms all in a common sorrow, so it imposes a common responsibility—namely, to so avenge the wrong done to the President, his family and the country as to make the Executive's life secure without bringing insecurity to freedom of speech or freedom of the press.

"One of the many striking and touching incidents occuring at Buffalo was the meeting between the President and Mrs. McKinley for the first time after the assault. The dispatches report that Mrs. McKinley took a seat at the bedside and held the President's hand. The distinguished sufferer looked into the face of his good wife and said in a low tone: 'We must bear up; it will be better for us both.' With tears streaming down her cheeks Mrs. McKinley nodded assent.

"There is a depth of pathos in this little incident that must appeal forcefully to those who appreciate the strength of the ties that bind a good husband to a good wife.

"There may be some people who have no idea of the thoughts that were passing through the minds of this couple at that moment. There

are, however, many others who can imagine what these thoughts were. There, on the bed of pain, lay the strong, powerful man. By his side sat the frail woman, whose physical weakness has been for many years the subject of this husband's tender solicitude. In an humble way they began life together. Two little graves had for them a common interest. In prosperity and in adversity they had stood together, participating equally in the joys and sharing equally in the sorrows of life. The wife had shared in the great honors that had come to her husband, and now, when the very summit of political ambition had been reached and political honors had become so common that the conveniences of a quiet, domestic life were longed for by the woman, in order, as she often expressed it, that she might have her husband to herself, the bullet of an assassin had done the work that threatened to blast the highest ambition of this woman's life.

" 'We must bear up,' said the President, 'it will be better for us both.' It matters not to what extent other men and women may have grieved; it matters not how many tears other men and women may have shed and how much other hearts may have ached. All of this grief and woe could not have been so acute as was the grief and woe which this man and woman suppressed in compliance with the suggestion. 'It will be better for us both.' "

HE SHOWED PATRIOTISM AND SINCERITY.

Hope, Ark., September 14th.—Two days ago all classes of people, without regard to party, were rejoicing over the assurance that the President would live. Now sorrow fills all hearts, all differences are forgotten in the recollection of his private virtues and his splendid personal qualities, which won the admiration of all men. His tenacious adhesion to the principles of government in which he believed showed the honesty of his convictions and the patriotism of his purposes. While I dissented strongly from the policy of his administration on important questions, I never doubted that he meant all for the best interests of the country. Peace to his ashes!

JAMES K. JONES,
United States Senator.

THE WEST HAD COME TO LOVE HIS MANLINESS.

Denver, Col., September 14th.—President McKinley, by his noble, courageous, self-sacrificing life endeared himself to all. We have lost a ruler whose gentle character and lovable disposition have long been proverbial among all classes of the nation. He had shown in his intercourse with the people and his devotion to his invalid wife the heart and

mind of a man fully endowed with a Christian and charitable spirit. His trip to the West gave a better opportunity for knowing and appreciating the sterling qualities of the man and impressed upon the hearts of Western people the fairness, nobleness and gentleness of his great nature.

JAMES B. ORMAN, Governor of Colorado.

OPPONENTS LOVED HIS NOBLE CHARACTER.

Jefferson City, Mo., September 14th.—At this time it is not practicable for me to give a just estimate of the character of President McKinley. My personal relations with him for twenty years have been so cordial that I feel his loss most keenly. Differing with him upon many public questions, I have never failed to recognize his honesty, patriotism and marked ability.

His private life was pure and stainless. The devotion to his invalid wife was so constant that it won the esteem of all. This beautiful trait was the occasion of much favorable comment at Washington, long before his name was mentioned in connection with the Presidency.

A. M. DOCKERY, Ex-Governor of Missouri.

MEMORY OF HIS SERVICES WILL LIVE LONG.

Evanston, Wyo., September 14th.—That the life of President McKinley should have been sought is a thing that passes understanding. Of the highest ideals, of exceptional purity of personal life, his public services were so exclusively devoted to the welfare of his countrymen, especially of the American workingmen, it is incredible that he should be stricken in the hour of his supreme usefulness. It will be long before the Nation sees his like again, but the benefits of his life and public services will remain. Immediate action should be had by Congress, specially called for that purpose, to minimize the possibility of future like tragedies. CLARENCE D. CLARK, United States Senator.

WILL LIVE WITH WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Marion, Ky., September 14th.—The death of President McKinley removes from earth one of America's greatest statesmen. He will live in history along beside of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Grant. This country has produced many able men who have honored every avocation of life, but it is doubtful if she ever had one who excelled William McKinley in all the qualities which go to make up noble and useful manhood. I knew him intimately, and always found him kind and courteous.

He lived a pure, Christian life. His noble traits of character, his great wisdom and ability as a statesman will ever be appreciated by a grateful Nation. WILLIAM J. DEBOE, United States Senator.

LEFT NONE BUT HALLOWED MEMORIES.

Helena, Mont., September 14th.—The history will accord the late President a high niche in the gallery of statesmen. His message and public documents reflect a wide range of experience, affluence of learning and copiousness of thought. His broad, generous, hospitable nature invited confidence and suffered no official distance of age or station to intervene between himself and his countrymen, who profoundly respected him. He was as void of dogmatism and intolerance as he was of indolence and selfishness. He leaves in the hearts of all who knew him, and most with those who knew him best, profound regrets and dear, honored, hallowed memories. J. K. TOOLE, Governor of Montana.

ONE OF THE PUREST AND ABLEST.

Oxford, Miss., September 14th.—The assassination of President McKinley is the most serious and appalling act that has ever been committed. It is not only an actual calamity, but calls for a law that shall forever put down anarchists and exclude this class from our country. The President was one of the purest and ablest men our country has produced. He was a splendid type of the well-educated and loyal citizen of the United States, who possessed much influence in managing public sentiment and was a shining example of what push and energy and devotion to a single purpose can accomplish.

W. V. SULLIVAN, United States Senator.

PAIN UNIVERSALLY FELT.

Salt Lake, Utah, September 14th.—It was the will of the majority of the people last November that Mr. McKinley should be President another four years. Because he was President he was shot and the pain of that wound was universally felt. Personally no President has been more highly esteemed. It is a universal public bereavement.

G. L. RAWLINS, United States Senator.

A MODEL HUSBAND AND GREAT STATESMAN.

Carrollton, Miss., September 14th.—President McKinley's death is a shock to the civilized world. The manner of his taking off is an added horror. I was a member of Congress when he entered the House and soon knew him well. I never knew a more kindly natured and amiable gentleman. In domestic life he was a model son and husband, and made

two good women happy by his devotion. He was clear and pure in his living, a consistent Christian and honest business man and an honorable gentleman. His daring enterprise in public policies made him the leader of his party. The sense of loss and grief is general and profound.

H. D. MONEY, United States Senator.

ONE OF THE GREATEST AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

Portland, Ore., September 14th.—The cowardly assassination of President McKinley is a great calamity to the American people. McKinley was one of the greatest Presidents we ever had. His character was noble. History will write the record of his public career in glowing words. He was conservative, perhaps too much so, some who differed politically have said, but still, if that was true, it was no great fault. He stood at the helm of the Ship of State through trying times, and whether in war or peace he always maintained that dignified, consistent attitude that must demand the respect and love of the American people.

JOSEPH SIMON, United States Senator.

KENTUCKY IN MOURNING.

Big hearted and broad minded, President McKinley never showed any of that bitterness and prejudice usually engendered by sectional warfare or political contests, and to-day, in the South as well as in the North, in the West as well as in the East, the heart of every good American citizen is bowed deep in grief.

J. C. W. BECKHAM,
Governor of Kentucky.

HE WAS A TRUE FRIEND OF THE SOUTH.

Jackson, Miss., September 14th.—In the death of President McKinley the people of Mississippi feel that they are bereft of a true friend, a patriot, one who had at heart the best interests of the whole country.

His desire was to add to the prosperity and material advancement of the United States and a restoration of the good feeling and fellowship between the North and South.

Our people deplore his sad end. They invoke the blessings of Him who rules all Nations and all people upon the bereaved family and relatives.

JAMES T. HARRISON,
Acting Governor.

NO GRIEF SO PROFOUND.

The town (Cape May) is draped in mourning. I am speechless with sorrow that another American President must lie with Lincoln and Garfield in a martyr's grave.

McKinley's vision of the glory of America in the near future by

the completion of the public measures of his administration as outlined in his last public address at Buffalo nine days ago deepens the sorrow that will be universal because of his not being able to ever finish the great work in hand. I cannot think of any other event that could plunge the Nation in such grief or touch the liberty loving world so profoundly with regret as the sudden, uncalled-for sacrifice of our President.

JOHN WANAMAKER, Ex-Postmaster General.

THE SUPERIOR OF ALL MEN.

He himself must be his best interpreter. His acts, his utterances with their indescribable charm, have made him known to the American people. Through these they understand and appreciate him. In their hearts can be found the love and the gratitude which his unselfish, untiring and affectionate devotion to his country justly inspires. If I speak of him, it must be simply and without exaggeration.

In active life extending over a long period I have met many men of superior powers and manifold graces, but I had come to regard him in the combined qualities which make a man truly great as the superior of all the men I have ever known.

LYMAN J. GAGE, Secretary of the Treasury.

THE WHOLE WORLD HAS LOST ONE IT COULD ILLY SPARE.

Santa Fe, N. M., September 14th.—In the death of President McKinley the whole world has lost one it could illy spare. He was a great and noble example of manhood in its highest form, as a patriot, statesman, diplomat and Chief Executive of this Nation. He was equal to every situation and compelled respect and admiration at home and abroad. While in private life he was a model American citizen whose every action was an incentive to higher living and nobler thinking. His memory will be revered as that of Washington and Lincoln, and while we mourn we give thanks that he was spared to us so long.

MIGUEL A. OTERO, Governor of New Mexico.

THE SOUTH LOST A FRIEND AND THE COUNTRY A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

Baton Rouge, La., September 14th.—It is with profound sorrow that I have learned of the death of the President. The South has lost a friend and the country a great and good man. No President since the Civil War has done more to destroy the feeling resulting from that strife and unite the two sections in cordial friendship. He had great faith and confidence in the masses of the people and it is dreadful to contemplate that he should lose his life while exhibiting that confidence

by mingling with the people. His home life was beautiful and his devotion to his invalid wife won for him the affectionate regards of all good people. W. W. HEARD, Governor of Louisiana.

HIS MEMORY CLOSE TO HEART OF EVERY TRUE LOVER OF LIBERTY.

"All men must praise President McKinley for the great example he gave in his wholesome private life. The bitterest political opponent could find no vulnerable point to attack him in as far as he was considered as a member of a social body.

"Again, his example was most worthy in his public profession, at all times of his religious belief and in his intrusting the nation to the providence of God. His public profession is doubly valuable, when so many who pretend to be leaders utterly ignore the claims of God.

"Not exactly anarchy, as professed, prompted the assassin, but want of religious education. If we stamp out anarchy it will only be when men accept the teachings of Christ and learn that some must suffer severely and that suffering is the lot of man, and that the poor will always be the great majority, for Christ said that the poor would always be with the church. A religious poor will always be the strongest bulwark of the Republic.

"However sudden his death has been, it will only serve to bind the memory of President McKinley more closely to the heart of every lover of liberty.

"In the present moment of excitement we who love liberty should be careful that our love for the dead President does not tempt us to acts or expressions that, in themselves, injure or lessen the effects of constitutional form.

"No provocation on the part of disciples of anarchy will permit us to deprive them of any of their constitutional rights and privileges. It is sad to see, in these moments of excitement, that certain clergymen and public men go so far as to intimate that the people should take the law in their own hands, and not wait for the proper procedure in the line of punishment.

"Those in authority cannot be too insistent on the fact that all the government has within itself is the power of rectifying all injustices. We love McKinley less if we will express our love in the breaking of the slightest constitutional right, and we injure our country before the entire world if we give evidence that we desire to lose our good judgment in dealing with this awful crime.

"No wrong, however dastardly, will allow a government to connive at another wrong against the culprit. The motto of the American people

toward assassins should be that of the President: 'Let no one hurt him.'

"McKinley's name and memory will be forever enshrined in the heart of the nation on account of his quiet, manly and Christian demeanor in times of public distress, and especially in those last trying hours."

RT. REV. J. P. MULDOON, D. D.,
Auxiliary Bishop Archdiocese of Chicago.

FORMER PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S GRIEF.

Former President Cleveland expressed great sorrow when informed of Mr. McKinley's death.

"In the gloom surrounding this third Presidential murder within the memory of men not yet old, we can scarcely keep out of mind a feeling of stunning amazement that in free America, blessed with a government consecrated to popular welfare and content, the danger of assassination should ever encompass the faithful discharge of the highest official duty. It is hard at such a time as this to calmly and patiently await the unfolding of the purpose of God."

A BRIGHT EXAMPLE FOR AMERICAN YOUTH.

Warrensburg, Mo., September 14.—The death of President McKinley is a great loss to our country, and is sincerely mourned by all our people. He was in the fullest sense the true Christian gentleman; intensely American, devoted to our country, its institutions and people. In social and official life he was charmingly simple, unostentatious, cordial and attractive, creating a most pleasing and favorable impression. Few, if any, of our Presidents have been so popular personally and so fondly admired and loved as President McKinley. His life, habits, character and attainments are a bright example for the guidance of our American youth.

F. M. COCKRELL, United States Senator.

DID WHAT HE THOUGHT BEST FOR THE COUNTRY.

Madison, Neb., September 14th.—The death of the President is a heavy blow to the American people and to all who believe in enlightened and justified government. Although when it was known that he had been wounded by a bullet thoughtful men must have been convinced that the chances were against the President's being able to survive the shock, his death has nevertheless fallen heavily upon all, regardless of whether they agreed or disagreed with him in his political policies and beliefs. I knew and frequently met him in an official way, and I have no occasion to doubt that he sincerely desired the welfare of his country.

WILLIAM V. ALLEN, United States Senator.

Nevada Joins in Sorrow.

Nevada joins with the people of the United States in their deep sorrow for the loss of a great and good man, exalted in public life, unblemished in example before the world, actuated by unselfish sympathy for his fellow-man and, above all, reflecting the highest devotion and love in the sacred precincts of domestic and social life.

Reinhold Sadler, Governor of Nevada.

Sherman's Son Denounces Assassin.

Denunciation of the assassin of President McKinley and of the doctrines which advocate like deeds, coupled with a eulogy of the wounded President, was expressed in a lecture by the Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J., son of General W. T. Sherman, at the Holy Family Church, Chicago, following the assassination.

Father Sherman since his childhood had been an intimate friend of the McKinley family. He declared that President McKinley had at all times been his ideal of the broad-minded and patriotic citizen, soldier and statesman, while his domestic life had left its impress on every American home.

"The American people must arouse themselves and crush out of existence the principles and the men who have contributed to this, our national calamity," he said. "While 70,000,000 people are mourning these irresponsible, useless and inhuman brutes boast of their belief and pride in the principles that caused this fanatic to commit the deed.

"It is not the individual so much as the doctrines that should be remorselessly crushed out, and death is the fitting penalty for those who teach them or incite similar acts. Too much leniency has been shown the Chicago anarchists. When the great wave of anger following the Haymarket riot had died away they crept back to their former haunts, and the injudicious pardoning of the participants has once more made them bold and made the act of Czolgosz a possibility.

"Their boasts that they will hold secret meetings if their public ones are suppressed should be met, and the power of the law which they threaten be shown to them. Everything they advocate is unalterably opposed to the constitution of the United States.

"In the near future the matter probably will be given more serious consideration, and the Catholics of the United States will have something to say about the foul doctrines of these people and the punishment that should be meted out to them."

England's Heir Praises McKinley.

The Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall made a formal entry into the Dominion of Canada September 16th, at Quebec. They were escorted to the legislative Council Chamber and a formal address of welcome was read to them in the presence of a distinguished company.

A reference was made to President McKinley as follows in the welcoming address:

"May we be permitted to add that among the national emblems and decorations of all kinds which mark our welcome and brighten our streets in your honor your Royal Highness has no doubt observed that some of them are draped in mourning. These are the flags of the great, friendly nation on our border, with whom we are connected by so many ties of kinship and mutual interest, and in whose grief for the untimely death of their beloved and widely respected President we most sincerely join."

Duke Expresses Grief.

"In replying the Duke said:

"I take this, the first, opportunity to express in common with the whole civilized world my horror at the detestable crime which has plunged into mourning the great friendly nation on your border and has robbed the United States of the precious life of their Chief Magistrate in the midst of the fulfillment of the high and honorable duties of his proud position.

"The Duchess and I share with you to the fullest extent the feelings of sympathy which you have manifested toward a people with whom we are connected by ties of kinship and of national esteem, and our hearts go out to the widow and bereaved family of the late distinguished and beloved President."

Siam's Crown Prince Expresses Sorrow.

London, September 17th.—Ambassador Choate has received the following letter from Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, the youthful Crown Prince of Siam, who is being educated in England, it being dated from the Siamese Legation:

"Dear Mr. Choate: I only wish to write a line to express my deep sorrow for the sad event and to say how greatly I feel for the people of the United States, among whom I can count many good personal friends.

"I feel that I have not language enough to express my sorrow for the dastardly act which has robbed the United States of its illustrious President and the world of so good a man.

"I cannot tell you how much I deplore the act. I beg you to convey to the proper quarter my heartfelt sympathy and condolences. Accept yourself my special expressions of friendship. MAH, VAJIRAVUDH.

Mr. Choate made a warmly appreciative reply.

CHINESE PRAISE FOR THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

Pekin, September 16th.—Li Hung Chang sent through Minister Conger condolences to the American Government on the death of President McKinley. He refers to the new departure and extension of influence accomplished under McKinley's administration, and expresses gratitude for the good offices of the Government in the Chinese trouble. He says that his personal sorrow is keen.

A similar note has been received by Minister Conger from Prince Ching, Li Hung Chang's colleague, who memorialized the throne on the death of the President.

Memorial services will be held at the American Legation on Thursday, the day of the President's funeral.

CHAPTER XVII.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT A KNICKERBOCKER OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS—ONE OF A LONG AND DISTINGUISHED LINE OF PATRIOTS—FOREFATHERS CAME FROM THE NETHERLANDS—"TEDDY'S" ADVANCEMENT DUE TO HIS OWN ENERGY AND EFFORTS—RECORD IN POLITICS AND WAR.

Theodore Roosevelt, one of the most remarkable characters in the political history of the United States, is a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers. He was born in New York City on October 27, 1858. He comes from a family which has made a name in American annals for disinterested public spirit, vigorous endeavor, and general usefulness. He is the seventh in descent from Klaas Martensen van Roosevelt, who, with his wife, Jannetje Samuels-Thomas, emigrated from the Netherlands to New Amsterdam in 1649.

For two and one-half centuries the descendants of this burgher of old Manhattan have lived in and near New York City. Church records show that between 1652 and 1894 several Roosevelts were born on Manhattan Island. The name was properly spelled, however, in the Dutch marriage records published for the years 1682 and 1774.

Since 1700 the Roosevelt family has been prominent in the municipal history of New York City. Nicholas Roosevelt, a bolter, was an Alderman that year; John Roosevelt, a merchant, was an assistant Alderman from 1748 to 1767; Cornelius Roosevelt served as Alderman from 1759 to 1764, and in the Assembly in 1803. James Roosevelt held these offices in 1809 and from 1796 to 1797, respectively. From 1828 to 1843 James J. Roosevelt advanced from assistant Alderman through the Supreme Court bench and the General Assembly to Congress.

Isaac Roosevelt was a member of the New York Provincial Congress. Jacobus J. Roosevelt, great-grandfather of Theodore Roosevelt, was born in 1759, and gave his services without compensation during the War of Independence. A brother of this patriot, Nicholas Roosevelt, won fame as an inventor and was an associate of Robert H. Livingston, John Stevens and Robert Fulton in developing the steamboat and steam navigation.

The grandfather of Theodore Roosevelt, Cornelius Van Schaick Roosevelt, was born in 1794. He was a dealer in hardware and plate

glass and one of the founders of the Chemical Bank. One of his cousins, James Henry Roosevelt, was distinguished for his philanthropy, and left an estate of $1,000,000 to found the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City.

The following are the Roosevelts who held public office in New York City prior to the advent of the present bearer of the name:

Nicholas Roosevelt, Alderman..... 1700
John Roosevelt (merchant), assistant Alderman.....1748—1767
Cornelius Roosevelt, Alderman.....1759—1764
In the Assembly..... 1803
James Roosevelt, Alderman..... 1809
In the Assembly.....1796—1797
James J. Roosevelt, Assistant Alderman.....1828—1839
Supreme Court Justice.....1854—1860
In the Assembly.....1835—1840
In Congress .....1841—1843

In old-time records the Roosevelts are mentioned as sugar refiners, merchants, bankers, trustees of charitable institutions and public officials. The Roosevelts figured patriotically during the Revolutionary War. Nicholas Roosevelt was a First Lieutenant of the "Corsicans" of 1775. Another Roosevelt was officer of an up-country company.

One of the family served in the War of 1812. The family also furnished large sums of money to the newly formed Continental Government and patriotically accepted the Government's paper money at the value of coin.

Theodore Roosevelt, the father of the Vice-President, was born in 1831, and married Martha Bulloch. Theodore was the second of the four children resulting from this union. He was born in his father's house at 28 East Twentieth Street. His people originally lived on the Battery, but as the town changed gradually moved away from the business center. His grandfather once owned a fine residence at one of the corners of what is now Fourteenth Street and Broadway.

In blood Mr. Roosevelt is a quarter Hollandish and three-quarters Scotch, Irish and French-Huguenot. His mother was a Bonhill and had relatives of the name of Lukin and Craig. The Lamontaigne family is in his ancestry, and the Devoes of Georgia and South Carolina. His uncle, James D. Bulloch, built the noted privateer Alabama, and another of the Bullocks fired the last gun aboard her. But after all this is said of the ancestry chroniclers agree that Mr. Roosevelt owes a great deal to his father.

The elder Theodore Roosevelt was one of the leading men of his day,

in the metropolis—the days of the Civil War. He was a merchant, philanthropist and a lover of outdoor life. He more than any one else founded the present newsboys' lodging-house system. He devised and carried out the plan of the War Time Allotment Commission. He could drive a four-in-hand team better than any other New Yorker of his day. He died in 1878, idolized by the son, who was to take up the lines of the ambitious part of his life and carry them on.

Young Roosevelt was educated at home by private tutors for a time, and then entered Harvard, where he was graduated in 1880. Then he went to Europe.

In Europe he climbed the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn, and that made him a member of the Alpine Club of London. Then he took to the Rockies, but not before he was Second Lieutenant of the Eighth Regiment of the New York National Guards, and later a Captain in the same regiment.

In the West he was in the last big buffalo hunt (1883) at Pretty Buttes. He joined with the whites and the Sioux in the great killing. He hunted elk, sheep, deer, buffalo and antelope. He lived in a long log house which he helped to build himself. He kept books with him and wrote whenever the inclination prompted. He was without fear and without coarseness. He was neither the braggadocio nor the coward. But with all this kind of experience he managed to serve three terms in the Legislature of New York.

He was elected to the Assembly from the Murray Hill District. He won for himself the name of being a fearless champion of the rights of the people.

During these years he secured the abolition of fees in the office of the County Clerk, the setting aside of the joint power of the Board of Aldermen—of especial benefit to New York City. He was foremost in securing the passage of the Civil Service Reform Law in 1884 and in bringing about an investigation of the Police Department and the municipal government of New York City in the same year.

Prior to this the old Tweed charter had vested in the Aldermen the power of rejecting or accepting the Mayor's appointments. The Roosevelt bill took this power from the Aldermen. The Roosevelt investigation of the same year placed the County Clerk's office, which had been reaping $82,000 a year in fees, upon a salary, and various other reforms were effected.

It was at this time that Mr. Roosevelt became involved in a conflict with the party organization and defeated it. He did it so thoroughly that

his own delegates were sent to the County, State and National Conventions of 1884. That was the year James G. Blaine desired to be President. Mr. Roosevelt escaped the Blaine contagion and took the New York delegation away from that statesman.

He formed a combination between the Arthur and Edmunds men and defeated the Blaine following. He was sent to the Chicago convention with Andrew D. White, George William Curtis and a number of other famous men.

Mr. Roosevelt never left the Republican party, but he has always felt that upon a question of principle he was bound to act upon his own judgment. He has held that city politics should be divorced from those of the State and the Nation; that politics is not a grab game for spoils, but a dignified, honorable science to be unselfishly pursued; and yet he recognizes the fact that, in order to do good work in politics, one must work with his party, which is to say, with the organization. As a legislator, he was a sore spot to "machine" partisans or men of corrupt inclinations.

In 1886, though leading what was regarded as a "forlorn hope," he was nominated for Mayor of New York City, but was defeated by Abram S. Hewitt, the strongest man the Democrats could select. This brought him into the public eye of the Nation, and his political opponents then, as now, freely admitted that his life and public career had been irreproachably correct; that he is a splendid statesman, masterful, God-fearing, farsighted—the true American citizen.

He was appointed a member of the National Civil Service Commission in May, 1889, by President Harrison. He served until 1895, using every effort to apply the merit system justly to all executive departments. His work and zeal here showed the country the first practical application of these rules to civil government. He stood unflinchingly at all times for civil service reform, honestly applied.

He became President of the New York Board of Police Commissioners in 1895, and here his work brought him to the attention of the entire country. The investigation conducted by the State Assembly at his request had shown the corruption existing in the police circles of New York, and he at once set about to secure an uncompromising enforcement of the laws. He was criticised and slandered. but he persisted in his course.

He carried the day, and honest methods in the Police Department were instituted for the first time in years. He traveled beats at night to secure evidence on which he based his demands for changes. There were fewer crimes than ever before, and Sunday closing of saloons became

Theodore Roosevelt
President of the United States

a fact—all this through the courage and aggressiveness of Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1892 Mr. Roosevelt published his "History of the Naval War in 1812." This work showed how well equipped he was for the task of weighing documentary evidence, and it was this fact that Secretary Long of the Navy Department had in mind when Theodore Roosevelt was tendered the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

On May 6, 1898, he resigned this position and organized the "Rough Riders," for which his life in the Northwest had so splendidly fitted him. He had seen military service, too, in the New York National Guard in the '80s. He was made Lieutenant Colonel of the command, and on June 15 sailed to Cuba with General Shafter's army.

His deeds at San Juan, where his horse was shot under him, are too well known to be reviewed. On July 11th he was commissioned Colonel of his regiment.

Two months later he was nominated for Governor of New York and elected with a plurality of 18,000. As a State executive he carried his earnestness, courage and determination in his every act.

Theodore Roosevelt, like President McKinley, is a "home man." He has been twice married. His first wife was Alice Lee of Boston, who left a daughter. In 1886 he married Miss Edith Kermit Carow of New York, and they have five children, three boys and two girls.

At the Republican Convention in the spring of 1900 he was given the nomination of Vice-President by the Republican party. He declared for a long time that he did not want it, as the position would not give him an opportunity for the activity he wished. No other man could be found, however, who was satisfactory. He was nominated by a unanimous vote and accepted.

He worked strenuously during the campaign. He was the only one of the Republican ticket who made a tour. He spoke all over the country, in the East and West, and won.

Chronology of Theodore Roosevelt.

October 7, 1858—Born, New York City.

June, 1880—Graduated from Harvard University.

November, 1881—Elected State Assemblyman and served during the sessions of 1882, 1883 and 1884.

1886—Nominated for Mayor of New York City.

May, 1889—Appointed to the United States Civil Service Commission by President Harrison.

1895—President New York Police Commissioners.

1897—Appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy by President McKinley.

1898—Resigned from the Navy Department and organized the "Rough Riders." Commissioned Lieutenant Colonel.

July 1, 1898—Led the "Rough Riders" in the charge up San Juan Hill. Advanced to the rank of Colonel.

November, 1898—Elected Governor of New York.

June 21, 1900—Nominated for Vice-President of the United States.

November 6, 1900—Elected Vice-President of the United States.

March 4, 1901—Inaugurated Vice-President of the United States.

President McKinley's successor, at the time of his assuming the duties of the Presidency, figured in almost as many stories as Lincoln himself.

President Roosevelt in the Pulpit.

The new President appeared on the political stump times without number, but only once or twice, so far as recorded, did he appear in the pulpit. This was in Chicago early in 1901. Mr. Roosevelt was a personal friend of the Rev. Mr. Moerdyke of the Trinity Reformed Church, 440 South Marshfield Avenue.

"Come and preach to us some Sunday," wrote the preacher several months previous to Mr. Roosevelt. "I will fill your pulpit the next time I am in Chicago," was the reply. He arrived in Chicago on Saturday, and the next day, accompanied by Colonel J. H. Strong, he drove to Trinity to keep his promise. The Rev. Mr. Moerdyke was in the act of announcing a hymn when the then Vice-President and Colonel Strong entered the church. They took front seats. The reading of the hymn was postponed and the preacher stepped down from the pulpit to greet his guests. A minute later the minister returned to the pulpit and announced that his regular sermon on "Christian Statesmen" would be postponed and that Vice-President Roosevelt would preach.

"There is one thing I admire about Colonel Roosevelt more than all others," he continued; "he is a man of his word." The Vice-President did not preach doctrine, but he did deliver a lay sermon on "Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only," that was listened to with the closest attention. The afternoon of the same day he addressed the Gideons at the First Methodist Church, and was elected an honorary member of the association.

"Come to My Office To-Morrow."

While a Police Commissioner in New York City, Mr. Roosevelt did not depend on the reports of his subordinates to learn whether his orders were being obeyed and that the reforms he recommended were being carried out, but pursued the simple, effective method of personally visiting the patrolmen of the force on their beats at night.

On one of these trips he found two policemen drinking in a saloon. "Is this the way you do your duty?" he asked, quietly. Neither of the officers had seen the Commissioner before and they took him for some prying stranger.

"What's that to you?" replied one of the men. "Get out of here or we will throw you out."

Mr. Roosevelt did not get out. Nor did he lose his temper. He replied in the same quiet voice: "No, I will not go out. I am Police Commissioner Roosevelt, and I am looking for men like you who do not obey my orders. Come to my office tomorrow."

The men apologized, but it was of no use. They called at the Commissioner's office the next day and were reduced.

On another of these incognito tours he saw one policeman capture a dangerous burglar and another risk his life to save a family from a burning building. The Commissioner did what he could to help in both cases, and when the work was over he thanked the men personally for their bravery and invited them to call at his office. When they called they were again praised and thanked and notified that they had been promoted.

His Idea of an Honest Cowboy.

Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of honesty were well illustrated in the following story. It was during the time he conducted a cattle ranch in Wyoming. Riding about his ranch one day he noticed a maverick from a neighbor's ranch. A maverick is a beast which has not been branded. One of his cowboys began to tumble the maverick over, preparatory to branding it, when the following colloquy occurred:

Roosevelt—What are you doing?

Rustler—Oh, I am just rustling.

Roosevelt—Are you going to put my brand on that maverick?

Rustler—Yes.

Roosevelt—You go up to the ranchhouse and get your time tonight. I don't want to have anything to do with you. If you will steal for me you will steal from me.

Too Rigorous for the Politicians.

His methods as Police Commissioner, however, were entirely too rigorous to suit the politicians. He enlisted a regiment of enemies and his life was threatened. The sensational newspapers attacked him with bitter malice, a part even of his own board was against him, but he never wavered. He did his duty as he saw it, and refused to be influenced by any ulterior considerations.

When the leading papers and influential citizens entered their protests, the characteristic Roosevelt answer came: "I am placed here to enforce the law as I find it. I shall enforce it. If you don't like the law, repeal it."

Do the Best You Can.

Julian Ralph once asked Mr. Roosevelt: "What did you expect to be or dream of being when you were a boy?"

"I do not recollect that I dreamed at all or planned at all," he answered. "I simply obeyed the injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do that with all thy might,' so I took up what came along as it came. Since then I have gone on Lincoln's motto: 'Do the best; if not, then the best possible.'"

He Took That Young Man.

When Colonel Roosevelt set out to raise a regiment of rough riders he decided that he would make sure that every man enlisted possessed not only nerve but staying qualities as well. His experience with one young Westerner is a type of several. The young man was strong and husky enough, but there was a look in his face that the Colonel took to be one lacking a continuity of purpose. He told the would-be recruit that the ranks were practically full and that he could not enlist him. The next day the young man returned to repeat his request to be enlisted. Again he was turned down. This proceeding was repeated for a week, the Western youth never missing a day at the recruiting headquarters. The pertinacity of the boy finally interested the Colonel.

"What did you say your name was?" asked Roosevelt on the eighth visit.

"Henry Johnson."

"Where do you come from?"

"Iowa."

"You want to enlist as a rough rider?"

"I do."

"How did you get here?"

"I walked some of the distance, stole rides part of the way, and paid my fare as far as possible."

"Can you ride a horse?"

"Yes."

"And shoot?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are the kind of men we are looking for. I did not like your appearance at first, but any man who will show as much zeal trying to get into the army deserves to be enlisted."

His Opinion of True Americanism.

Mr. Roosevelt was once asked for an opinion on what he termed true Americanism. The reply, which he incorporated in one of his books, is as follows:

"I have no wish to excuse or hide our faults, for I hold that he is often the best American who strives hardest to correct American shortcomings Nevertheless, I am just as little disposed to give way to undue pessimism as to undue and arrogant optimism. In speaking of my own countrymen, there is one point upon which I wish to lay special stress; that is the necessity for a feeling of broad, radical, intense Americanism if good work is to be done in any direction. Above all, the one essential for success in every political movement which is to do lasting good is that our citizens should act as Americans; not as Americans with a prefix and qualification—not as Irish-Americans, German-Americans, native Americans—but as Americans pure and simple.

Took a Keen Interest in Young Men.

A young man himself, President Roosevelt took a keen interest in other young men and is always ready with words of advice or encouragement. This is what he once wrote to a New-Yorker:

"First and foremost, be American, heart and soul, and go in with any person, heedless of anything but that person's qualifications. For myself, I'd as quickly work beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendant of a patroon; it literally makes no difference to me so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest. One other thing I'd like to teach the young man of wealth: That he who has not got wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his first duty to his State. It is ignoble to try to heap money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine or unremunerative work."

Not Afraid to Shake Hands.

As Colonel Roosevelt was walking up Delaware Avenue in Buffalo one day just after President McKinley was shot, he passed an ancient negro raking leaves out of the grass between the sidewalk and the curb. The negro took off his hat and bowed low.

"Please, sir, Mr. Roosevelt," he said, "I'd like to shake hands with you, sir."

As he grasped the Vice-President's outstretched hand he added:

"Look out they don't get you, Mr. Vice-President."

"Thank you," said Colonel Roosevelt and started on.

Two men in overalls had stopped to watch his meeting with the negro, and as he turned to go on they stepped up to him, too, with their hands stretched out.

The Colonel shook hands with them both and thanked them for their greetings.

"Ain't you afraid when a fellow comes up to you in the street like this?" asked one of them.

"Not a bit of it, sir," replied Colonel Roosevelt, with all his usual energy of utterance, "and I hope the time will never come when an officer of this Government will be afraid to meet his fellow-citizens in the street. The people of this country, all the people, are the guardians of the men they have elected to public office. If anything, the lives of the officers of the Government are safer now than before that thing was done at the Exposition the other day. Tell me," he asked, with a smile which showed his confidence that he would get a negative answer, "did it ever occur to either of you that violence would do any of our people any good?"

Grew to be a Big Boy.

Mr. Roosevelt as a boy was quite frail and puny. He was well along in his teens before his family ceased to worry about him. Once in college, however, he took to athletic sports as closely as he did to his books and was soon a strong, healthy young man. His ranch life, after leaving college, still further developed him until he became as rugged and enduring as a man born and raised on the plains. Mr. Roosevelt was specially fond of boxing during his college days—the same as his boys were—and always kept in practice. During his term as Governor he also took instructions in wrestling. William Carlin, one of the best known athletes in New York and at one time a famous oarsman, was his teacher.

"He is a doughty little man," said Mr. Carlin one day after an hour in the gymnasium with the Governor, "and can give any man plenty of

exercise. The Governor likes the catch-as-catch-can game and is as quick as a flash in getting his holds, but he still clings to the favorite Western style of wrestling—cross buttocks—and it is a hold that he uses most dexterously."

Was a Fighter by Nature.

Roosevelt was by nature a fighter. He had all the stubborn tenacity that was inherited with his Dutch blood, coupled with almost a Celtic willingness to combat any one or anything, anyhow or anywhere he deemed proper and necessary. When he fought against two parties to push through the bills giving Controller Coler the right to pass upon prices paid by departments for goods purchased and supervision in the confession of judgments the leaders of his party came to him and said:

"Governor, you are building up a powerful rival to you for next fall."

"Maybe so," he replied, "but he is right and he's going to have those bills if I can get them through for him." And he got them through.

Few Must Give Way to Many.

Again, two of his best friends in the Legislature, Speaker Nixon and Leader Allds, came to him and begged him not to force through the canal bill.

"It is suicide to do it," they pleaded, "for it will lose votes for you among the farmers and in the districts that elected you. It is ungrateful and extremely bad politics."

Roosevelt appreciated their argument and did not say they were wrong in presenting it. He simply shook his head and said: "You are right, but this is a case where the few must give way for the benefit of the many. I realize that it seems unjust to the farmers to be taxed for improvements that will bring produce from the West to compete with them, but the whole State must be considered, and this is in line with commercial progress. It must go through." And it went through.

"Be Men, and I Want Your Advice."

While Roosevelt admired independence, he believed in organization, because he had the instincts of a soldier. But he was not a martinet, and had no faith in men who have not minds of their own. It was to Assemblymen Price and Morgan of Brooklyn, two young legislators to whom he took a great fancy, that he said at the beginning of a session of the New York Legislature: "If you choose to be cattle I must consult your driver. Be men, and I want your advice."

Exciting Experience in the West.

One of the most exciting of President Roosevelt's many experiences in the West was at Victor, Colo., in 1900, during the Presidential campaign. Roosevelt was making a trip through the West and stopped at Victor to make a speech. As he was walking from his train to the meeting hall an attempt was made by a band of toughs to strike him down. One man hit him on the breast with a piece of scantling six feet long from which an insulting Democratic banner had been torn. Another rough aimed a blow at the Colonel's head and was ridden down by a miner named Holley.

When the fighting was all over Roosevelt exclaimed enthusiastically: "This is bully, this is magnificent. Why, it's the best time I've had since I started. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

How He Shot the Lion.

One of Roosevelt's most thrilling lion hunts took place while he was stopping at the Keystone Ranch in Colorado in April, 1901. Roosevelt and his guide held at bay a large lion in a crevice on the precipitous side of a rock ledge which extended from the point of the crevice sheer down sixty feet. Roosevelt shot at the lion, but it was dusk and the beast disappeared under the rim of a perpendicular wall of rocks. A large rock stood loosely on the rim of the ledge, and the men saw that if it were possible to hang head-first over this rock he would see the lion and might be able to shoot at it.

"The question," said the guide afterwards, "which confronted us was, How is it to be done? Finally, Colonel Roosevelt stood still a minute, looked at me intently, and said: 'Goff, we must have that lion if he is there. I'll tell you what I'll do. I will take my gun and crawl over that rock; you hold me by the feet and allow me to slide down far enough to see him. If I can see him I will get him.' This plan was carried out and he killed the lion hanging head downward while I held him by his feet."

"Who Was Lincoln?"

President Roosevelt was succeeded on the National Civil Service Commission by John B. Harlow of St. Louis. Mr. Harlow has in his office many mementos of Mr. Roosevelt's regime, one of the most interesting of which is a defense of the civil service examinations by Roosevelt, given before one of the State committees.

Roosevelt was answering the assertion that the examinations were not

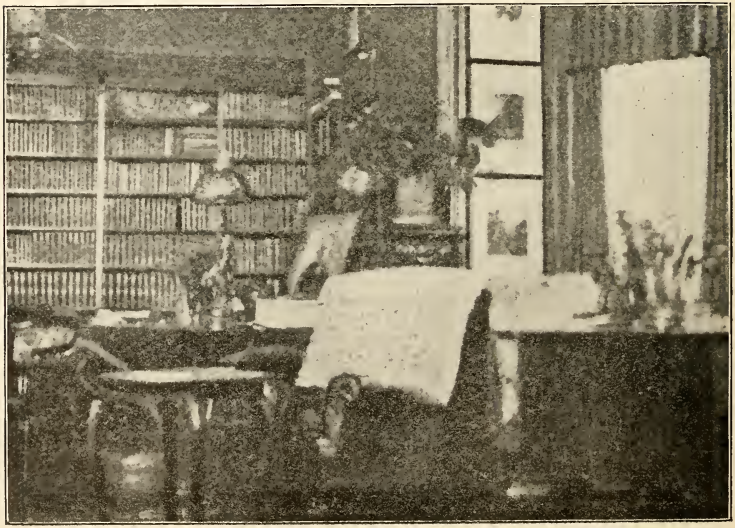
Mrs. Roosevelt

President Roosevelt's Children

Ethel Theodore Alice Quentin Kermit Archibald

The Home of President Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, L. I.

A Corner of the Library of President Roosevelt's Home



The Room in the Wilcox Residence where President Roosevelt Took the Oath of Office

fair tests of a man's knowledge and intellectual attainments. To the committee he said, with the directness and force which give him much of his fame, that the examinations did indicate the fund of information possessed by applicants, and he immediately cited examples of the answers made to the question, "Who was Lincoln?" in an examination conducted shortly before the time of the Senate committee's investigation.

In the answers it appears that Lincoln was a revolutionary General; he was assassinated by Thomas Jefferson and was the assassin of Aaron Burr; he commanded a regiment in the French and Indian wars; and was an arctic explorer in a period immediately after the Civil War. The defense of the examinations by Roosevelt is full of such specific examples, showing that he had an intimate acquaintance with the results of the work in his office.

Fitness for Special Lines of Work.

It was Roosevelt who first introduced the form of examinations now so generally used by the commission to discover the peculiar fitness or unfitness of applicants for special lines of work to which they are to be assigned. It came about in a series of examinations in which Texas and the Southwest were interested. It was proposed to place the mounted inspectors of the Government along the Rio Grande, in Texas, under the civil service rules. These inspectors are men of rare courage and must necessarily be skilled in handling cattle, familiar with the different kinds of cattle brands, and excellent horsemen. They have to deal with the cattle rustlers on the Mexican border.

When Roosevelt saw the questions which had been prepared for these men, bearing on history, rhetoric, and mathematics, he declared the proposed examinations would be farcical, and, calling to his aid his own familiarity with the cattle country and the plains, he drew up a set of questions for the inspectors. The only intellectual test was that which was made by requiring a man to answer the questions in his own words and handwriting. The questions were something of a shock to those who had been conducting the examinations in accordance with the old methods. One of the questions the men had to answer was this:

"State the experience, if any, you have had as a marksman with a rifle or a pistol; whether or not you have practiced shooting at a target with either weapon, or at game or other moving objects; and also whether you have practiced shooting on horseback. State the make of the rifle and revolver you ordinarily use."

Another of the questions read this way:

"State fully what experience you have had in horsemanship; whether or not you can ride unbroken horses; if not, whether you would be able, unassisted, to rope, bridle, saddle, mount, and ride an ordinary cow pony after it had been turned loose for six months; also whether you can ride an ordinary cow pony on the roundup, both in circle riding and in cutting-out work around the herd."

Another question which Mr. Roosevelt framed was as to technical knowledge of the different brands of cattle in the cattle country, and it would be unintelligible to any but a cattle man or Roosevelt. When he submitted the question to his colleagues he declared that, to be a successful Government inspector and shoot lawless Mexicans and prevent the "running" of cattle over the border, it was not necessary for a man to discuss the nebular hypothesis nor to have an intimate knowledge of the name and number of inhabitants of the capital of Zanzibar.

In all sincerity, he told his colleagues that he would like to make another requirement, and that was that each applicant be made to appear before those in charge of the examinations and lasso, throw, and tie a steer in twenty minutes, but as he himself did not have time to preside at such feature of the examination he had left that out. That was the beginning of the practical methods of examinations by the Civil Service Commission which have been followed up by Mr. Harlow and his colleagues on the commission until the scholastic element in the examinations has disappeared almost entirely, and they are now designed solely to establish the practical fitness that applicants have for the lines of work to which they are to be assigned.

President Roosevelt's Family.

President Roosevelt has (1901) a most interesting family. It consists of his wife and six children. The eldest of the Roosevelt children is Alice, aged 17, and the youngest is Quentin, aged 4. Between these are Theodore, Jr., aged 14; Kermit, aged 12; Ethel, aged 10, and Archibald, aged 7. Alice was the only child by Mr. Roosevelt's first wife, who died three years after her marriage.

Men elected to the Presidency of the United States are generally past the meridian of life, and, as a natural consequence, their children are grown up. This has, as a rule, confined the occupants of the White House to adults, except where there have been grandchildren. There have been exceptions, however.

The White House during President Lincoln's term of office was made cheerful by the presence of the President's youngest son, Tad. President

Johnson's children—two daughters—were both married by the time he became head of the nation, but his three grandchildren, children of Mrs. Daniel Stover, lived with him throughout his occupancy of the Executive Mansion.

During General Grant's term the only children in the family were those of General Fred Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, but they were only occasional visitors at the White House.

During President Hayes' term the Executive Mansion was quiet, for his children were all grown. President Garfield had a large family, and during his occupancy of the Executive Mansion it was ever bright with the faces of happy children. President Arthur was a widower and not until President Cleveland's second term of office were children's voices again heard in the White House.

"Baby" McKee, a grandson, made things lively during President Harrison's term, but the mansion was comparatively quiet during the five years Mr. and Mrs. McKinley occupied it. There were no little children in President McKinley's immediate family. The White House was not desolate during the McKinley occupancy, however, for the reason that some of the President's nieces were generally there.

With the entry of the Roosevelt family the old mansion was more cheerful than at any time since the Garfields lived there. The Roosevelt children comprised as bright and interesting a sextette as were to be found in any home in America. They were all strong and rugged and, like their father, full of activity.

The family life of President Roosevelt was, up to the time of his entering the White House, closed to the newspapers. The President himself appeared to be as radically opposed as his wife to anything in the least like a parade of his domestic virtues or the juvenile charms of his children for the admiration of the world that reads and looks at pictures. During his term as Governor of New York President Roosevelt put himself on record with an indignant and forcible protest against the indecency of a man with a camera who intruded upon the privacy of his home at Oyster Bay.

This reticence might not be exactly what one would expect of a man whose life and standards of conduct are generally accepted as being of the West Western; but President Roosevelt was only Western in affairs of broncos, lariats, and firearms; in his home he was always a Roosevelt, with the dignified and delicate domestic ethics of old Dutch New York.

"I could not tell you much about the Roosevelt children, however

much I might want to," said an intimate friend of the family recently, "because I see little of them, although I visit the home frequently. It's like this: Mr. Roosvelt always has something he wants to talk to you about, and he starts with it as soon as he catches you, and, while you are there he does not want to be bothered with the children. When he wants a romp with his children he does not want to be interrupted by his friends. That is the whole case in a nutshell."

Evidently the new President's children were being brought up under a commendably old-fashioned regime, in accordance with the old English rule that "children should be seen and not heard." Mrs. Roosevelt on several occasions plainly expressed her disapprobation of anything which would have a tendency to make her children think themselves of any importance to the public. That they profited by this sensible view of their position was evident to all who have come in contact with them, whether at Washington or at their country home on Long Island.

These children, of whom the public would have liked to hear so much, and of whom, for reasons which the public was bound to respect, there was so little to tell, were all born in New York. There was a significance about their given names, which were not chosen for them at a venture or culled out of the pages of popular novels. Theodore explains itself—the third Roosevelt of that name in direct succession, beginning with Theodore, the merchant and importer of glassware, father of the new President. Kermit one might suppose to be some ancient Dutch name, taken from the remote history of the Roosevelts; remote its origin may be, but it is Manx, not Dutch-Celtic, nor Teutonic—commemorating its bearer's descent from an ancestor in that quaint isle, and starting him in life with one presumably unique possession.

Of the rest, Archibald's first and second names both connect him with the Scottish ancestry, the Bulloch family, which settled in the Southern States and is still as well known in Dixie as it was in the days of the Confederacy, when one of its members fired the last gun on board Semmes' Alabama. The fiery Huguenot strain is duly honored in the baby, Quentin. Kermit received his name from the mother's side of the house, Mrs. Roosevelt having been born Edith Kermit Carow. Alice was named for her mother, the President's first wife, and Ethel for a relative.

It was often remarked that President Roosevelt lacked much of being a typical phlegmatic Dutchman, and if one looks a little into his family history there is found reason in plenty why the Dutch phlegm should have long ago been countervailed by the successive admixtures of Celtic fire from French, British and Irish sources.

Change in President Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt, who stepped from William McKinley's funeral train at Washington on the 16th of September, 1901, and followed the bier to the White House, was not the Roosevelt upon whom the people have been wont to feed so abundantly in the public prints.

It was not the reckless cowboy of the plains; it was not the dashing Rough Rider of the Spanish War, and it was not the mighty nimrod whose exploits with gun and knife were so well known.

It was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States and sorrow-stricken friend of him who lay dead.

Never was a man so metamorphosed, if outward indications count. Those who had seen and heard Colonel Roosevelt in those strenuous times in the not far distant past would scarcely have recognized this citizen in black who made his way unostentatiously up the station platform. He seemed to have changed to another man over night.

The alteration was so apparent that, as he stood awaiting the word to start for the carriage, persons who saw him when last he was in Washington remarked it. There was still that determination written on his brow that many have called "bulldog tenacity," but the suggestion of irresponsible aggressiveness that had ever been a Roosevelt characteristic was missing—happily so, many thought. In its place was a dignity of expression that well fitted the head of eighty millions of people.

There was not the slightest hint that he was not fully master of his feelings, but, for all that, it was plain to see that his grief was sincere and deep-seated.

A grave picture he made as he waited on the station platform. He was surrounded by the members of the Cabinet and other notables, but to none did he vouchsafe a word. He was clad in black from head to foot—high hat, turndown collar, a black tie, black cutaway coat, black trousers, and black shoes. His coat was buttoned tight across his breast. His hat he held in his hand.

President Stands with Bared Head.

As the procession started towards the street President Roosevelt took the arm of his brother-in-law, Captain Cowles of the Navy. The latter was in full dress uniform and his magnificent display of gold contrasted strikingly with the somber attire of his relative.

Arriving at the Sixth Street entrance of the station, President Roosevelt stepped back a few steps and halted, facing towards Pennsylvania Avenue. Secretary Hay was the next in line. There the Chief Magis-

trate stood like a sentry at his post, scarcely moving a muscle, while the bearers were bringing their burden to the hearse.

The wait was fully five minutes, yet President Roosevelt moved not. His right arm was held close to his breast, and his hat, which he held in his right hand, was tilted at an angle.

Just the moment before the bier appeared an incident occurred which gave a fleeting glimpse of old time Roosevelt. A photographer had taken his stand in a window immediately opposite the station. Of a sudden there was an explosion and a flash of flame from the window. The horses attached to the hearse and the carriages started, and the spectators, not knowing exactly what had happened, showed signs of excitement.

President Roosevelt's lips curled and then his lower one dropped, showing his teeth. He glanced up at the window from which the smoke was curling, spoke to the man at his right as if annoyed, and then spoke in a low tone to Secretary Hay. He did not entirely recover his equanimity until the hearse appeared.

As the bier passed him he bowed his head low. As soon as the casket had been placed in the hearse the President moved towards his carriage.

With the President and Secretary Hay were Captain Cowles and Secretary of the Treasury Gage. The President and the Secretary of State sat with their backs to the driver, Mr. Roosevelt being on Mr. Hay's right. Mr. Roosevelt sat well back in the carriage, which was a closed one, and only at intervals did any one in the crowds that lined the sidewalk catch a glimpse of him.

There was a fanfare of trumpets while the carriage awaited the order to start. It was the signal for the cavalry to escort the march. Mr. Roosevelt leaned forward in his seat at the front and closely scanned the lines of uniformed horses on either side of him. His eye ran over the array as if he were sizing up the quality of the horseflesh and the caliber of their riders.

The Trip Made in Silence.

For the most part the trip to the White House was made in silence by those in the President's carriage. Although Secretaries Hay and Gage were in plain view of the populace, the President sat back in his seat to avoid being recognized. Knowing his aversion to anything approaching a bodyguard, the men who had been detailed to look after his safety staid well in the rear of the carriage.

Nevertheless, no man could have reached the vehicle and fired a shot at the occupants. He would have been killed before he had got within

six feet of the President. There were nine detectives who watched the carriage. They were made up of secret service men and local officers, One of them walked nearer than five feet of the rear of the vehicle. George Foster, the secret service man who was with President McKinley when he was shot, was right behind the wheel.

He held his revolver in his right sleeve, the barrel resting in his hand. It required a practiced eye to see the weapon, but it was there. At least two other secret service men were equally prepared for an emergency, while Chief John E. Wilkie was in the carriage close behind the President's.

Remarks Signs of Mourning.

The first Government building the President's party passed was the Postoffice Department. Just across from it was a newspaper office, which was the most beautifully decorated structure in the city. From every one of its many windows hung the Stars and Stripes, with their border of mourning, while the front was draped in deepest black.

The President looked at these decorations, which were brought into relief by the many electric lights within the building, and nodded his head in satisfaction.

A moment later his eye rested on the Government building across the way. Not a sign of mourning for the dead chief of the nation was visible. The cold, gray, naked walls stood there in striking contrast to the munificence of display by a private corporation.

The President's brows knit, and he shook his head. He indicated the great, unsympathetic pile of stone to his companions, and they, too, shook their heads. The law, however, does not allow the draping of public buildings for an official, not even the President.

Between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets the crowd gathered there was more solemn if anything than at any other point along the route. So quiet was it that the sobbing of women could be heard almost to the middle of the broad avenue.

That was all until the White House was reached. There the President left his carriage and went into the East Room, where President McKinley's body was deposited. He waited there long enough to see this office performed.

He remained not more than ten minutes.

Outline of the New President's Policy.

Before leaving Buffalo for Washington President Roosevelt outlined in some detail the policy he proposed to follow during his incumbency of office. The President gathered together some personal friends in

Buffalo and those members of the Cabinet who were there and gave to them such ideas as he had already formulated for the conduct of public affairs and his own policy.

In no sense were the new President's ideas divergent from what had been understood as Mr. McKinley's policy. This policy, as outlined to his friends at the conference, was for a more liberal and extensive reciprocity in the purchase and sale of commodities, so that the overproduction of this country could be disposed of satisfactorily by fair and equitable arrangements with foreign countries; the abolition entirely of commercial war with other countries, and the adoption of reciprocity treaties.

Other plans suggested were:

The abolition of such tariffs on foreign goods as are no longer needed for revenue, if such abolition can be had without harm to home industries and labor.

Direct commercial lines should be established between the eastern coast of the United States and the ports in South America and the Pacific coast ports of Mexico, Central America and South America.

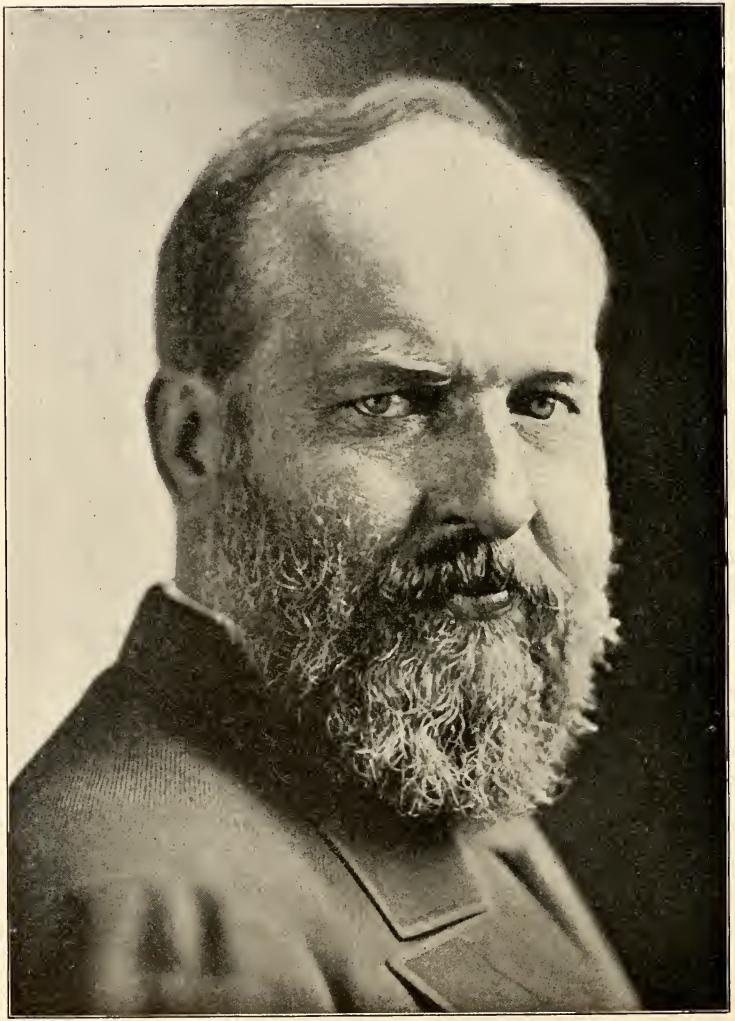
The encouraging of the merchant marine and the building of ships which shall carry the American flag and be owned and controlled by Americans and American capital.

The building and completion as soon as possible of the Isthmian Canal, to give direct water communication with the coasts of Central America, South America, and Mexico.

The construction of a cable, owned by the Government, connecting the mainland with foreign possessions, notably Hawaii and the Philippines.

The use of conciliatory methods of arbitration in all disputes with foreign nations to avoid armed strife.

The protection of the savings of the people in banks and in other forms of investments by the preservation of the commercial prosperity of the country, and the placing in positions of trust men of only the highest integrity.



James Abram Garfield
(From a photograph. Copyright by M. P. RICE)

BOOK II.

James Abram Garfield,

The Orator-Statesman.

CHRONOLOGY
OF
JAMES A. GARFIELD

Born Orange, Cuyahoga County, O., November 19, 1831.

On the tow-path of the canal, 1847.

Enters Williams College, 1854.

President of Hiram College, 1856.

Married to Lucretia Rudolph, 1858.

Elected State Senator, 1859.

Admitted to the bar, 1860.

Lieutenant-Colonel Forty-second Ohio Infantry, August 14, 1861.

Promoted to Colonel, November 26, 1861.

Commands Brigade in Big Sandy Campaign, 1862.

Made Brigadier-General, January 20, 1862.

Off to aid General Grant, April 6, 1862.

Chief of Staff to Rosecrans, January, 1863.

Fought at Chickamauga, 1863.

Takes seat in Congress, December, 1863.

Elected United States Senator, 1880.

Nominated for President, June 8, 1880.

Elected President, November 2, 1880.

Shot by Charles J. Guiteau, July 2, 1881.

Died at Elberon, N. J., September 19, 1881.

BOOK II.

James Abram Garfield,
The Orator-Statesman.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DETAILS OF THE CRUEL ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD—STRICKEN DOWN BY THE BULLET FIRED BY THE INSENSATE ASSASSIN GUITEAU IN THE PENNSYLVANIA DEPOT AT WASHINGTON—HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

President James A. Garfield was the second of the Chief Magistrates of the United States to fall under the bullet of the assassin, his murder being the direct result of the factional war raging within the Republican party. The latter was divided into two camps, "Stalwarts" and "Half-breeds," the former representing the Grant element and the latter those who were opposed to the nomination of the leader of the armies of the Union for the third time for the Presidency.

This opposition brought about the nomination and election of General Garfield, in spite of the protest of the latter. No sooner had General Garfield been settled in the Presidential chair than he was compelled to recognize the fact that he would have to combat United States Senator Roscoe Conkling, the champion of Grant at the Chicago convention, or submit to the dictates of that autocrat of New York politics.

The President had chosen for the chief of his Cabinet, for Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, Senator Conkling's life-long enemy, and as soon as the choice had been announced the senior Senator from New York virtually declared war. Senator Conkling desired to control all the New York appointments, the particular bone of contention being the selection of the chief officer at the port of New York.

Senator Conkling averred that the President had agreed to appoint a man satisfactory to him, and it was a blow to him when William H. Robertson was appointed and confirmed by the Senate. Robertson was peculiarly obnoxious to Conkling, being the man of all others the New York Senator did not wish to have the place.

Conkling attributed the selection of Robertson to the influence of Blaine, and was furious in consequence. He at once resigned from the Senate, his action being followed by his colleague, Thomas C. Platt, and appealed to the New York Assembly for re-election.

Then ensued the tragedy. The entire country was interested in the controversy, and when the resignations of Conkling and Platt were handed in the excitement attendant upon them was something unparalleled. But no one anticipated the tragic outcome, this being something apart from and outside of all human calculations.

Everything was forgotten in the struggle between the opposing powers. On the one hand was the National Administration; on the other was the kingly, autocratic Senator from the Empire State. Conkling had been predominant during the reigns of Grant and Hayes; why should he not be successful in the issue between himself and Garfield?

Nearly four months from the date of the accession of President Garfield had passed. What was transpiring in the minds of the people at large was a mystery. Then came the fatal 2d of July. Nothing could have been more unexpected than the assassination of the head of the Republic. The heavens might have fallen and the people of the United States would not have been more surprised.

President Garfield and Secretary of State Blaine drove from the Executive Mansion, about 9 o'clock in the morning of July 2d, to the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, where the President was to join other members of his Cabinet and proceed on a trip to New York and New England. As he was walking through the passenger rooms, arm in arm with Mr. Blaine, two pistol shots were fired in quick succession from behind, and the President sank to the floor, bleeding profusely. The assassin was instantly seized and proved to be Charles Jules Guiteau, a pettifogging lawyer of Chicago, who had been an unsuccessful applicant for office under the Government, and who had led a precarious existence in several of the large cities of the country.

The wounded President was conveyed to the office of the railroad on the second floor of the depot building. Several physicians were soon in attendance, and after an hour had elapsed it was decided to remove him to the Executive Mansion, where he was made as comfortable as possible. His mind remained perfectly clear all day, notwithstanding the desperate nature of his injuries, and when his wife, who had been summoned from Long Branch, arrived at his bedside, he was able to converse with and encourage her.

During the afternoon the physicians expressed little hope for the

President's recovery, but late in the evening their bulletins were more favorable.

Before leaving the depot the President manifested some anxiety about the effect of the intelligence of his wound upon Mrs. Garfield, and, turning to Colonel Rockwell, dictated to him the following dispatch to be sent to Mrs. Garfield at Long Branch:

"Mrs. Garfield, Elberon, N. J.

"The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt—how seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you.

"A. F. ROCKWELL."

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at police headquarters, showing conclusively his intention to kill the President:

July 2, 1891.

"To the White House:

"The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the Republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was a Christian and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I have no ill will toward the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian, and a politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists at No. 1420 New York Avenue, where the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail. CHARLES GUITEAU."

Mr. Andrews, to whom allusion is made in the foregoing letter, was the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. Upon learning of the shooting, and the allusion made to him in the prisoner's paper, Mr. Andrews repaired to police headquarters and made a sworn statement to the effect that he had never heard of nor met with Guiteau until he saw him under arrest. The prisoner's statement, addressed to Mr. Andrews, was retained by the police authorities. Among the papers was the following letter to General Sherman:

"To General Sherman:

"I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I

wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once.

"CHARLES GUITEAU."

The following address was upon the letter: "Please address at once to General Sherman or his first assistant in charge of the War Department."

The following announcement was made at 2 o'clock a. m., July 3d, by the President's physician: "The improvement in the President's condition, which began between 8 and 9 o'clock tonight, has steadily continued, and his respiration and temperature are now, at 2 o'clock, normal. His pulse has further fallen to 120."

The President continued to improve and rest comfortably. The feeling at the White House had now changed from despondency to buoyant hope. Dr. Bliss stated that, while the patient's condition was yet very critical, he entertained some hope that he might pull through. The chances, however, were still against him. He relied upon the President's strong constitution to assist him materially. The President maintained the same composure and self-possession that characterized him all day. His demeanor was something remarkable. He was by far the lightest-hearted person in the White House. To Mr. Bliss, upon being informed that he had one chance of life, and only one, he laughingly replied: "We will take that one chance, Doctor, and make good use of it." Mrs. Garfield behaved admirably. She displayed a strength of character wholly unexpected by everybody. She exercised a self-control that elicited the encomiums of all by whom she was surrounded. After her private interview with her husband, she summoned Dr. Bliss to her private apartment, and there had a conference of half an hour with him. At the very start, she told him that she wished to hear nothing but the truth respecting her husband's condition; that she was prepared for the worst, and knowing that the inevitable must occur, she, like the President, was prepared in a Christian spirit to submit to the will of God, and bear whatever might occur with all the fortitude and resignation at her command. Dr. Bliss then detailed the President's symptoms, and entered into a full history of the case from the moment the President came under his treatment, which was within ten minutes of the shooting. Mrs. Garfield listened calmly. There was not a tear in her eye. In speaking of her conduct during the interview, Dr. Bliss enthusiastically said:

"If there ever was a true heroine, Mrs. Garfield has proved herself one of the noblest, in romance or reality."

Secretary Blaine left the White House at a late hour, quite overcome after the terrible events of the day. He said if the nearest member of his family had been stricken down he could not have been more shocked. "I have known General Garfield for nineteen years. We have been as close and intimate in our social relations as any two men could have been. We drove down to the depot together. I never saw him more hilarious. Leaving all personal considerations out of the question, I believe that General Garfield's death at this juncture will be a public calamity. From what the doctors tell me, I now hope for the best."

Details of the Crime.

United States District Attorney Corkhill, of Washington, furnished the following statement for publication:

"The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination, and the many stories published, justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made:

"The assassin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington City on Sunday evening, March 6th, and stopped at the Ebbitt House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and has boarded and roomed at various places, the full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Meara's store, corner of Fifteenth and F Streets, in this city, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest caliber. He was shown two similar in caliber and only differing in the price. On Wednesday, June 8, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid ten dollars, having in the meantime borrowed fifteen dollars of a gentleman in this city on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening, about seven o'clock, he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth Street and practiced firing at a board, firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding-house and wiped the pistol dry and wrapped it in his coat and waited his opportunity.

"On Sunday morning, June 12, he was sitting in Lafayette Park and saw the President leave for the Christian Church, on Vermont Avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his hip pocket, and followed the President to church. He entered the church, but found that he could not kill him there without danger of killing

some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window and found he could reach it without any trouble, and that from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else.

"The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and the window, and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose, and he determined therefore to make the attempt at the church on the following Sunday. He learned from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, June 18, with Mrs. Garfield, for Long Branch. He therefore determined to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding-place about five o'clock on Saturday morning, June 18, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventeenth Street and fired five shots to practice his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot, and was in the ladies' waiting room with the pistol ready when the President's party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and as he knew he would have another opportunity he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail. On Wednesday evening the President and his son, and, I think, United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride.

"The assassin took his pistol and followed them, and watched them for some time in hopes the carriage would stop; but no opportunity was given. On Friday evening, July 1st, he was sitting on the seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to Fifteenth Street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street up Fifteenth Street until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine.

"He watched at the corner of Mr. Morton's late residence on the corner of Fifteenth and H Streets, for some time, and then, afraid he would attract attention, he went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together, and he followed them over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon.

"On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he breakfasted at the Riggs House about seven o'clock. He then walked up into the park and sat there for an hour. He then took a one-horse avenue car and rode to Sixth Street; got out and went into the depot and loitered around there; had his shoes blacked, engaged a hackman for two dollars to take him to the jail, went into the water closet and took his pistol out of his hip pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the

purpose of preventing the perspiration from the body dampening the powder; examined the pistol carefully, tried the trigger, and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting-room, and as soon as the President entered advanced behind him and fired two shots."

As soon as possible the wounded President was removed in an ambulance to the White House, where every attention was given him. On the way his expressions of pain and suffering were so evident that it was feared the spinal column had been injured, but investigation failed to prove the fact. That he was undergoing the most excruciating agony could not be concealed, but the surgeons in charge were ignorant as to the real state of affairs.

Weeks passed, but the condition of the President did not improve. Then it was decided to take him to the seashore, in hopes that the invigorating breezes of the ocean might afford some solace.

President Garfield was accordingly removed to Elberon, N. J., where, after undergoing unheard-of torture, he expired on the evening of the 19th of September, 1881. Immediately succeeding the announcement of his death Vice-President Arthur was sworn in and assumed the duties of the executive office.

President Garfield's Fatalism.

Those who were most familiar with General Garfield say that for many years he cherished the belief that he could not live to be older than his father was, and that he would die in some sudden and violent manner. His friends, with all their persuasion, were not able to make him dismiss this thought.

He would say, in answer to their claims that such a belief was foolish: "It seems to me as foolish as it does to you. I do not know why it haunts me. Indeed, it is a thing that is wholly involuntary on my part, and when I try the hardest not to think of it it haunts me most. It comes to me sometimes in the night, when all is quiet. I think of my father and how he died in the strength of his manhood and left my mother to care for a large family of children, and how I have always been without his assistance and advice, and then I feel it so strong upon me that the vision is in the form of a warning that I cannot treat lightly."

For many years he believed that he should some time fall between cars or be killed in some way while traveling. When he reached the age of his father at death, and passed that point safely, he seemed to forget the idea that had given him so much trouble. He was now 49, nearly five years older than his father when he died. It is said by those

who knew the General best that he was ever to a greater or less degree a believer in fatalism. He was a man who invariably had the strongest impressions, and it is believed that it was an impression that prevailed with him for many years that he would be President some time. He never sought the office and never intended to do so.

An intimate friend well remembered to have heard him discuss the very matter at dinner. He said:

"The American people are very much like one giant human being. The combined intellect generally acts like the intellect of a single man when it gets ready to act. When the giant wants any man whom he has chosen to work for him, he knows just how to let him know it. If a man offers his services, the giant very often rejects them.

"It is like a maiden asking a man to marry her. No woman is so handsome and witty and accomplished that she can afford to do this. Ten chances in the dozen, the man will say, if not to the woman herself, at least to himself, 'I was about to ask you, but I think you are just a little too willing; I believe I'd rather wait.'

"The American people like to discover a man. Then they can claim him as their own by an old and established usage. They will discover him sooner or later, if there is anything in him worth discovering. I have more confidence in the judgment of the united intellect of the American people than in anything else in the world. Great men and orators may move and modify it and knaves and charlatans may pervert it, but, sooner or later, the true conclusions will be reached, and right and justice will triumph."

CHAPTER XIX.

Garfield, Like Lincoln, Was Born in the Western Wilderness—Left an Orphan at an Early Age—Wonderful Self-Reliance of His Mother—Goes to Sea on a Canal Boat—Promoted to be Pilot—Ambitious and Energetic.

James Abram Garfield, like Lincoln, was a man of the common people. He sprung from them. Without aid from any source he worked his way onward and upward. Perhaps it may be said he had more of the advantages that are of use in the struggle of life than Lincoln, but that is not saying much.

Like Lincoln, he was born in the wilderness of the West. While yet a blue-eyed baby his father died and left his wife to face the world alone with her four children.

Baby Garfield was born in Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, November 19, 1831, and as soon as he was old enough to know what work meant he went to work. His mother was an energetic woman, who did not know what failure meant. After her husband's death she proceeded to direct the small farm, which was her only means of livelihood, and although it was heavily encumbered, she did not lose heart.

Putting aside the mistaken but kindly meant advice of friends, she said the house should not be broken up, the children should not be scattered. Advisers yielded to her will, and she had her way. She took up the mantle of head of the family, and with that brevet rank which widowhood never fails to confer upon deserving women, she made herself thoroughly respected by her sterling force of character and high resolve to dare and do for the weal of her children. Though small of stature, and 30 years of age, she had the ability and energy of a larger and older woman. The farm was to be kept up, the home continued as it had been since 1830, and "four saplings" cared for until they were ready to be transplanted. Then, and not till then, would she give up the farm.

This was a resolve that boded no harvest in its fruition. For there was nothing strikingly beautiful in the country where she dwelt, there

was nothing remarkably attractive. The soil was not noticeably excellent. There were a thousand farms that surpassed it, and she had nothing to work with but energy and willingness. She rose early and retired late. Her work never sought her, she sought it. The homestead assumed a more homelike appearance each year, as new comforts were added by the thrifty woman who managed it.

The young orchard which Abram Garfield, the father, had planted grew amazingly, and the trees fulfilled the promise of their planting. Cherries, apples and plums, and later currants, proved quite an addition to the frugal fare of the family, and the gathering of these was always a delight to the children. Often could young James be seen perched on the top of a tree, with a pail, picking cherries for his mother to preserve, or gathering apples for her to dry.

Outdoor life to the boy, who had already toddled through infancy and was now a rousing youngster of 8, presented many an attraction that some children never seem to perceive.

When 12 years of age young Garfield was well advanced in an educational way; he went to school, and when he was not at his desk his mother taught him.

Young Garfield's popularity with the citizens of Orange was great, and they often put themselves out to do a favor for the youth who was so firmly resolved to become a fully equipped man, and they gave him employment mornings, evenings and Saturdays. In this way he earned enough to clothe and maintain himself, and also help the family a little. The summer vacation afforded him more time to work and added largely to his earnings.

He was sober and steady, a giant in labor, and never seemed to even give himself time to rest. The savings of his busy vacations, earned with a jack-plane and hammer, made a full purse to the lad whose previous supplies of money had been more than meager.

From his earliest appreciable days, young Garfield had been fond of books. Before he could read he loved to listen to what others would tell him, treasuring every word his unpracticed memory could recall. When he was able to read, his appetite for it grew with every hour of his life. What he could obtain in the way of literature he devoured, not merely read, but re-read and re-read, until every word was more than a "twice-told tale." Books of adventure, tales of daring, lives of free-booters seemed to fascinate his mind the most. The air of wild freedom, the nonchalance and absence of care with which pirates lived, was a

great attraction to the boy's spirit, already equal in its boldness to the most daring freebooter the sea ever knew.

"The Pirate's Own Book" was a treasure-house of stories in which Garfield took an extreme, ever vivified delight. No matter how many times he pored over the book; no matter how often he absorbed its wild life and seemed to breathe the very atmosphere in which his heroes lived and moved, it was ever a well-spring of pleasure to him.

He shared in all the dangers of the pirates, he made the bivouac with them on the lonely beach among the shadows, he drank their coffee, he ate their biscuits and fruit, he stole with them on stealthy foot over the difficult paths to where the gold was buried from the last great prize, a Spanish treasure galleon, he boarded the stranger ship, he carried a torch that set her on fire with the best of them, and he joined with all a boy's ardor in the lusty cheer as the prize went down.

He lived their lives over again, he was every brave chief in turn, and he loved the salt waves with the most enthusiastic of them all.

Young Garfield's great ambition was to be a sailor, but his sea-going was confined to the canal. He applied to Captain Amos Letcher, of the canalboat "Evening Star," and was taken in.

Captain Letcher tells the following story as to how James A. Garfield, afterward President of the United States, came to be a sailor on a canal-boat:

"There was nothing prepossessing about him at that time, any more than he had a free, open countenance. He had no bad habits, was truthful, and a boy that every one would trust on becoming acquainted with him. He came to me in the summer of 1847, when I was Captain of the 'Evening Star,' and half owner—B. H. Fisher, now Judge Fisher of Wichita, Kansas, being my partner.

"Early one morning, while discharging a cargo, Jim Garfield tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Hello, Ame, what are you doing here?' 'You see what I'm doing. What are you doing here?' 'Hunting work.' 'What kind of work do you want?' 'Anything to make a living. I came here to ship on the lake, but they bluffed me off, and called me a country greenhorn.' 'You'd better try your hand on smaller waters first; you'd better get so you can drive a horse and tie a tow-line. I should like to have you work for me, but I've nothing better than a driver's berth, and suppose you would not like to work for twelve dollars a month?'

"'I have got to do something, and, if that is the best you can do, I will take the team.'

"'All right, I will give you a better position as soon as a vacancy occurs.' I called my other driver and said, 'Ikey, go and show Jim his team.' Just as they were going to start, Jim asked, 'Is it a good team?' 'As good as is on the canal.' 'What are their names?' 'Kit and Nance.'

"Soon after we were in the 'eleven-mile lock,' and I thought I'd sound Jim on education—in the rudiments of geography, arithmetic and grammar. For I was just green enough those days to imagine that I knew it all. I had been teaching school for three winters in the backwoods of Steuben County, Ind. So I asked him several questions, and he answered them all; and then he asked me several that I could not answer. I told him he had too good a head to be a common canal hand.

"As we were approaching the twenty-one locks of Akron, I sent my bowsman to make the first lock ready. Just as he got there the bowsman from a boat above made his appearance and said: 'Don't turn this lock; our boat is just round the bend, ready to enter.' My man objected and began turning the gate.

"By this time both boats were near the lock, and their headlights made it almost as bright as day. Every man from both boats was on hand ready for a field fight. I motioned my bowsman to come to me. Said I: 'Were we here first?' 'It's hard telling, but we'll have the lock anyhow.' 'All right, just as you say.'

"Jim Garfield tapped me on the shoulder and asked: 'Does that lock belong to us?' 'I suppose, according to law, it does not. But we will have it anyhow.' 'No, we will not.' 'Why?' said I. 'Why?' with a look of indignation I shall never forget, 'why, because it don't belong to us.' Said I: 'Boys, let them have it.'

"Next morning, one of the hands accused Jim of being a coward, because he would not fight for his rights. Said I: 'Boys, don't be hard on Jim. I was mad last night, but I have got over it. Jim may be a coward for aught I know, but if he is, he is the first one of the name that I ever knew that was.

"'His father was no coward. He helped dig this canal, and weighed over two hundred pounds, and could take a barrel of whisky by the chime and drink out of the bunghole and no man dared call him a coward. You'll alter your opinion about Jim before fall.'

"The next trip Jim was bowsman. Before we got to Beaver—we were bound for Pittsburg—the boys all liked him first-rate. Before we got back to Cleveland Jim had the ague. He left my boat at the eleven-mile lock and struck across country to his home."

President Garfield's Cabinet

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD,
Secretary of the Interior.

WAYNE MCVEAGH,
Attorney General.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN,
Secretary of War.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

WILLIAM WINDOM,
Secretary of the Treasury.

WILLIAM M. HUNT,
Secretary of the Navy.

THOMAS L. JAMES,
Postmaster General.

The Late President Garfield's Home at Mentor, O.

On this, his first trip, he had his first fight. He was holding his "setting pole" against his shoulder; Dave, a hand, was standing a short distance away, when the boat took a sudden lunge, the pole slipped from the young man's shoulder and flew with terrible force toward Dave. A loud call "Look out, Dave!" was not in time to warn him, and he was struck a painful blow in the ribs. Furiously enraged, he threatened to thrash the offender within an inch of his life, and with his head down, rushed like a mad bull at Garfield.

The latter took in the situation at a glance, and, stepping aside, he waited Dave's approach with quiet confidence. When he was close, he dealt him a terrible blow under the ear that felled him to the deck of the boat. In an instant he was upon him with his clenched fists raised to strike. "Pound him, —— him!" called out Captain Letcher, "—— if I interfere. A man who'll git mad at an accident orto be thrashed." Jim didn't strike. He saw his antagonist was helpless and he let him up. Dave and he arose, shook hands and were ever after fast friends.

This fight was, however, but preliminary to many others during his three months on the tow-path, as, the boys on the canal undertaking to bully him, it was constantly necessary to remind them that he wouldn't be bullied, which he always did most effectually by the virtue of his toughened muscles.

Such was his disposition, capacity and attention to duty that in the completion of the first round trip he had learned all there was to be learned on the tow-path. He was promptly promoted from driver to bowsman; he was accorded the proud privilege of steering the boat instead of steering the mules.

By actual count during his first trip in his new position he fell overboard fourteen times. This was serious. The malaria of the canal region would in all probability have taken hold of his system in due time anyhow, but these frequent baths greatly helped it. He could not swim a stroke, and aid to fish him out was not always forthcoming.

One dark and rainy midnight as the "Evening Star" was leaving one of those long reaches of slack water which abounded in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal the boy was called out of his berth to take his turn in tending the bow line. Bundling out of bed, his eyes only half opened, he took his place on the narrow platform below the bow deck and began uncoiling a rope to steady the boat through a lock it was approaching. Sleepily and slowly he unwound the coil till it knotted and caught in a narrow cleft in the edge of the deck.

He gave it a sudden pull, but it held fast, then another and a stronger pull, and it gave way, but sent him over the bow of the "Evening Star" into the water. Down he went into the dark night and still darker water and the "Evening Star" glided on to bury him among the fishes. No human help was near; God only could save him, and He only by a miracle. So the boy thought as he went down saying the prayer his mother had taught him. Instinctively clutching the rope, he sank below the surface, but then it tightened in his grasp and held firmly. Seizing it, hand over hand he drew himself upon the deck and was again a live boy among the living. Another kink had caught in another crevice and proved his salvation.

Was it the prayer or the love of his praying mother that saved him? The boy did not know, but long after the boat had passed the lock he stood there in his dripping clothes pondering the question.

Coiling the rope, he tried to throw it again into the crevice, but it had lost the knack of kinking. Many times he tried—six hundred it is said—and then set down and reflected: "I have thrown this rope six hundred times, I might throw it ten times as many without its catching. Ten times six hundred are six thousand, so there were six thousand chances against my life. Against such odds Providence alone could have saved it. Providence, therefore, thinks it worth saving, and if that's so I won't throw it away on a canal boat. I'll go home, get an education and become a man."

Straightway he acted on the resolution, and not long after stood before his mother's log cottage in the Cuyahoga wilderness. It was late at night. The stars were out, and the moon was down, but by the firelight that came through the window he saw his mother kneeling before an open book, which lay on a chair in the corner. She was reading, but her eyes were off the page looking up to the Invisible:

"Oh, turn unto me, and have mercy upon me! Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thy handmaid!"

Then she read what sounded like a prayer, but this is all the boy remembered, as he for the first time comprehended that his departure had crushed her.

He opened the door, put his arm about her neck, and laid his head upon her bosom. What words he said we do not know, but there, by her side, he gave back to God the life which He had given. So the mother's prayer was answered. So sprang up the seed which in toil and tears she had planted.

For a short time he remained at home, comforting his mother and endeavoring to reconcile her to his hopes of a sea-faring life. This he more than accomplished, and was just about to take his second departure when the malaria took hold of him and he was seized in the vise-like grip of fever and ague. For six months his strong frame was shaken. He lay upon the bed, the "ague-cake" in his side. Tenderly, indefatigably, his mother nursed him during his days of suffering, which her care and his iron constitution at last permitted him to overcome. He was still determined, however, to return to the canal, and thence to the lake and ocean. Mrs. Garfield well knew that any opposition would be useless, so she argued that he had better attend school, for a time at least, until he was able to resume severe labor, and thus fit himself to teach during the winter months, when he could not sail. He reluctantly consented to his mother's wishes. So came about a great change—a change that worked for Jim Garfield a wonderful, far-differing future than that which he had woven from his net of fancies.

CHAPTER XX.

YOUNG GARFIELD DETERMINED TO SECURE AN EDUCATION—GIVES UP THE IDEA OF BECOMING A SAILOR—SCHOOL AT CHESTER ACADEMY—JOINS THE CHURCH—HIS CREED—ENTERS HIRAM COLLEGE—IS GRADUATED AT WILLIAMS—PRESIDENT OF HIRAM—HIS MARRIAGE—GOES TO THE OHIO STATE SENATE.

When young Garfield was seventeen years of age he gave up the idea of becoming a sailor on the lakes and made up his mind to secure an education. He finally resolved to attend the High School one session, and it was this resolution made a Major General, a Senator, and a President of him, instead of a common sailor before the mast, on a Lake Erie schooner.

Accordingly he joined two other young men, William Boynton (his cousin), and Orrin H. Judd, of Orange, and they reached Chester March 6th, 1849, and rented a room in an unpainted frame house nearly west from the seminary and across the street from it. Garfield had seventeen dollars in his pocket, scraped together by his mother and his brother Thomas. They took provisions along and a cooking stove, and a poor widow prepared their meals and did their washing for an absurdly small sum. The Academy was a two-story building, and the school, with about a hundred pupils of both sexes, drawn from the farming country around Chester, was in a flourishing condition. It had a library of perhaps one hundred and fifty volumes—more books than young Garfield had ever seen before. A venerable gentleman named Daniel Branch was principal of the school, and his wife was his chief assistant. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, Mr. Bigelow and Miss Abigail Curtis. Mrs. Branch had introduced an iconoclastic grammar, which assailed all other systems as founded on a false basis, maintained that *but* was a verb in the imperative mood, and meant *be out;* that *and* was also a verb in the imperative mood, and meant *add;* and tried in other ways to upset the accepted etymology. Garfield had been reared in "Kirkham" at the district school, and refused to accept the new system. The grammar classes that term were a continuous battle between him and the teacher. Here, though he did not know it at the time, he first saw his future wife. Lucretia Randolph, a quiet, studious girl in her seventeenth year, was among the

students. There was no association between the two, however, save in classes. James was awkward and bashful, and contemplated the girls at a distance as a superior order of beings.

He bought, soon after arriving, the second algebra he had ever seen. He studied it as well as natural philosophy. At the close of the Spring term he made his first public speech. It was a six minutes' oration at the annual exhibition, delivered in connection with a literary society to which he belonged, and he recorded in a diary that he kept at the time that he "was very much scared," and "very glad of a short curtain across the platform that hid my shaking legs from the audience."

Among the books he read at this time was the autobiography of Henry C. Wright, and the determined lad was much impressed with the author's account of how he lived in Scotland on bread and milk and crackers, and how well he was all the time, and how hard he could study. Fired with the idea, he told his cousin that they had been too extravagant, and that another term they must board themselves and adopt Wright's diet.

At the close of the session he returned to Orange, helped his brother build a barn for his mother, and then went at the hard work of earning money—for from the time he left Chester until today he has always paid his way—to continue his studies at Chester when the Fall term began.

He worked at harvesting, and secured enough to guarantee his continuance at the Geauga Seminary, and to pay off some of the doctor's bills incurred during his protracted illness of the winter before. On his return to the seminary the "boarding themselves" experiment was not repeated. An arrangement was entered into with Heman Woodworth, a carpenter of Chester, to live at his house and have lodging, board, washing, fuel and light for one dollar and six cents a week, and this sum he expected to earn by helping the carpenter on Saturdays and at odd hours on school days.

The carpenter was building a two-story house on the East side of the road a little way South of the seminary grounds, and James' first work was to get out siding at two cents a board. The first Saturday he planed fifty-one boards and so earned one dollar and two cents, the most money he had ever got for a day's work.

Garfield Begins the Study of Greek.

He began that fall the study of Greek. That term he paid his way, bought a few books, and returned home with three dollars in his pocket. He now thought himself competent to teach a country school, but in two days' tramping through Cuyahoga County, failed to find employment.

Some schools had already engaged teachers, and where there was still a vacancy the trustees thought him too young.

He returned to his mother completely discouraged, and greatly humiliated by the rebuffs he had met with. He made a resolution that he would never again ask for a position of any sort, and the resolution was kept, for every public place he afterwards occupied came to him unsought.

Young James returned to the seminary in the Spring of 1850 and resumed his studies.

In March of that year, after having exercised his full freedom in reaching conclusions, he joined his uncle's church, the Church of the Disciples, or Campbellites, and was baptized in a little stream that flows into the Chagrin River. His conversion was brought about by a quiet, sweet-tempered man, who held a series of meetings in the schoolhouse near the Garfield homestead, and told in the plainest manner, and with the most straightforward earnestness, the story of the Gospel.

The creed he then professed is as follows:

1. We call ourselves Christians or Disciples.

2. We believe in God the Father.

3. We believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and our only Savior. We regard the divinity of Christ as the fundamental truth in the Christian system.

4. We believe in the Holy Spirit, both as to its agency in conversion and as an indweller in the heart of the Christian.

5. We accept both the Old and New Testament Scriptures as the inspired word of God.

6. We believe in the future punishment of the wicked and the future reward of the righteous.

7. We believe that Deity is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

8. We observe the institution of the Lord's Supper on every Lord's Day. To this table it is our practice neither to invite nor debar. We say it is the Lord's Supper for all the Lord's children.

9. We plead for the union of all God's people on the Bible and the Bible alone.

10. The Bible is our only creed.

11. We maintain that all the ordinances of the Gospel should be observed as they were in the days of the Apostles.

In the Summer he decided to go on with his education at a new school, established by the Disciples the year before at Hiram, Portage

County, a cross-roads village, twelve miles from any town or railroad. His religious feeling naturally called him to the young institution of his own denomination. In August, 1851, he arrived at Hiram, and found a plain brick building standing in the midst of a cornfield, with perhaps a dozen farm houses, near enough for boarding places for the students. It was a lonely, isolated place, on a high ridge dividing the waters flowing into Lake Erie from those running southward to the Ohio. The Rev. A. S. Hayden was the principal.

During the ensuing summer (1852), he helped to build a house in the village, planing the sides and shingling the roof himself. In the Fall he was made tutor in the department of English and ancient languages, and taught and studied at the same time.

In 1854 he entered Williams College, and in the winter taught a writing class at North Pownal, Vt., in the same schoolhouse where Vice-President Chester Alan Arthur (who succeeded Garfield as President) was principal the year previous.

Is Graduated From Williams College.

Study at Williams was easy for young Garfield. He had been used to much harder work at Hiram, where he had crowded a six years' course into three, and taught at the same time. Now he had the stimulus of a large class, an advantage he had never enjoyed before. His lessons were always perfectly learned. Professor Chadbourne says he was "the boy who never flunked," and he found a good deal of time for courses of reading that involved as much brainwork as the college text-books. He was graduated in August, 1856, with a class honor established by President Hopkins and highly esteemed in the college—that of Metaphysics—reading an essay on "The Seen and the Unseen."

It is singular how at different times in the course of his education he was thought to have a special aptitude for some single line of intellectual work, and how at a later period his talents seemed to lay just as strongly in some other line. At one time it was mathematics, at another the classics, at another rhetoric, and finally he excelled in metaphysics. The truth was that he had a remarkably vigorous and well-rounded brain, capable of doing effective work in any direction his will might dictate.

The class of 1856 contained among its forty-two members a number of men who have since won distinction. Three became general officers in the volunteer army during the rebellion—Garfield, Daviess and Thompson. Two, Bolter and Shattuck, were Captains, and were killed in battle; Eldridge, who afterward lived in Chicago, was a Colonel; so was Ferris

Jacobs, of Delhi, N. Y.; Rockwell became a Quartermaster in the regular army; Gilfillan was Treasurer of the United States. Hill was Assistant Attorney General and later a lawyer in Boston. Knox was a leading lawyer in New York. Newcombe was a professor in the New York University, of New York.

During his last term at Williams he made his first political speech, an address before a meeting gathered in one of the class-rooms to support the nomination of John C. Fremont. Although he had passed his majority nearly four years before, he had never voted. The old parties did not interest him; he believed them both corrupted with the sin of slavery; but when a new party arose to combat the designs of the slave power it enlisted his earnest sympathies.

His mind was free from all bias concerning the parties and statesmen of the past, and could equally admire Clay or Jackson, Webster or Benton.

In the Fall of 1896 Garfield entered Hiram College as a teacher of ancient languages and literature. The next year he was made president of that institution, being 26 years of age, and remained in that office until he went into the army in 1861.

Is Elected President of Hiram College.

The young president was ambitious for the success of the institution under his charge. There probably never was a younger college president, but he carried his new position remarkably well, and brought to it energy, vigor and good sense, which are the mainsprings of his character. Under his supervision, the attendance on the school at Hiram soon doubled, and he raised its standard of scholarship, strengthened its faculty, and inspired everybody connected with it with something of his own zeal and enthusiasm. At that time the leading Hiram men were called Philomatheans, from the society to which they belonged. Henry James, an old Philomathean, mentioning recently the master-spirits of that time, thus referred to the president:

"Then began to grow up in me an admiration and love for Garfield that has never abated, and the like of which I have never known. A bow of recognition, or a single word from him, was to me an inspiration."

The young president taught, lectured and preached, and all the time studied as diligently as any acolyte in the temple of knowledge. His scholars all regarded him with respect, admiration and affection. His greatness as a teacher and administrator did not lie so much in his technical scholarship, his drillmaster teaching, or his schoolmaster discipline. His power was in energizing young men and women. He stimulated

thought, aroused courage, stiffened the moral fibre, poured in inspiration, widened the field of mental vision, and created noble ideal of life and character. He was more than a teacher and administrator; the student found him a helper and friend.

As president of an institute, it was natural that Garfield should appear on the platform on every public occasion. The Church of the Disciples, as before stated, like the Society of Friends, is accustomed to accord large privileges of speaking to its laity; and so it came to be expected that President Garfield should address his pupils on Sundays—briefly even when ministers of the Gospel were to preach—more at length when no one else was present to conduct the services. The remarks of the young president were always forcible, generally eloquent, and the community presently began to regard him as its foremost public speaker, to be put forward on every occasion, to be heard with attention on every subject. His pupils also helped to swell his reputation and the admiration for his talents.

During his term as president at Hiram, he had continued the study of law, begun some time before, and he was admitted to the bar of Cuyahoga County, in 1860. He also paid some attention to Masonry, into which order he was initiated.

In 1858 Garfield married sweet-faced Lucretia Rudolph, daughter of a Maryland farmer, Zebulon Rudolph, from the banks of the beautiful Shenandoah. A neat little cottage was bought, fronting the college campus, and the wedded life begun, poor in worldly goods, but wealthy in the affection of brave hearts. The match was a love-match and has turned out very happily.

He attributed much of his success in life to his wise selection. His wife had grown with his growth, and was, during all his career, the appreciative companion of his studies, the loving mother of his children, the graceful, hospitable hostess of his friends and guests, and the wise and faithful helpmeet in the trials, vicissitudes and successes of his busy life.

Garfield was elected to the Ohio State Senate in 1859, and soon took a high rank in that body, although one of its youngest members.

CHAPTER XXI.

GARFIELD AS A SOLDIER CHOSEN LIEUTENANT COLONEL AND THEN COLONEL OF A REGIMENT—DRIVES THE CONFEDERATES FROM EASTERN KENTUCKY—CREATED A BRIGADIER GENERAL—GOOD WORK AT SHILOH—MADE CHIEF OF STAFF TO MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS.

Garfield was an out-and-out Union man, and when it was seen that war with the South must come he assisted in raising several Ohio regiments and sending them to the front. On August 14th, 1861, he was made Lieutenant Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Infantry, but when the organization was completed he was made its Colonel.

Colonel Garfield at once set vigorously to work to master the art and mystery of war, and to give his men such a degree of discipline as would fit them for effective service in the field. He fashioned companies, officers and non-commissioned officers out of his troops and thoroughly mastered the infantry tactics in his quarters.

Then he organized a school for the officers of his regiment, requiring thorough recitation in the tactics, and illustrating the manœuvres by the blocks he had prepared for his own instruction. This done, he instituted regimental, company, squad, skirmish and bayonet drill, and kept his men at these exercises from six to eight hours a day, until it was universally admitted that no better drilled or disciplined regiment could be found in Ohio.

The regiment was at Camp Chase, near Columbus, and on December 14th, he received orders to move to Catlettsburg, Ky., department headquarters being at Louisville. He reported there to General Buell on the 19th, and was informed that he was to be sent against General Humphrey Marshall, who had driven the Union forces as far north as Prestonburg. Kentucky was the prize at stake.

General Marshall had won laurels in the Mexican War, was a trained soldier and an able man. Should he unite with General Zollicoffer at Lexington it might mean the establishment of a Confederate State Provisional Government. He, it was also feared, might gather a formidable force and prevent General Buell's advance into Tennessee.

Colonel Garfield had his own regiment and was given two others, one half-formed, and another one hundred miles away in the mountains, constituting a provisional brigade of twenty-eight hundred men. With this command he was told by General Buell to drive General Marshall from Kentucky. General Buell showed his confidence in Colonel Garfield by putting him at the head of such a forlorn hope.

Garfield's command was the organization known as the Eighteenth Brigade of the Army of the Ohio, and he arrived with it at Catlettsburg on the 22nd of December, and on the 24th was at Louisa, ready for the conduct of the Big Sandy campaign.

Garfield's situation was a critical one. General Marshall had five thousand men and twelve pieces of artillery, but Garfield did not hesitate. He moved forward at once and found the enemy at Paintville, forcing him to retreat with the greatest precipitation. Then he followed General Marshall to Middle Creek, where he found him strongly entrenched.

January 10th, 1862, Garfield attacked the enemy, his men climbing the ridges upon which the Confederates had taken position, but as he had but fourteen hundred men the assault was not at first successful. Then, placing himself at the head of his column Garfield ordered a charge, in the face of which the Confederates broke and ran. The fight was a hot one as long as it lasted, but with the order to retreat, given by General Marshall himself, the day was won by the Union force. It was the salvation of Kentucky for the Union.

It was, indeed, a wonderful battle. Edmund Kirke said of it: "In the history of the late war, there is not another like it. Measured by the forces engaged, the valor displayed and the results that followed, it throws into the shade the achievements of even that mighty host that saved the nation. Eleven hundred footsore and weary men, without cannon, charged up a rocky hill, over stumps, over stones, over fallen trees, over high intrenchments, right into the face of five thousand fresh troops with twelve pieces of artillery!"

Speaking of the engagement, Garfield said, after he had gained a wider experience in war: "It was a very rash and imprudent affair on my part. If I had been an officer of more experience, I probably should not have made the attack. As it was, having gone into the army with the notion that fighting was our business, I didn't know any better."

Garfield Congratulates His Soldiers.

On the day succeeding the battle he issued the following address to his army, which tells, in brief, the story of the campaign:

"SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH BRIGADE: I am proud of you all! In four weeks you have marched, some eighty, and some a hundred miles, over almost impassable roads. One night in four you have slept, often in the storm, with only a wintry sky above your heads. You have marched in the face of a foe of more than double your number, led on by chiefs who have won a national renown under the old flag, entrenched in hills of his own choosing, and strengthened by all the appliances of military art.

"With no experience but the consciousness of your own manhood, you have driven him from his strongholds, pursued his inglorious flight, and compelled him to meet you in battle. When forced to fight, he sought the shelter of rocks and hills. You drove him from his position, leaving scores of his bloody dead unburied. His artillery thundered against you, but you compelled him to flee by the light of his burning stores, and to leave even the banner of his rebellion behind him. I greet you as brave men.

"Our common country will not forget you. She will not forget the sacred dead who fell beside you, nor those of your comrades who won scars of honor on the field. I have recalled you from the pursuit, that you may regain vigor for still greater exertions. Let no one tarnish his well-earned honor by any act unworthy an American soldier. Remember your duties as American citizens, and sacredly respect the rights and property of those with whom you may come in contact.

"Let it not be said that good men dread the approach of an American army. Officers and soldiers, your duty has been nobly done. For this I thank you."

General Marshall's flight spread consternation throughout Sandy Valley, and Garfield, to quiet the people, issued the following proclamation:

"CITIZENS OF SANDY VALLEY: I have come among you to restore the honor of the Union, and to bring back the old banner which you once loved, but which, by the machinations of evil men, and by mutual misunderstanding, has been dishonored among you. To those who are in arms against the Federal Government I offer only the alternate of battle or unconditional surrender.

"But to those who have taken no part in this war, who are in no way aiding or abetting the enemies of this Union—even to those who hold sentiments averse to the Union, but will give no aid or comfort to its

enemies—I offer the full protection of the Government, both in their persons and property.

"Let those who have been seduced away from the love of their country to follow after and aid the destroyers of our peace lay down their arms, return to their homes, bear true allegiance to the Federal Government, and they shall also enjoy like protection. The Army of the Union wages no war of plunder, but comes to bring back the prosperity of peace.

"Let all peace-loving citizens who have fled from their homes return and resume again the pursuits of peace and industry. If citizens have suffered any outrages by the soldiers under my command, I invite them to make known their complaints to me, and their wrongs shall be redressed and offenders punished.

"I expect the friends of the Union in this valley to banish from among them all private feuds, and let a liberal love of country direct their conduct toward those who have been so sadly estrayed and misguided, hoping that these days of turbulence may soon be ended and the days of the Republic soon return.

J. A. GARFIELD,
"Colonel Commanding Brigade."

RECEIVES THE THANKS OF GENERAL BUELL.

Keeping in close touch with the enemy, Colonel Garfield drove him out of the Big Sandy region and effectually rid Eastern Kentucky of the foe. When the campaign was ended General Buell issued the following congratulatory order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
LOUISVILLE, KY., January 20th, 1862.

General Orders, No. 40.

The general commanding takes occasion to thank General Garfield and his troops for their successful campaign against the rebel force under General Marshall, on the Big Sandy, and their gallant conduct in battle. They have overcome formidable difficulties in the character of country, condition of the roads and the inclemency of the season; and, without artillery, have in several engagements, terminating in the battle of Middle Creek, on the 10th inst., driven the enemy from his intrenched position and forced him back into the mountains, with a loss of a large amount of baggage and stores, and many of his men killed or captured.

These services have called into action the highest qualities of a soldier—fortitude, perseverance and courage.

By order, DON CARLOS BUELL,
Major General Commanding.

The War Department, to show its appreciation, made Colonel Garfield a Brigadier General, the commission bearing the date of the battle of Middle Creek, January 10, 1862. And the country, without understanding very well the details of the campaign, fully appreciated the tangible result.

The discomfiture of Humphrey Marshall was a source of special chagrin to the rebel sympathizers in Kentucky, and of amusement and admiration throughout the loyal West. General Garfield at once took rank in the public estimation, as worthily among the most promising of the younger volunteer generals.

General Garfield, whose ability as a soldier had been developed in battle, was then sent to report to General Buell, who assigned him to the command of the Twentieth Brigade, Army of the Ohio. The brigade was immediately hurried to the relief of General U. S. Grant, and arrived at Shiloh in time to form a part of the left wing of Grant's army on the second day of the fight.

It was about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of April 7th that Garfield's brigade reached the front, and with a wild cheer his men dashed at the rebels, he leading through the storm of lead. The fresh onslaught, in which Garfield's brigade participated, changed the fortunes of the day, and the rebels were soon flying from where they had fought so long and well.

The Union troops were too much exhausted for pursuit, and halting in camps from which they had been driven the day before, were content with what they had done. That the War Department was also content was evident from the complimentary order issued to General Grant.

The next morning (the 8th), Garfield's brigade formed a part of Sherman's advance, and participated in a sharp encounter with the enemy's rear guard, a few miles beyond the battle-field. The brigade formed a part of the Union advance upon Corinth, to which place Beauregard had retreated. This advance was slow, so slow that it took six weeks to march fifteen miles. It was not until the 21st of May that the armies were fairly in line, three miles from Corinth, and everything ready for the expected battle.

But all preparations for a battle were of no use, and when Halleck was ready to engage Beauregard, the latter was no longer in Corinth. He had retreated. Garfield's brigade had the empty honor of being among the earliest that entered the abandoned town.

General Garfield, after being selected as one of the first members of the court-martial of General Fitz-John Porter, applied for service with

General Hunter in South Carolina. However, General William S. Rosecrans' Chief of Staff, General Garesche, having been killed at Stone River, General Garfield was named for the place and early in January joined his commander at the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland.

CHAPTER XXII.

GARFIELD'S CLOSE RELATIONS TO HIS CHIEF, GENERAL ROSECRANS—THE MOVEMENT WHICH ENDED IN THE ASSAULT AT CHICKAMAUGA BY GENERAL BRAGG—GARFIELD GOES TO GENERAL THOMAS, "THE ROCK," AND REMAINS UNTIL THE UNION TROOPS ARE MASTERS OF THE BLOODY FIELD—CLOSE OF GARFIELD'S MILITARY CAREER.

General Garfield entered upon his new duties with zeal, remaining with General Rosecrans until after the Chattanooga campaign and participating in the bloody battle of Chickamauga. He soon gained his General's confidence and was his trusted associate and confidential adviser. Had Rosecrans at all times chosen to take Garfield's advice it would no doubt have been better for him.

General Rosecrans lay at Murfreesboro from January 4th to June 24th, meanwhile making demands upon the War Department for cavalry and revolving arms. As his demands were not always couched in courteous terms friction arose between the commander and Secretary of War Stanton.

He regarded the organization of his army as vitally defective in many points, and refused to move. His generals were in accord with him, but his Chief-of-Staff was not. General Garfield urged an immediate forward movement, and carried the day, being in sympathy with Secretary Stanton in that regard. Had Rosecrans moved a week earlier he could have crushed Bragg, but unfortunately the rainy season interfered with quick action.

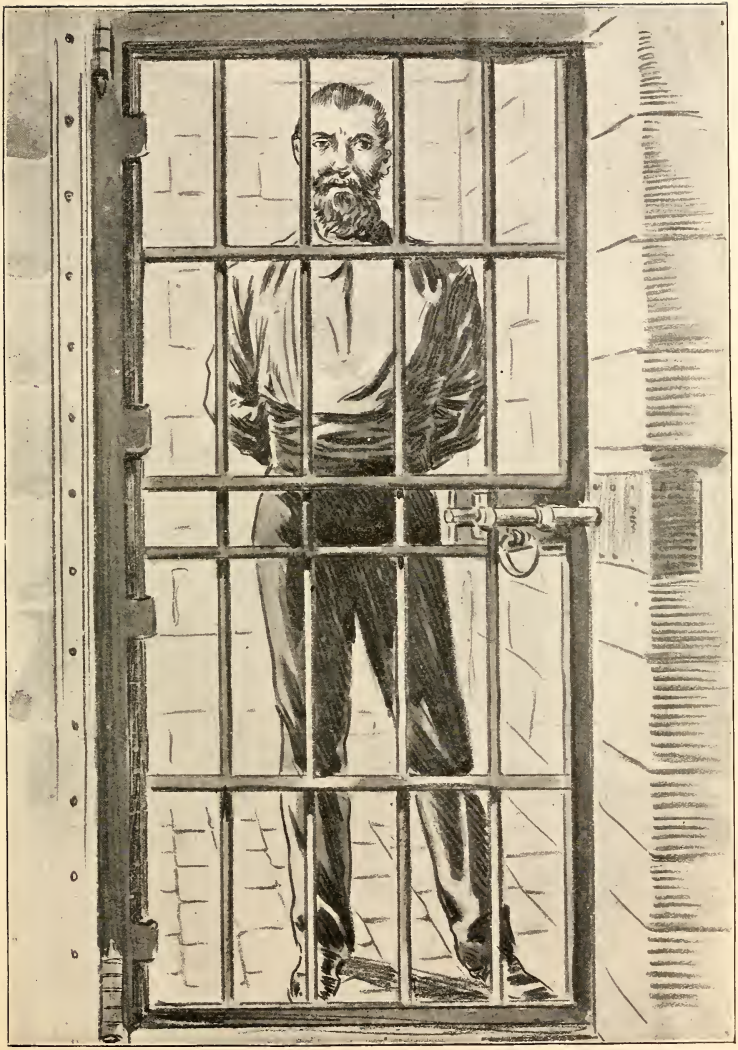
On August 5th General Halleck telegraphed Rosecrans peremptory orders to move. Rosecrans quietly waited till the dispositions along his extended lines were completed, till stores were accumulated and the corn had ripened, so that his horses could be made to live off the country. On the 15th he was ready.

The problem now before him was to cross the Tennessee River and gain possession of Chattanooga, the key to the entire mountain ranges, before Bragg had finished preparing to resist a crossing above. Rosecrans, handling with rare skill his various corps and divisions, had

Garfield on the Canal Tow Path

Garfield Addressing Multitude in Wall Street after Lincoln's Assassination

"God Reigns, and the Government at Washington Still Lives."



Guiteau Behind the Bars

The Temple of Music, Buffalo Exposition
(The building in which the President was shot.)

securely planted his army south of the Tennessee; and, cutting completely loose from his base of supplies, was already pushing southward—his flank next the enemy being admirably protected by impassable mountains.

After various manœuvres, Bragg being in the meantime re-enforced, the Confederate commander made his attack upon Rosecrans at Chickamauga on the 19th of September. Bragg had not less than seventy-five thousand men, and Rosecrans but fifty-five thousand, and even the latter were not concentrated. But Rosecrans was not to be crushed. He gathered his army together, repelling all assaults sought to hinder concentration, and fought like a lion.

Long before General Thomas' needed re-enforcements had come, the battle was raging on his front and flank. Profoundly conscious of the danger, Rosecrans sought to render still further aid, and ordered over Van Cleve's division from the right, directing the several division commanders and the corps general to close up the line on the left. In the heat of the battle, which by this time was broken out along the right also, one of these division commanders—T. J. Wood, of Kentucky—misunderstood his orders, and though he has subsequently stated that he knew the consequences of his action must be fatal, he chose to consider himself bound by the order to break the line of battle and march to the rear of another division.

Longstreet perceived the gap and hurled Hood into it. The battle on the right was lost. The whole wing crumbled; the enemy poured forward and all that was left of McCook's corps, a broken rabble, streamed back to Chattanooga.

General Rosecrans himself was caught in this rout and borne along, vainly striving to stem its tide. Finally conceiving that if the wing least pressed was thus destroyed, Thomas, upon whom he knew the main efforts of the enemy were concentrated, could not hold out beyond nightfall, he hastened to Chattanooga to make dispositions for the retreat and defense which he already regarded as inevitable. Meanwhile, his chief of staff, General Garfield, was sent to Thomas to convey to him information of what had happened and of the plans for the future.

Garfield Joins Thomas at Chickamauga.

As chief of staff, it was Garfield's duty to remain with General Rosecrans, and it happened that the latter established his headquarters for the day in the rear of the right wing and center, leaving to General George H. Thomas the duty of directing the fortunes of the left wing. McCook and Crittenden were commanders of the other two corps.

Shortly after the fog, which for the most of the morning enveloped the field, and made manœuvring almost impossible, the rebels, under Longstreet, who had come from Lee's Virginia army to take part in the great contest, made a grand assault on the right and center.

They were just in time to take advantage of Wood's fatal mistake, which left a gap in the Union line. The rebels penetrated far to the rear of the Federal line at this point, and turning, drove back the right of Thomas' forces and the left of the other two corps. The latter were eventually routed, driven across the ridge of hills to roads leading to Chattanooga, toward which they retreated in dreadful disorder and panic. In the tumult of defeat of the center and right, McCook, Crittenden and Rosecrans, with their staff officers, were driven beyond the ridge named, and, they, too, started for Chattanooga, not knowing whether Thomas had been annihilated or had escaped.

General Garfield, obtaining permission from General Rosecrans to return and join General Thomas, reached "The Rock of Chickamauga" just after the repulse of the enemy in a formidable assault all along Thomas' line, which the rebels enveloped on both flanks. He found Thomas and his staff, General Gordon Granger, General J. B. Steedman, General Wood, and others, grouped in a hollow of the open field, a depression just sufficient to protect them from the direct rebel fire.

Garfield at once gave Thomas a brief account of the disaster to the right and center. Thomas in return stated his own intention and his situation. The conversation, however, was not finished, it was cut short by a fresh rebel assault. It was made in great force and with great desperation, the rebels evidently foreseeing, that if repulsed, they could not get their troops in position for yet another assault before the sun went down and darkness came to the aid of the enemy.

The fire lasted furiously for half an hour, when the rebels again broke and abandoned the assault. During this desperate *melee* Garfield quietly sat on the ground behind a dead tree, and coolly indicted a dispatch to General Rosecrans detailing the situation; and while he sat there, and during the heaviest of the firing, a white dove, after hovering around and above for several minutes, finally settled on the topmost perch of the tree above Garfield's head. Here it remained during the heat of the fight, and when the musketry ceased, it flew away to the north.

The attention of Garfield and General Wood was called to the bird. Garfield said nothing, but went on writing. Wood remarked: "Good omen of peace." Garfield finished his dispatch, sent it by an officer, and

himself remained on the field with General Thomas until the retreat was effected the same night to Chattanooga. At 7 o'clock that evening a shotted salute of six Napoleon guns fired into the woods, after the last of the retreating assailants, under the personal supervision of General Gordon Granger and General Garfield, were the last shots fired in the battle of Chickamauga. What was left of the Union Army was master of the field. For the time the enemy evidently regarded himself as repulsed, and Garfield said that night, and has always since maintained, that there was no necessity for an immediate retreat on Rossville.

This was Garfield's last military service of moment.

CHAPTER XXIII.

General Garfield Resigns From the Army to Accept an Election to Congress—General Rosecrans' Advice—Garfield Complimented by the Latter for His Services at the Battle of Chickamauga—Created a Major General of Volunteers—An Example of Garfield's Sense of Justice and Right.

It was not long after the ferocious struggle at Chickamauga that General Garfield was offered the Republican nomination for Congress by the Republicans of the Western Reserve (Ashtabula district). He advised with General Rosecrans regarding it, and Rosecrans thought it a good idea for him to accept, the best men being needed in Congress.

Said Rosecrans: "I am glad for your sake that you have a new distinction, and I certainly think you can accept with honor, and, what is more, I deem it your duty to do so. The war is not over yet, nor will it be for some time to come. There will be of necessity many questions arising in Congress which will require not alone statesmanlike treatment, but the advice of men having an acquaintance with military affairs. For this, and other reasons, I believe you will be able to do equally good service to your country in Congress or in the field."

General Rosecrans, in his official report on the battle of Chickamauga, rendered this high praise to General Garfield:

"To Brigadier General James A. Garfield, Chief-of-Staff, I am especially indebted for the clear and ready manner in which he seized the points of action and movement, and expressed in orders the ideas of the general commanding."

General Wood, also, in his official report to the commanding general on the battle, said:

"It affords me much pleasure to signalize the presence with my command, for a length of time during the afternoon (present during the period of hottest fighting), of another distinguished officer, Brigadier General James A. Garfield, Chief of the Staff.

"After the disastrous rout on the right, General Garfield made his way back to the battle-field (showing clearly that the road was open to all

who might choose to follow it), and came to where my command was engaged. The brigade which made so determined a resistance on the crest of the narrow ridge during all the long September afternoon had been commanded by General Garfield when he belonged to my division.

"The men remarked his presence with much satisfaction, and were delighted that he was a witness of the splendid fighting they were doing."

Before his resignation from the army General Garfield was commissioned Major General of Volunteers, but upon the solicitation of President Lincoln he resigned on the 5th of December, 1863, and entered Congress. He was a poor man, and the salary of a Major General was more than double that of a Congressman, but, upon reflection, he decided that the circumstances under which the people had elected him to Congress, bound him to an effort to obey their wishes.

He was, furthermore, urged to enter Congress by the officers of the army, who looked to him for aid in procuring such military legislation as the country and the army required.

Garfield Obeys the Call of Duty.

Under the belief that the path of usefulness to the country lay in the direction in which his constituents pointed, he sacrificed what seemed to be his personal interests.

One story should be told of General Garfield before we pass from his military career to that of the future President in Congress. It tends more than anything else to demonstrate his keen sense of justice.

One day, a fugitive slave came rushing into the camp, with a bloody head and apparently frightened almost to death. He had only passed the tent of General Sherman, when, in a moment, a regular bully of a fellow came riding up and, with a volley of oaths, began to ask after his "nigger."

General Garfield was not present, and the fellow passed on to the division commander, who happened to be a sympathizer with the theory that fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made instruments for returning them. He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to General Garfield, in whose command the darkey was supposed to be hiding, telling him to hunt up and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen.

The staff officer who brought the order stated the case fully to General Garfield before handing him the order, well knowing the general's strong anti-slavery views. The general took the order and, after reading it carefully, deliberately wrote on it the following indorsement:

"I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for, or deliver up, any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open and no obstacle will be placed in the way of the search."

When the staff officer read the General's indorsement he was inclined to be frightened, and remonstrated against Garfield's determination. He said if he returned the order in that shape to the division commander he certainly would arrest and court-martial Garfield. To this the Ohio General simply replied:

"The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for far other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves."

That was the end of the episode, for nothing more was ever heard of it. Garfield had won the victory for the right.

CHAPTER XXIV.

General Garfield in the House of Representatives of Congress—Opposition to His Re-election Gradually Melts Away—Election to the United States Senate—Does Not Take His Seat There Because of His Nomination and Election to the Presidency.

The Congressional District General Garfield represented in Congress was known as the Nineteenth Ohio, which was distinguished by the fact that it had but four representatives within the limits of half a century. No other Congressional district in the country had such a record as this. It was already famous because of the service Joshua R. Giddings, one of the most famous champions of anti-slavery.

After Garfield had served his first term, and was a candidate for re-election, the rumor began to circulate that he had written the celebrated Wade-Davis manifesto against President Lincoln; if he had not he, at least, so it was said, was in full and active sympathy with it.

Many of the delegates to the Congressional Convention which had the fate of General Garfield in its hands were ready to vote against him on this account, and he was called upon to make an explanation. This was repugnant to him, but he made up his mind that he would face the ordeal and face it bravely.

Entering the convention hall, he walked up to the platform, planted himself firmly on it, and began a speech that he must have thought would dig his political grave. He spoke only for half an hour, and he told his hearers he had not written the Wade-Davis letter, but he had only one regret connected with it, and that was that there was a necessity for its appearance.

He approved the letter, defended the motives of the authors, asserted his right to independence of thought and action, and told the delegates that if they did not want a free agent for their representative, they had better find another man, for he did not desire to serve them longer.

As he warmed up to his subject he captivated the convention with his plain, hard reasoning and his glowing eloquence. When he had finished speaking, he left the platform and strode out of the hall. As he

reached the front of the stairs, on his way out of the building, he heard a great noise, which he imagined was the signal of his unanimous rejection. On the contrary, it was the applause that followed his nomination by acclamation.

His very boldness had stunned the convention, expecting, as it did, something entirely different from the party leader. It was some seconds before anything was said, but finally an Ashtabula delegate got on his feet, and said:

"By ——, the man who can face a convention like that, ought to be nominated by acclamation." It didn't take the convention long to find out that it entertained a similar admiration for his independence and pluck, and the result was as related, before his opponents in the convention had time to open their mouths.

Governor Todd closed the meeting with the remark: "A district that will allow a young fellow like Garfield to tweak its nose and cuff its ears in that manner, deserves to have him saddled on it for life."

Garfield was, in fact, "saddled" upon the district, but not for life—only as long as it was absolutely necessary. Garfield was called to higher offices before the district became tired of him. He was chosen to the United States Senate ere the district became aware of the fact that he had outgrown its limits, and before the voters of that vicinity awoke to the situation he was nominated and elected to the Presidency of the United States.

Garfield's Triumphant Re-election to Congress.

At the election for his second term General Garfield received a majority of twelve thousand, and the Speaker of the House made him a member of the Committee on Ways and Means. During this term he worked incessantly, and gained steadily in public estimation. He delivered a most noteworthy address in the House on the Constitutional Amendment to abolish slavery, and from the Committee on Military Affairs, on which he had been appointed, made a report on the discharge of soldiers who enlisted to fill old regiments.

He made noted speeches also on the "Freedman's Bureau" and the "Restoration of the Rebel States," on the "Public Debt and Specie Payments," and on "The National Bureau of Education." On March 6th of this year ('66) he argued the L. P. Milligan conspiracy case against the Government, appealed to the Supreme Court from the courts of Indiana. General Benjamin Butler, Hon. James Speed, Hon. Henry Stanberry appeared for the United States, and with Mr. Garfield for the

petitioners were the Hon. J. A. McDonald, Hon. J. S. Black and Hon. David Dudley Field. Mr. Garfield's argument was most elaborate and bristled with precedents and telling points. Its peroration was as follows:

"It is in your power, O Judges! to erect in this citadel of our liberties a monument more lasting than brass; invisible indeed to the eye of flesh, but visible to the eye of the spirit, as the awful form and figure of justice, crowning and adorning the Republic; rising above the storms of political strife, above the din of battle, above the earthquake shock of rebellion; seen from afar and hailed as protector by the oppressed of all nations; dispensing equal blessings, and covering with the protecting shield of law the weakest, the humblest, the meanest, and, until declared by solemn law unworthy of protection, the guiltiest of its citizens."

Time after time was General Garfield re-elected, in spite of sporadic opposition to him. In 1878 his majority was nine thousand six hundred and thirteen, the opposition being reduced to nothing. Those who had, before that, been arrayed against him, were now the warmest friends he had. He had passed through numerous storms unscathed, and by many was deemed beyond the reach of defeat.

When the Legislature of Ohio met to choose a United States Senator to succeed Senator Allen G. Thurman, whose term was to expire in 1881, the Republicans of his State could see no man but Garfield. His name was on every lip. The entire State looked to him, and he was triumphantly elected to the Senate by a majority of both the Senate and House of the Ohio Assembly. In the caucus he was named by a rising vote—a unanimous nomination—a compliment never given to any man in that State before.

He was not destined to take his seat in the United States Senate, for the simple reason that he was nominated and elected to the Presidency before he could have assumed his duties in the Upper House of Congress.

Then came the apothesis and the tragedy.

CHAPTER XXV.

General Garfield in His Home Life at Mentor and Washington—His Wife Shared His Intellectual Tastes—Description of His Two Homes—A Visit to the President-Elect—His Children—Library in the Washington House Where He Spent Most of His Time.

General Garfield was peculiarly happy in his home life. He had two residences—at Mentor in Ohio, and at Washington. The house at Mentor could not be called a mansion in any sense of the word. It was merely a very pleasant, comfortable, cosy country home, but there he spent many of the happiest hours of his life. The house at Washington, which he exchanged for the White House, was furnished plainly but serviceably, and contained his large and valuable library, which was absolutely necessary to him for purposes of reference.

The architecture of the Mentor home, as described by a visitor at the time of his election to the Presidency, is composite, the Gothic sentiment prevailing. There are two dormer windows—one in front and one in the rear—and a broad veranda extends across the front and part of the side toward Cleveland, affording opportunities to enjoy the breezes, out of the heat of the sun. Lattice work has been arranged for trailing vines. The dimensions are sixty feet front by fifty deep.

The apartments are all roomy for a country house and the hallway is so wide that it attracts attention the moment you enter. The first floor contains a hall, with a large writing-table, a sitting-room, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, wash-room and pantry. This last on the plan bears the generous indorsement "plenty of shelves and drawers."

Upstairs in the rear part of the second floor is a room that on the plan is entitled "snuggery for general." It is rather small, measuring only thirteen and a half by fourteen feet. It is filled up with book shelves, but it is not intended to usurp the place of the library, a separate building outside and to the northeast of the house. Two of the best apartments in the eastern and front part on this floor are especially fitted up for occupancy of the general's mother. The front room has a large old-fashioned

fire-place and the greatest pains have evidently been taken to make this room a Mecca of comfort.

The rooms are finished in hard woods, and everything about the place, while plain and unpretentious, gives it an appearance of quiet comfort. There are very few of the timbers of the old house, over which the new has been constructed, visible at this time, and there will be none in sight when the carpets are laid down.

The cost of the structure when finished was between three thousand five hundred and four thousand dollars. The barn, at the rear, furnishes accommodations for the two carriage-horses, the single carriage-horse, and the heavy working team.

Of the one hundred and sixty acres comprising the farm, the yard, garden and orchard take up about twelve. Some seventy acres are under tillage, and the rest are in pasture and woodland.

This same visitor, who called upon the General at his home, wrote:

"I could easily appreciate, seated on his veranda, all I had heard about his fondness for the country; being, as I saw him to be, essentially a home man, and, perhaps, he has never quite appreciated the possession of a home so much as he does now, in his days of rest, after the bustle and excitement of the past few weeks.

"His habits, I am told, are regular and methodical. Rising early, he frequently mounts his horse and goes over the farm, directing the workmen and studying out what suggests itself as a needed improvement. Quite as often, instead of mounting his horse, he walks about the place and, if the fever seizes him, jerks off his coat to hold the plow in the furrow, or to rake hay. It reminds him of old times, and is, of itself, invigorating exercise.

"He has a great taste for improvements, and has made something of a study of farming since his early experience as a practical yeoman. He farms, therefore, scientifically. He interests himself in the affairs of the village, and attends the Disciples' Church, where he sometimes speaks. The liberal people of Mentor on one occasion invited him to say something about the formation of a Murphy Temperance Society.

"They were much pleased when, in his earnest, impressive way, he told them he was not a believer in total abstinence, while cautioning the young against the evil of immoderate drinking, and earnestly urging them to check and control their appetite."

Garfield's Pride in His Country Home.

Garfield was fond of showing visitors over the place, and especially fond of taking them down the lane back of the house to the top of the ridge, and explaining that the flat space below was once a portion of Lake Erie before the blue waters receded and left the sand and wave-washed pebbles on the top of the ridge.

His love of literature was early manifested, received a great impulse while at Williams' College, and grew steadily while professor of languages and president of Hiram College. Even at the time of his election to the Presidency his most congenial recreation was the study of classical literature, and it was related of him that during a busy session of Congress he was found behind a big barricade of books, which proved upon examination to be different editions of Horace, and works relating to that poet.

"I find I am overworked, and need recreation," he said. "Now, my theory is that the best way to rest the mind is not to let it lie idle, but to put it at something quite outside the ordinary line of employment. So, I am resting by learning all the Congressional Library can show about Horace, and the various editions and translations of his poems."

An application of this theory to his every-day life made him a student, and ripened a scholarship rare among public men. The record of the Congressional Library showed that he used more books than any member of Congress. The number of volumes taken from the library in one year and read and examined by him, was never exceeded by any man who ever used the library except Charles Sumner. He read everything—histories, novels, newspapers, etc., and a wide range of miscellanous matter. Outside of the early classics, Shakespeare was his favorite poet, and Tennyson was oftener in his hand than any other song-writer of modern times. His novel reading was a peculiarly happy illustration of his character, as it was, so to speak, confined to Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, Kingsley, Jane Austen and Horace de Balzac. His books all bear his library motto: "Inter Folio Fructus," "Fruit Between Leaves."

His house in Washington was at the corner of Thirteenth and I Streets, and with money borrowed from a friend, he built a substantial house. The money was repaid in time, and was probably saved in great part from what would otherwise have gone to landlords. The Washington house was clear of incumbrances, and worth between ten and twelve thousand dollars. The Mentor farm was valued at about nine thousand dollars.

The Washington house was square, with a wing on the east side com-

prising a dining-room and library. The parlor side windows looked out upon the pleasing prospect of the park. On entering on the south side the parlor was found on the left, comfortably but not lavishly furnished. Just over the piano was a portrait of General Garfield's mother. To the right was a cosy sitting-room furnished in tasteful modesty.

In the rear of this, and occupying a portion of the wing was a somewhat luxurious dining-room—luxurious in color and decoration. The paper was a rich drab and brown, set off by a dado of Japanese pattern. Over the mantel there hung a relic of an idea, a half portrayed inspiration. The General one evening, in the company of some literary and artistic men, in the course of a discussion on Shakespeare, remarked that none of the illustrations by Falstaff satisfied his conception. An artist present begged him to describe his ideal, and from the description then given attempted the picture over the mantel. The artist dying before it was completed, the half-finished sketch was framed by the General and placed where it then hung. The finished portion embraced the figure of the rollicking knight leaning his right arm on the inn table, and balancing in his left hand an empty glass. In the background the "drawer" was bringing in a fresh cup of "sack."

The particular shrine in the Garfield home to which one willingly hastened his steps was the library, situated just over the dining-room. This was the man of energy's workshop. It was here the student and the scholar lived. The room was about twenty-five feet by fourteen feet, three of its windows opening on I Street and one on the eastern side. Occupying the centre was a double walnut office desk, with the addition of pigeon-holes, and boxes, and drawers on one end, while just above hung a heavy chandelier. It was very evident from the orderly disorder of the room that the owner cared far more for immediate convenience than general symmetry. Half a dozen book-cases occupied the available space around the walls, and three thousand volumes fill their shelves. No two of these cases were of the same height, width or make. It suggested to the visitor that from time to time, as the books overflowed their limits, another case was hastily procured in which to accommodate the surplus, and when that was full another was added, and so on. Undoubtedly the overflow was regular, as everywhere in the General's home one came face to face with books.

Mrs. Garfield was a thoroughly domestic woman, while at the same time imbued with her husband's intellectual tastes. She bore the President six children, the first, a daughter, dying in infancy. The others were

Harry Augustus, James R., Mary, or "Mollie," married to J. Stanley Brown, her father's secretary in the White House, Irvin McDowell, and Abram.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD AS A STATESMAN, PHILOSOPHER, POLITICIAN AND POLITICAL ECONOMIST—AN ACTIVE PARTICIPANT IN ALL THE DEBATES IN THE LOWER HOUSE OF CONGRESS—"GARFIELD'S BUDGET SPEECHES"—HIS ARTICLE ON "A CENTURY IN CONGRESS."

President Garfield's fame and name as a statesman are secure. He always had the best interests of his country at heart, and he only advocated those measures calculated to benefit the country.

He entered Congress in 1863 and was a member of that body for seventeen years. During all that momentous period he was an active participant in the events transpiring there, and he left the imprint of his ability and patriotism as thoroughly upon the legislation of the country as any one man ever in public service. He certainly realized the meaning of the title, "a public benefactor." That term was well defined in his own words, from a speech made on December 10, 1878:

"The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money and the payment of all obligations, and the man who can add anything in the direction of accomplishing any of these purposes is a public benefactor."

No man with such an ideal could fail to at once take high rank. Nor did Garfield fail to do so. At the outset he was recognized as a leader, and his influence grew with his service.

One of his early speeches in Congress gave him high oratorical rank. Alexander Long, of Ohio, delivered in 1864 an exceedingly ultra Peace-Democratic speech—proposing that Congress should recognize the Southern Confederacy. The speech attracted marked attention, and by common consent it was left to the young member, so fresh from the battle-fields of his country, to reply. The moment Long took his seat, Garfield rose. His opening sentence thrilled his listeners.

In a moment he was surrounded by a crowd of members from the remoter seats, and in the midst of great excitement and wild applause from his side he poured forth an invective rarely surpassed in that body for power and elegance:

"MR. CHAIRMAN: I am reminded by the occurrences of this afternoon of two characters in the War of the Revolution, as compared with two others in the war of today.

"The first was Lord Fairfax, who dwelt near the Potomac, a few miles from us. When the great contest was opened between the mother country and the colonies, Lord Fairfax, after a protracted struggle with his own heart, decided that he must go with the mother country. He gathered his mantle about him and went over grandly and solemnly.

"There was another man, who cast his lot with the struggling colonists and continued with them till the war was well-nigh ended. In an hour of darkness that just preceded the glory of morning, he hatched the treason to surrender forever all that had been gained by the enemies of his country. Benedict Arnold was that man.

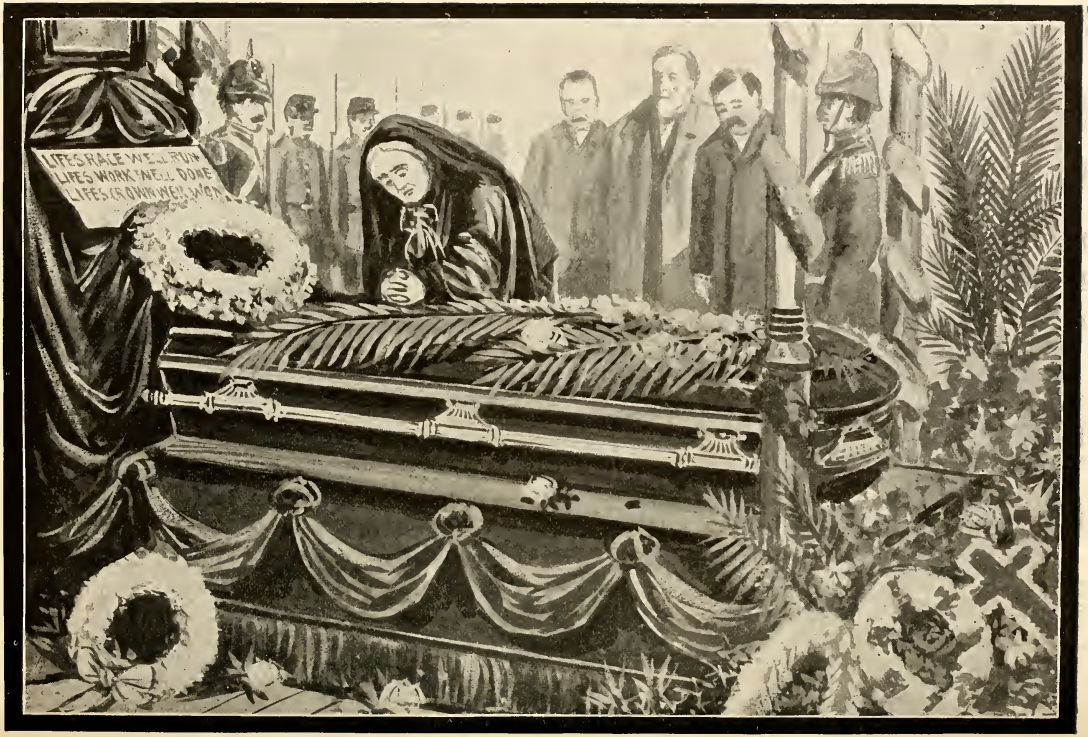
"Fairfax and Arnold find their parallel in the struggle of today.

"When this war was begun many good men stood hesitating and doubting what they ought to do. Robert E. Lee sat in his house across the river here, doubting and delaying, and going off at last almost tearfully to join the army of his State. He reminds one in some respects of Lord Fairfax, the stately royalist of the Revolution.

"But now, when tens of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag; when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us, when our armies have pushed the rebellion back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it into narrow limits until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to hurl the bolts of its conquering power upon the rebellion, now in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold and proposes to surrender all up, body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever to the accursed traitors to our country. And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved State—it comes from a citizen of the time-honored and loyal commonwealth of Ohio.

"I implore you, brethren, in this House, to believe that not many births ever gave pangs to my mother State, such as she suffered when that traitor was born! I beg you not to believe that on the soil of that State such another growth has ever deformed the face of nature, and darkened the light of God's day!"

The Assassination of President Garfield



Mrs. Eliza Garfield Weeping Over the Coffin of Her Murdered Son

The speech continued in the same strain, polished and powerful. Its delivery upon the spur of the moment, in immediate reply to an elaborate effort, which had taken him as well as the rest of the House by surprise, won him a crowning credit.

Begins Study of Financial and Political Economy.

General Garfield, as soon as he had entered the Lower House of Congress, began a course of study of financial and political economy which afterward stood him in the very best stead.

His financial views were always sound and based on the firm foundation of honest money and unsullied national honor. His record in the legislation concerning these subjects was without a flaw. No man in Congress made a more consistent and unwavering fight against the paper money delusions that flourished during the decade following the war, and in favor of specie payments and the strict fulfillment of the nation's obligations to its creditors. His speeches became the financial gospel of the Republican party.

In the course of his fight against the repeal of the resumption act, General Garfield said:

"The men of 1862 knew the dangers from sad experience in our history, and, like Ulysses, lashed themselves to the mast of public credit when they embarked upon the stormy and boisterous sea of inflated paper money, that they might not be beguiled by the siren song that would be sung to them when they were afloat on the wild waves.

"But the times have changed; new men are on deck, men who have forgotten the old pledges, and now only twelve years have passed (for as late as 1865 this House, with but six dissenting votes, resolved again to stand by the old ways and bring the country back to sound money), only twelve years have passed, and what do we find?

"We find a group of theorists and doctrinaires who look upon the wisdom of the fathers as foolishness. We find some who advocate what they call 'absolute money,' who declare that a piece of paper stamped a 'dollar' is a dollar; that gold and silver are a part of the barbarism of the past, which ought to be forever abandoned. We hear them declaring that resumption is a delusion and a snare.

"We hear them declaring that the eras of prosperity are the eras of paper money. They point us to all times of inflation as periods of blessing to the people and prosperity to business; and they ask us no more to vex their ears with any allusion to the old standard—the money of the Constitution.

"Let the wild swarm of financial literature that has sprung into life within the last twelve years, witness how widely and how far we have drifted. We have lost our old moorings, and have thrown overboard our old compass; we sail by alien stars, looking not for the haven, but are afloat on a harborless sea.

"Suppose you undo the work that Congress has attempted—to resume specie payment—what will result? You will depreciate the value of the greenback. Suppose it falls ten cents on the dollar? You will have destroyed ten per cent of the value of every deposit in the savings bank, ten per cent of every life insurance policy and fire insurance policy, and of every day's wages of every laborer in the nation.

"The trouble with our greenback dollar is this: it has two distinct functions, one a purchasing power, and the other a debt-paying power. As a debt-paying power, it is equal to one hundred cents; that is, to pay an old debt.

"A greenback dollar will, by law, discharge our hundred cents of debt. But no law can give it purchasing power in the general market of the world, unless it represents a known standard of coin value. Now, what we want is, that these two qualities of our greenback dollar shall be made equal—its debt-paying power and its general purchasing power. When these are equal, the problems of our currency are solved, and not till then.

"Summing it all up in a word, the struggle now pending in this House is, on the one hand, to make the greenback better, and on the other, to make it worse. The resumption act is making it better every day. Repeal that act, and you make it indefinitely worse. In the name of every man who wants his own when he has earned it, I demand that we do not make the wages of the poor man to shrivel in his hands after he has earned them; but that his money shall be made better and better, until the plow-holder's money shall be as good as the bond-holder's money; until our standard is one, and there is no longer one money for the rich and another for the poor."

Always Voted to Sustain the Credit.

He never wavered upon this issue. He voted to sustain the credit of the Government in all stages of the finance question. Many faltered, but he always stood firm.

A mind so prone as his to look philosophically into his surroundings could not fail to have studied into the history and functions of the body of which he was such an illustrious member. In July, 1877, he contrib-

uted to the Atlantic Monthly an article entitled "A Century in Congress," in which he embodied his views ot the same:

"Congress has always been and must always be the theater of contending opinions, the forum where the opposing forces of political philosophy meet to measure their strength; where the public good must meet the assaults of local and sectional interests, in a word, the appointed place where the nation seeks to utter its thoughts and register its will.

"In the main, the balance of power so admirably adjusted and distributed among the three great departments of the Government has been safely preserved. It was the purpose of our fathers to lodge absolute power nowhere; to leave each department independent within its own sphere; yet, in every case, responsible for the exercise of its discretion. But some dangerous innovations have been made.

"And first, the appointing power of the President has been seriously encroached upon by Congress, or rather by the members of Congress. Curiously enough, this encroachment originated in the act of the Chief Executive himself. The fierce popular hatred of the Federal party, which resulted in the elevation of Jefferson to the Presidency, led that officer to set the first example of removing men from office on account of political opinions. For political causes alone he removed a considerable number of officers who had recently been appointed by President Adams, and thus set the pernicious example.

"His immediate successors made only a few removals for political reasons. But Jackson made his political opponents, who were in office, feel the full weight of his executive hand. From that time forward the civil offices of the Government became the prizes for which political parties strove; and twenty-five years ago, the corrupting doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils' was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. * * *

"The present system invades the independence of the executive, and make him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator, by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involving him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself, by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and, finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal.

"To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship. This reform cannot be accomplished without a complete divorce between Congress and the Executive in the matter of appointments. It will be a proud day when an administrator, Senator or Representative, who is in good standing in his party, can say as Thomas Hughes said, during his recent visit to this country, that though he was on the 'most intimate terms with the members of his administration, yet it was not in his power to secure the removal of the humblest clerk in the civil service of his government.'

"I have long believed that the official relations between the Executive and Congress should be more open and direct. They are now conducted by correspondence with the presiding officers of the two Houses, by consultation with committees, or by private interviews with individual members. This frequently leads to misunderstandings, and may lead to corrupt combinations.

"It would be far better for both departments if the members of the Cabinet were permitted to sit in Congress and participate in the debates on measures relating to their several departments—but, of course, without a vote. This would tend to secure the ablest men for the chief executive offices, it would bring the policy of the administration into the fullest publicity by giving both parties ample opportunity for criticism and defense.

"The most alarming feature of our situation is the fact that so many citizens of high character and solid judgment pay but little attention to the sources of political power, to the selection of those who shall make their laws. The clergy, the faculties of colleges, and many of the leading business men of the community never attend the township caucus, the city primaries or the county conventions; but they allow the less intelligent and the more selfish and corrupt members of the community to make the slates and 'run the machine' of politics.

"They wait until the machine has done its work, and then, in surprise and horror at the ignorance and corruption in public, sigh for the return of that mythical period called the 'better and purer days of the Republic.' It is precisely this neglect of the first steps in our political processes that has made possible the worst evils of our system. Corrupt and incompetent presidents, judges and legislators can be removed, but when the fountains of political power are corrupted, when voters themselves become venal and elections fraudulent, there is no remedy except by awakening the

public conscience and bringing to bear upon the subject the power of public opinion and the penalties of the law.

"The practice of buying and selling votes at our popular elections has already gained a foothold, though it has not gone as far as in England.

"In a word, our national safety demands that the fountains of political power shall be made pure by intelligence, and kept pure by vigilance; that the best citizen shall take heed to the selection and election of the worthiest and most intelligent among them to hold seats in the national legislature; and that when the choice has been made, the continuance of their representatives shall depend upon his faithfulness, his ability and his willingness to work."

General Garfield's first speech of any length, on January 28, 1864, in the House of Representatives, gave ample promise in the bud of the flowers of powerful oratory so soon to bloom. It was a reply to his Democratic colleague, Mr. Finck, and was in favor of the confiscation of rebel property. We quote from its brilliant passages:

"The war was announced by proclamation, and it must end by proclamation. We can hold the insurgent States in military subjection half a century—if need be, until they are purged of their poison and stand up clean before the country.

"They must come back with clean hands, if they come at all. I hope to see in all those States the men who fought and suffered for the truth, tilling the fields on which they pitched their tents. I hope to see them, like old Kasper of Blenheim, on the summer evenings, with their children upon their knees, and pointing out the spot where brave men fell and marble commemorates it.

* * * * *

"I deprecate these apparently partisan remarks; it hurts me to make them, but it hurts me more to know they are true. I conclude by returning once more to the resolution before me. Let no weak sentiments of misplaced sympathy deter us from inaugurating a measure which will cleanse our nation and make it the fit home of freedom and a glorious manhood.

"Let us not despise the severe wisdom of our Revolutionary fathers, when they served their generation in a similar way. Let the republic drive from its soil the traitors that have conspired against its life, as God and His angels drove Satan and his host from Heaven. He was not too merciful to be just, and to hurl down in chains and everlasting darkness the 'traitor angel' who 'first broke peace in Heaven,' and rebelled against Him."

Favors the Encouragement of Enlistments.

Soon after he spoke in favor of the payment of prompt and liberal bounties by the Federal Government to encourage enlistments, and rapidly earned Congressional reputation.

This readiness at trenchant debating proved, in some respects, injurious to his rising fame. He spoke so readily that members were constantly asking his services in behalf of favorite measures. He thus came to be too frequent a speaker, and the House wearied a little of his polished periods, and began to think him too fond of talking.

His superior knowledge, too, used to offend some of his less learned colleagues at first. They thought him bookish and pedantic, until they found how solid and useful was his store of knowledge, and how pertinent to the business in hand were the drafts he made upon it.

But this in time wore off. His genial personal ways soon made him many warm friends, and reaction set in. The men of brains in both houses, and in the departments, were not long in discovering that here was a fresh, strong, intellectual force that was destined to make its mark upon the politics of the country.

They sought his acquaintance, and before he had been long in Washington he had the advantage of the best society in the National Capital.

As a politician President Garfield took no rank with Presidents Lincoln and McKinley. He cared nothing for the details of party organizations, leaving that work to others. He never attempted to manage conventions, nor did he ever participate in the manipulations so necessary in perfecting the details of attack and defense. He was peculiarly a man of thought and study.

He was plodding in a way, but not in the mastery of things which brought him political preferment. While in Congress he never won a nomination or election save by his services to his party in speeches during the campaigns and his work in the House.

When General Garfield entered Congress he observed that no one devoted himself to an examination of the appropriations in detail, and in order to acquaint himself so as to vote intelligently upon them, he submitted them to a careful analysis. This analysis he yearly delivered to the House, and it was from the start well received. It came in time to be called "Garfield's budget speech." Each year he examined the appropriations carefully—being a member of the committee—and then made his speech, which was always accepted as the exposition of the nation's condition. By its means and his committee work he largely reduced the

expenditures of the Government and thoroughly reformed the system of estimates and appropriations, providing for closer accountability on the part of those who spend the public money, and a clear knowledge on the part of those who vote it of what it is used for.

Illustrating this he said on one occasion:

"The necessary expenditures of the Government form the base line from which we measure the amount of our taxation required, and on which we base our system of finance. We have frequently heard it remarked since the session began, that we should make our expenditures come within our revenues—that we should 'cut our garment according to our cloth.'

"This theory may be correct when applied to private affairs, but it is not applicable to the wants of nations. Our national expenditures should be measured by the real necessities and the proper needs of the Government. We should cut our garment so as to fit the person to be clothed. If he be a giant we must provide cloth sufficient for a fitting garment.

"The Committee on Appropriations are seeking earnestly to reduce the expenditures of the Government, but they reject the doctrine that they should at all hazards reduce the expenditures to the level of the revenues, however small those revenues may be. They have attempted rather to ascertain what are the real and vital necessities of the Government; to find what amount of money will suffice to meet all its honorable obligations, to carry on all its necessary and essential functions, and to keep alive those public enterprises which the country desires its Government to undertake and accomplish.

"When the amount of expenses necessary to meet these objects is ascertained, that amount should be appropriated, and ways and means for procuring that amount should be provided. On some accounts, it is unfortunate that our work of appropriations is not connected directly with the work of taxation. If this were so, the necessity of taxation would be a constant check upon extravagance, and the practice of economy would promise, as its immediate result, the pleasure of reducing taxation."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE POWER AND INFLUENCE EXERTED BY GENERAL GARFIELD OVER THE MINDS AND PASSIONS OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS—STILLING THE PASSIONS OF THE GREAT THRONG IN WALL STREET THE DAY SUCCEEDING PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

Being a natural leader of men, born to command and sway and influence those around him by the magic of his voice, General Garfield never appeared in a more heroic light than on the day succeeding the assassination of President Lincoln.

General Garfield was in New York City at that time. It was a period of great peril. No one could know what the outcome was likely to be. The strongest and most frightful passions had been aroused, and the people were ripe for anything. At a word, at the bidding of some hot-headed enthusiast, they might, particularly in the great centers of population, have descended to tragic excesses.

How General Garfield, in a few words, calmed the gigantic crowd gathered in Wall street is thus told by a prominent man who was on the spot at the time:

"I shall never forget the first time I saw General Garfield. It was the morning after President Lincoln's assassination. The country was excited to its utmost tension, and New York City seemed ready for the scenes of the French revolution.

"The intelligence of Lincoln's murder had been flashed by the wires over the whole land. The newspaper head-lines of the transaction were set up in the largest type, and the high crime was on every one's tongue. Fear took possession of men's minds as to the fate of the Government, for in a few hours the news came on that Seward's throat was cut, and that attempts had been made upon the lives of others of the Government officers.

"Posters were stuck up everywhere, in great black letters, calling upon the loyal citizens of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and neighboring places to meet around the Wall Street Exchange and give expression

to their sentiments. It was a dark and terrible hour. What might come next no one could tell, and men spoke with bated breath.

"The wrath of the workingmen was simply uncontrollable, and revolvers and knives were in the hands of thousands of Lincoln's friends, ready, at the first opportunity, to take the law into their own hands, and avenge the death of their martyred President upon any and all who dared to utter a word against him.

"Eleven o'clock a. m. was the hour set for the rendezvous. Fifty thousand people crowded around the Exchange building, cramming and jamming the streets, and wedged in tight as men could stand together. With a few to whom a special favor was extended, I went over from Brooklyn at 9 a. m., and, even then, with the utmost difficulty, found my way to the reception room for the speakers in the front of the Exchange building, and looking out on the high and massive balcony, whose front was protected by a heavy iron railing.

"We sat in solemnity and silence, waiting for General Butler, who, it was announced, had started from Washington, and was either already in the city or expected every moment. Nearly a hundred generals, judges, statesmen, lawyers, editors, clergymen and others were in that room waiting Butler's arrival. We stepped out to the balcony to watch the fearfully solemn and swaying mass of people.

"Not a hurrah was heard, but for the most part a dead silence, or a deep, ominous muttering ran like a rising wave up the street toward Broadway, and again down toward the river on the right. At length the batons of the police were seen swinging in the air, far up on the left, parting the crowd and pressing it back to make way for a carriage that moved slowly and with difficult jogs, through the compact multitude.

"Suddenly the silence was broken, and the cry of 'Butler!' 'Butler!' 'Butler!' rang out with tremendous and thrilling effect, and was taken up by the people. But not a hurrah! Not once! It was the cry of a great people, asking to know how their President died. The blood bounced in our veins, and the tears ran like streams down our faces.

"How it was done I forget, but Butler was pulled through and pulled up, and entered the room, where we had just walked back to meet him. A broad crape, a yard long, hung from his left arm—terrible contrast with the countless flags that were waving the nation's victory in the breeze. We first realized, then, the truth of the sad news that Lincoln was dead.

"When Butler entered the room we shook hands. Some spoke, some could not; all were in tears. The only word Butler had for us all, at the first break of silence, was, *'Gentlemen, he died in the fullness of his fame!'*

and as he spoke it his lips quivered and the tears ran fast down his cheeks.

"Then, after a few moments, came the speaking. And you can imagine the effect, as the crape fluttered in the wind, while his arm was uplifted. Dickinson, of New York State, was fairly wild. The old man leaped over the iron railing of the balcony and stood on the very edge, overhanging the crowd, gesticulating in the most vehement manner, and almost bidding the crowd 'burn up the rebel, seed, root and branch,' while a bystander held on to his coat-tails to keep him from falling over.

"By this time the wave of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets, the one dead, the other next to dying; one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said a moment before that 'Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago!' They were not allowed to say it again.

"Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a looped halter pendent from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while 'Vengeance' was the cry. On the right, suddenly, the shout rose, 'The World!' 'the World!' 'the office of the World!' 'World!' 'World!' and a movement of perhaps eight thousand or ten thousand turning their faces in the direction of that building began to be executed.

"It was a critical moment. What might come no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. Police and military would have availed little or been too late. A telegram had just been read from Washington, 'Seward is dying.'

"Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. 'Another telegram from Washington!' And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested for a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out, 'Fellow-citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!'

"The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground with awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsides

and settles to the sea, when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen.

"It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, Seward, never reached it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris.

"I inquired what was his name. The answer came in a low whisper, 'It is General Garfield, of Ohio.'"

At another meeting in the same city, he spoke upon the great event:

"By this last act of madness, it seems as though the Rebellion had determined that the President of the soldiers should go with the soldiers who have laid down their lives on the battle-field. They slew the noblest and gentlest heart that ever put down a rebellion upon this earth. In taking that life they have left the iron hand of the people to fall upon them.

"Love is on the front of the throne of God, but justice and judgment, with inexorable dread, follow behind; and when the law is slighted and mercy despised, when they have rejected those who would be their best friends, then comes justice with her hoodwinked eyes, and with the sword and scales. From every gaping wound of your dead chief, let the voice go up from the people to see to it that our house is swept and garnished.

"I hasten to say one thing more, fellow-citizens. For mere vengeance I would do nothing. This nation is too great to look for mere revenge. But for security of the future I would do everything."

Speech on the Death of President Lincoln.

General Garfield delivered the speech when the House took official action on the death of President Lincoln, and it was he, again, who (February 12, 1878), retouched with his eloquent powers the same theme on receiving F. B. Carpenter's painting of Lincoln and Emancipation, on behalf of the nation.

It was eminently natural that he should have been chosen on such occasions, for every act of his life has been a testimony in defense of his country; that country which he loves so well. Speaking on its future, he said, at Hudson College:

"Our great dangers are not from without. We do not live by the consent of any other nation. We must look within to find elements of danger. The first and most obvious of these is territorial expansion,

overgrowth, and the danger that we shall break to pieces by our own weight. This has been the commonplace of historians and publicists for many centuries, and its truth has found many striking illustrations in the experience of mankind.

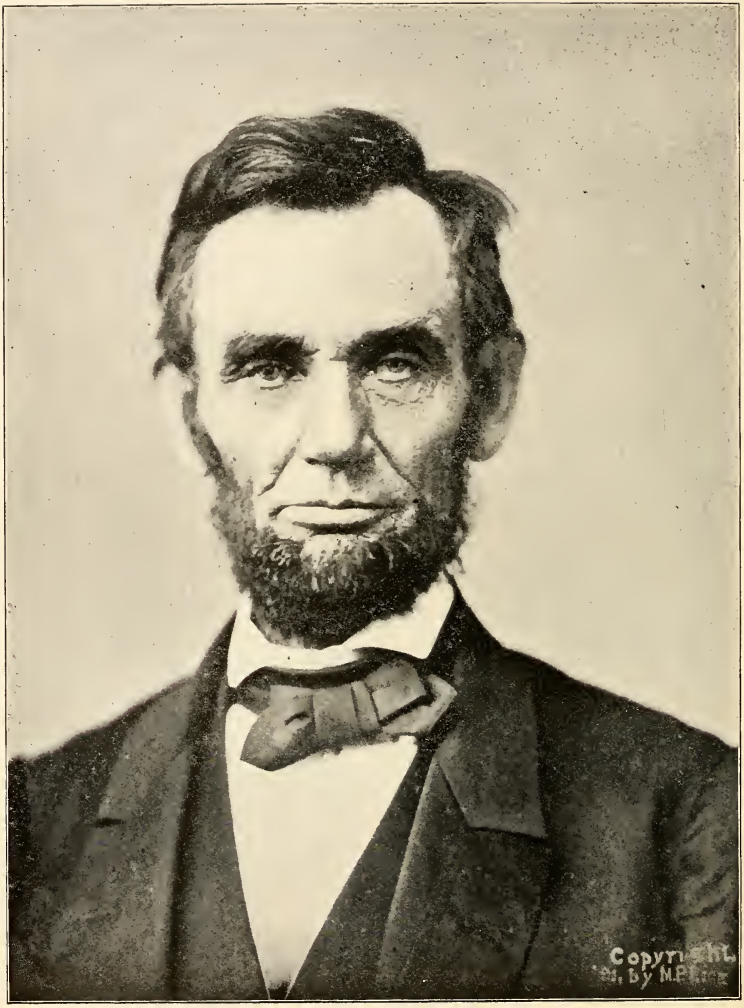
"But we have fair ground for believing that new conditions and new forces have nearly, if not wholly, removed the ground of this danger. Distance, estrangement, isolation have been overcome by the recent amazing growth in the means of intercommunication. For political and industrial purposes California and Massachusetts are nearer neighbors today than were Philadelphia and Boston in the days of the Revolution. It was distance, isolation, ignorance of separate parts, that broke the cohesive force of the great empires of antiquity.

"Fortunately, our greatest line of extension is from east to west, and our pathway along the parallels of latitude are not too broad for safety—for it lies within the zone of national development. The Gulf of Mexico is our special providence on the south. Perhaps it would be more fortunate for us if the northern shore of that gulf stretched westward to the Pacific. If our territory embraced the tropics, the sun would be our enemy. 'The stars in their courses' would fight against us. Now these celestial forces are our friends, and help to make us one. Let us hope the Republic will be content to maintain this friendly alliance.

"Our northern boundary is not yet wholly surveyed. Perhaps our neighbors across the lakes will some day take a hint from nature, and save themselves and us the dicomfort of an artificial boundary. Restrained within our present southern limits with a population more homogeneous than that of any other great nation, and with a wonderful power to absorb and assimilate to our own type the European races that come among us, we have but little reason to fear that we shall be broken up by divided interests and internal feuds, because of our great territorial extent. Finally, our great hope for the future—our great safeguard against danger, is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people and in the virtue which accompanies such education. And all these elements depend, in a large measure, upon the intellectual and moral culture of the young men who go out from our higher institutions of learning. From the standpoint of this general culture we may trustfully encounter the perils that assail us. Secure against dangers from abroad, united at home by the strongest ties of common interest and patriotic pride, holding and unifying our vast territory by the most potent forces of civilization, relying upon the intelligent strength and responsibility of

each citizen, and, most of all, upon the power of truth, without undue arrogance, we may hope that in the centuries to come our Republic will continue to live and hold its high place among the nations as

"'The heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time.'"



Abraham Lincoln

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BOOK III.

Abraham Lincoln,

The Great Emancipator.

CHRONOLOGY
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Born Hardin County, Ky., February 12, 1809.

Family removed to Spencer County, Ind., 1816.

Death of his mother, 1818.

Family removed to Macon County, Ill., 1830.

Captain in the Black Hawk War, 1832.

Fails in grocery business at New Salem, 1833.

Lincoln's Love Romance, 1835.

Elected to Legislature several times.

Admitted to the bar, 1837.

"Duel" with General James Shields, 1842.

Marriage to Mary Todd, November 4, 1842.

Elected to Congress, 1846.

Debates with Stephen A. Douglas, 1858.

Nominated for President, 1860.

Election to the Presidency, November 6, 1860.

Emancipation Proclamation issued, January 1, 1863.

Re-nomination and re-election, 1864.

Shot by John Wilkes Booth, April 14, 1865.

Died April 15, 1865.

BOOK III.

Abraham Lincoln,
The Great Emancipator.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF THREE—HOW IT IS THAT CHIEF MAGISTRATES OF THE REPUBLIC ARE EASY PREY FOR MURDERERS—LINCOLN DID NOT LIKE TO BE SURROUNDED BY GUARDS—LAMON'S WARNING.

The first great shock sustained by the people of the United States, a shock which spread alarm and terror throughout the country because of its very unexpectedness, was the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, and, in reality, the most representative man—the man closest to the "common people"—who had, up to 1861, ever sat in the Executive chair.

Until John Wilkes Booth, in his fierce and frightful frenzy, took the life of the Great Emancipator, the thought that any man would dare raise his hand against the chosen head of the Nation never entered the minds of the citizens of the Republic. Kings, Emperors, Queens and other monarchs had fallen beneath the blows dealt by murderers, but there was no justifiable reason why a man elected from and by the people of the United States to the Presidency should die as tyrants have died in the past.

Lincoln was not an oppressor of the people; on the contrary, he was a liberator. Lincoln was not a ruler who trod upon the rights of the people; he deprived no man of his liberty; he sought the maintenance of the Union, and was the controlling influence in crushing all attempts at disunion; he sought only the good of the country and its inhabitants—and yet he was slain by a cowardly, treacherous assassin.

Since the death of Lincoln two other Presidents of the United States

have suffered from the hatred of those who sought to do harm to the cause of liberal government by destroying the ruler of a nation of freemen. President Garfield yielded up his life after months of terrible suffering, and President McKinley fell at the feet of a man he had never seen.

It may with truth be said that these repeated blows fell quite as heavily upon the people of other nations as upon our own. If the heads of state of the mighty North American Republic were not safe, what, then, was the status of the sovereigns and rulers of other countries, in none of which was the voice of the people the guiding power?

President Lincoln, while he did not live in a state of apprehension—he was too brave a man to entertain the slightest fear for his own personal safety—often expressed the opinion that he would not live out his second term in the Presidential chair. He was in the White House at a time when the country was rent in twain by fratricidal strife, when the fiercest passions of men were aroused, and he well knew that, at any time, some reckless spirit might strike him down from motives of revenge. He had seen the bloodiest civil war in all history, during which hundreds of thousands of men had given up their lives, and he was prepared for his own immolation upon the altar—a vicarious sacrifice for the good of the nation he loved so well.

It was different with Presidents Garfield and McKinley. One felt the murderous rage of the disappointed office-seeker; the other the vindictive, revengeful wrath of the coldblooded anarchist who slew for the mere pleasure of slaying. There may have been a purpose in the assassination of President Lincoln, for John Wilkes Booth warmly espoused the cause of the South; Guiteau and the deadly anarchistic Pole who shot Presidents Garfield and McKinley had no cause to espouse, and consequently their crimes were purposeless.

In a country like the United States, where there is absolutely no espionage upon the movements of the people, it is the easiest thing in the world to kill the President, who comes in contact with the people every day of his life. Where the Emperor and King moves in imperial and royal state, the head of the Republic conducts himself like the simplest citizen. All have access to him; he is not surrounded with a cordon of military guards; he is merely one of the people, and he mingles with the people.

Therefore, it is not a heroic act to kill a man who, unarmed and unmindful of danger, invites the attacks of the vicious and insensate. There is really no reason whatever why the wicked, lawless devil-minded could not kill off Presidents of the United States as fast as they were elected,

unless laws were passed for the suppression, or, at least, control, of the elements which breed anarchists and other vipers of that stripe and character.

President Lincoln did not take even the most ordinary precautions to ensure his personal safety. All during the years he occupied the White House he was constantly eluding the guards detailed to watch over him. It irritated him beyond measure to think that he was being protected, although he realized that his life was precious to his country and the cause of the Union.

Lamon's Premonition.

Ward Lamon, Marshal of the District of Columbia, and the self-constituted bodyguard of the President, was the man who prevented the murder of Lincoln more than once. Being one of the latter's closest and most intimate friends, he had access to the White House day and night—in fact, he lived there. He was at once time the President's law partner, and possessed his confidence in a greater degree than any other man in the United States. A day or two previous to the assassination Lamon went to Richmond, and before his departure implored the President not to expose himself.

"Whatever you do, Mr. President," said he, "do not, by any means, go to the theater. You are more liable to attack there than any other place."

"Lamon is a regular old woman," laughed the President, "and takes as much care of me as though I were a baby."

However, Mr. Lincoln gave a sort of a promise that he would stay away from the theater, and Lamon departed for Richmond somewhat easy in his mind. He had hardly more than reached the fallen capital of the Confederacy when he received a telegram conveying the intelligence that President Lincoln had been shot by Booth in Ford's Theater, in Fourteenth Street.

"Had I been in Washington such a thing would never have happened," said the Marshal afterwards.

The circumstances surrounding the shooting of President Lincoln indicated that there was carelessness somewhere. In opposition to the wishes of Marshal Lamon the President went to the theater, at the instance of Mrs. Lincoln, who was exceedingly anxious to witness the play, "Our American Cousin." The wife of the President, although desirous of shielding her husband from all possibility of harm, did not for a moment think Mr. Lincoln was running any risk. Guards had been posted near the Presidential box, and the ushers, also, had orders not to permit the

approach of any persons whose actions might be construed as suspicious in any way.

The fact that Booth was an actor and had often played at the theater himself, and was well known to all the attaches of the house, made it easy for him to saunter to the vicinity of where the President was sitting with his wife, Major Rathbone, Miss Harris, and others. The ushers permitted Booth to pass, although they would have stopped anyone else, in all probability, and he found his way to the box without molestation or hindrance of any kind.

The guards near the box, seeing the ushers had no objection to the presence of the assassin, paid no attention to him. Having everything his own way, Booth prepared himself for the frightful deed; he drew his revolver, and with this weapon in his right hand, he entered the box.

President Lincoln Assassinated.

President Lincoln was sitting in the front part of the box, his arm resting on the rail, intent upon what was transpiring on the stage, while those around him were also interested in the play, and did not notice the entrance of the assassin. Placing his revolver at the back of the President's head, Booth fired, the bullet entering the brain and causing instantaneous insensibility.

The President did not move, but, closing his eyes as soon as the shot was fired, appeared as if asleep.

Major Rathbone was the first one of those near the President to gain his presence of mind, and, leaping forward, grasped Booth by the arm The latter, who had dropped his revolver, had drawn a dagger, and, wrenching his arm free, stabbed Rathbone in the hand. At the same time Mrs. Lincoln, who was stunned by the awful suddenness of the occurrence, gave vent to a piercing shriek. She rushed to the President's side, but could not arouse him from his deadly lethargy.

At first the audience, though startled by the shot and Mrs. Lincoln's screaming, did not understand what had happened, and thought it part of the performance; but they were quickly undeceived by the assassin, who now rushed to the front of the box, and leaped on to the stage, exclaiming: "Sic semper tyrannis!" (So be it always with tyrants!), following this by brandishing the dagger, and adding: "The South is avenged!" Then he dashed through the doors of the building, and escaped.

No words can describe the scenes that ensued; for it was quickly made known that not only was the President unconscious from the mo-

ment he was struck down, but that there was no hope whatever of his recovery.

To add to the thrilling excitement of the people, the audience who left the building, filled with grief and horror, had no sooner arrived in the street, than news was told them that Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, had also been assaulted. While lying helpless, owing to a serious injury he had received through being thrown from his carriage, one of the conspirators—Payne Powell—had entered his room and stabbed him three times.

The gladness which had just come upon the people because of the surrender of General Lee and the collapse of the Confederacy was now instantaneously turned into sorrow; and the night of the 14th of April, 1865, was a night of bitterness and gloom in the city of Washington. The many rumors which were afloat before midnight—as to a plot to destroy the whole Cabinet, a fresh outbreak of the rebellion, and many others—all tended to intensify the general anxiety; and though these reports proved to be without foundation, yet the next day brought with it greater anguish still. On that morning, at twenty-two minutes past seven, the President passed away.

The plan for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln had been laid with great care. Outside of the theater, where the deed was committed, a horse was in waiting for the murderer; and though on jumping from the box to the stage he had injured his leg, Booth contrived to jump into the saddle, and was soon out of sight. Away towards the South he fled, soldiers following in hot pursuit; but not until he had reached Lower Maryland, where, for a few days, he found shelter amongst friends, was he discovered. There, in a barn, Booth was found hidden, and, on refusing to surrender when called upon, the building was fired, and he was shot dead by Boston Corbett, one of the soldiers.

Some of his fellow conspirators were soon afterwards arrested—four being subsequently hanged; and it was ere long made quite clear that a plot had been formed to take the lives of other members of the Cabinet as well as that of Mr. Lincoln.

From a letter found in Booth's trunk, not only was this proved, but it was shown, too, that the murder had been planned to take place just before the time when General Lee was defeated, and had only failed then because Booth's accomplices refused to move further in the matter "until Richmond"—the seat of the Confederate Government—"could be heard from."

The land was now filled with woe and lamentation; and never, before

or since, were such scenes witnessed in it. All was gloom and mourning. Men walked in the public places and wept aloud as if they had been alone; women sat with children on the steps of houses, wailing and sobbing. Strangers stopped to converse and cry. By common sympathy all began to dress their houses in mourning and to hang black stuff in all the public places. Before night the whole nation was shrouded in black.

Lincoln's funeral pageant was one of the grandest, and at the same time the most touching display the world has ever seen. After the body had lain in state under the great dome of the Capitol, it was carried through the great cities of the North, where the people gathered by hundreds of thousands to greet it.

After the sad journey through the country, the remains of the first Martyr President, the great Emancipator, were finally laid to rest in the cemetery at Springfield, Ills., where a magnificent monument has been erected to the memory of one of the greatest, kindliest, most magnanimous men to whom the Republic has given birth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STORY OF LINCOLN'S LIFE AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF—"THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR"—EARLY STRUGGLES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS—HIS ACHIEVEMENTS AND TRIUMPHS—HOW HE OVERCAME ALL OBSTACLES AND BECAME THE MOST EMINENT AMONG THE RULERS OF THE EARTH.

In one single line Abraham Lincoln epitomized his entire life—"The short and simple annals of the poor." These eight words constitute a history, an autobiography, in themselves.

On the 20th of December, 1859, Mr. Lincoln, who was then preparing to enter the race for the Republican Presidential nomination, wrote the following letter to a friend at Bloomington, Mr. Jesse W. Fell:

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

"His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union (1816). It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods.

"There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no quali-

fication was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin'' to the Rule of Three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education.

"Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm-work, which I continued until I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois and passed the first year in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store.

"Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of volunteers—a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature in the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people.

"The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterwards. During this legislative period, I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress, but was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before.

"Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral ticket making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Soon after his nomination for the Presidency in 1860, Mr. Lincoln wrote out a somewhat more elaborate sketch of his life for the use of his friends in preparing a campaign biography for the canvass of that year, but it contained little or nothing in reference to his early life not given above.

Lincoln's Ancestry.

It has been claimed by some that Abraham Lincoln came of a fine line of ancestors, but Lincoln himself never paid much attention to these assertions. As Napoleon said of his brave Marshal of the Empire, Lefebvre, "He is his own ancestor."

The first of this family of Lincolns came to this country from England about 1637, settling first at Salem and afterwards at Hingham, Mass., was the American progenitor. To the same source has been traced the ancestry of General Benjamin Lincoln, of Revolutionary fame, who received the sword of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781; two early Governors of Massachusetts (both named Levi Lincoln); Governor Enoch Lincoln of Maine, besides others of national reputation. Mordecai Lincoln, the son of Samuel, lived and died in Scituate, near Hingham, Mass.; Mordecai II., his son, emigrated first to New Jersey and then to what afterwards became Berks County, Pennsylvania, as early as 1720 to 1725. John, his son, removed to Rockingham County, Virginia, in 1758; his son Abraham, the father of Thomas (who was the father of the Martyr President, settled in Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where he was killed by Indians in 1784, leaving Thomas, the father of the future President, a child of the age of six years.

Abraham Lincoln, the son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, was born the 12th of February, 1809, in the then Hardin County, Kentucky. Abraham's parents were married near Beachland, in Washington County, the same State, on June 12th, 1806, Miss Hanks being the niece of Joseph Hanks of Elizabethtown. After the birth of a daughter he removed to a farm about fourteen miles from Elizabethtown, where Abraham was born, "at a point within the new County of La Rue, a mile or a mile and a half from where Hodgens' mill now is."

This is according to the memorandum furnished by President Lincoln to an artist who was painting his portrait.

Lincoln's Early Youth.

When Abraham was in his eighth year his father removed with his family to what is now Spencer County, Indiana. Here there is reason to believe their mode of life was even more comfortless than it was in Kentucky, as the country was newer and they settled in an unbroken forest. Lincoln himself says, in the paper prepared as the basis for a campaign biography in 1860, that "this removal was partly on account of slavery, but chiefly on account of the difficulty in land-titles in Kentucky."

For a time, the family lived in a sort of camp or cabin built of logs

on three sides and open at one end, which served as both door and windows. A story told by Lincoln himself about his life here gives his first, if not his only, experience as a hunter. "A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log-cabin, and Abraham, with a rifle gun, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled a trigger on any larger game."

Another story connected with his life in Indiana is that told by Austin Gollaher, a school- and play-mate of Abraham's—though somewhat older—who claims to have rescued the future President from drowning in consequence of his falling into a stream which they were crossing on a log, while hunting partridges near Gollaher's home. The same claim of having saved Lincoln's life has been set up by Dennis Hanks, presumably referring to the same event. In his own sketches, Mr. Lincoln makes no reference to this incident, though there is believed to have been some basis of truth in the story, as told so graphically and circumstantially by Gollaher.

Here Abraham again went to school for a short time, but, according to his own statement, "the aggregate of all his schooling did not amount to one year." According to the statement of his friend Gollaher, he "was an unusually bright boy at school, and made splendid progress in his studies. Indeed, he learned faster than any one of his schoolmates. Though so young, he studied very hard. He would get spice-wood brushes, hack them up on a log, and burn them two or three together, for the purpose of giving light by which he might pursue his studies."

An ax was early put into his hands, and he soon became an important factor in clearing away the forest about the Lincoln home. Two years after the arrival in Indiana, Abraham's mother died, and a little over a year later his father married Mrs. Sarah Johnston, whom he had known in Kentucky. Her advent brought many improvements into the Lincoln home, as she possessed some property and was a woman of strong character. Between her and her step-son sprang up a warm friendship which lasted through life. His devotion to her illustrated one of the strong points in Mr. Lincoln's character.

In 1826, at the age of seventeen years, Lincoln spent several months as a ferryman at the mouth of Anderson Creek, where it enters the Ohio. According to a story told by him to Secretary of State Seward, after he became President, it was here he earned his first dollar by taking two travelers, with their baggage, to a passing steamer in the Ohio. It was here, too, probably, that he acquired that taste for river life which led, at

the age of nineteen, to his taking his first trip to New Orleans as a hired hand on board a flatboat loaded with produce, belonging to a Mr. Gentry, a business man of Gentryville, Ind., for which he received eight dollars per month and his passage home again.

An almost tragic incident connected with this trip, told by Mr. Lincoln himself, was an attack made upon the boat and its crew by seven negroes for the purpose of robbery, and possibly murder, one night while the boat was tied to the shore along "the coast" on the lower Mississippi. The intended robbers were beaten off, but not until some of the crew had been wounded in the assault. Te negroes were themselves pretty badly used up.

In March, 1830, Abraham removed with his father's family to Illinois. This removal was brought about largely through the influence of John Hanks, who had married one of Abraham's step-sisters, and had preceded the family to Illinois by two years. The first location was made on the banks of the Sangamon River, near the present village of Harristown, in the western part of Macon County.

Here he set to work assisting his father to build their first home and open a farm, splitting some of the rails which aroused so much enthusiasm when exhibited after his nomination for the Presidency in 1860. A year later, in conjunction with John Hanks and one or two others, he built a flatboat, on the Sangamon River near Springfield, for Daniel Offutt, on which he went to New Orleans with a load of produce.

During a stay of one month in the "Crescent City," he had his first opportunity of seeing the horrible side of the institution of slavery, and there is reason to believe that he then became imbued with those sentiments which bore such vast results for the country and a race a generation later. According to the testimony of his friend Herndon, "he saw 'negroes in chains—whipped and scourged.'"

Lincoln's First Sight of Slavery.

One morning, in their rambles over the city, they passed a slave auction. A vigorous and comely mulatto girl was being sold. She underwent a thorough examination at the hands of the bidders; they pinched her flesh and made her trot up and down the room like a horse to show how she moved, as the auctioneer said, that "bidders might satisfy themselves" whether the article they were offering to buy was sound or not. The whole thing was so revolting that Lincoln moved away from the scene with a deep feeling of unconquerable hate. Bidding his companions follow him, he said: "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing

(meaning slavery), I'll hit it hard." Judge Herndon, Lincoln's law partner and biographer, said this incident was not only furnished to him by John Hanks, but that he heard Mr. Lincoln refer to it himself.

After his return from New Orleans, he entered the service of Offutt as clerk in a store at New Salem, then in Sangamon County, but now in the County of Menard, a few miles from Petersburg. While thus employed, he began in earnest the work of trying to educate himself, using a borrowed "Kirkham's Grammar" and other books, under the guidance of Mentor Graham, the village school-teacher.

Later, with Graham's assistance, he studied surveying in order to fit himself for the position of a deputy to the County Surveyor. How well he applied himself to the study of the English language is evidenced by the clearness and accuracy with which he was accustomed to express himself, in after years, on great national and international questions—as he had no opportunity of study in the schools after coming to Illinois.

The year after locating at New Salem (1832) came the Black Hawk War, when he enlisted and was elected Captain of his company—a result of which, previous to his election to the Presidency, he said, he had not since had any success in life which gave him so much satisfaction. His company having been disbanded, he again enlisted as a private under Captain Elijah Iles. He remained in the service three months, but participated in no battle. This, he often said, was no fault of his.

After returning from the Black Hawk War, Lincoln made his first entry into business for himself as the partner of one Berry in the purchase of a stock of goods, to which they added two others by buying out local dealers on credit. To this, for a time, he added the office of Postmaster. In less than a year, they sold out their store on credit to other parties, who failed and absconded, leaving a burden of debt on Lincoln's shoulders which was not lifted until his retirement from Congress in 1849.

Lincoln Enters the Field of Politics.

The year 1832 saw Lincoln's entrance into politics as a candidate for Representative in the General Assembly of Illinois from Sangamon County, in opposition to Colonel E. D. Taylor, who afterwards became Receiver of Public Moneys at Chicago by appointment of President Jackson. Taylor was elected, Lincoln then sustaining the only defeat of his life as a candidate for office directly at the hands of the people.

Lincoln was then in his twenty-fourth year, uncouth in dress and unpolished in manners, but with a basis of sound sense and sterling honesty which commanded the respect and confidence of all who knew him.

He also had a fund of humor and drollery, which, in spite of a melancholy temperament, found expression in sallies of wit and the relation of amusing stories, and led him to enter with spirit into any sort of amusement or practical jokes, so customary at that time; yet those who knew him best say that he "never drank intoxicating liquors," nor "even, in those days, did he smoke or chew tobacco."

After his disastrous experience as a merchant at New Salem, and a period of service as Deputy County Surveyor, in 1834 he again became a candidate for the Legislature and was elected. During the succeeding session at Vandalia, he was thrown much into the company of his colleague, Major John T. Stuart, whose acquaintance he had made during the Black Hawk War, and through whose advice, and the offer of books, he was induced to enter upon the study of law. Again, in 1836, he was re-elected to the Legislature. His growing popularity was indicated by the fact that, at this election, he received the highest vote cast for any candidate on the legislative ticket from Sangamon County.

In the Legislature chosen at this time, Sangamon County was represented by the famous "Long Nine"—two being members of the Senate and seven of the House—of whom Lincoln was the tallest. This Legislature was the one which passed the act removing the State capital from Vandalia to Springfield, and set on foot the ill-fated "internal improvement scheme," in both of which Lincoln bore a prominent part. It was also conspicuous for the large number of its members who afterwards became distinguished in State or National history.

On his return from the Legislature of 1836-37, he entered upon the practice of law, for which he had been preparing, as the necessity of making a livelihood would permit, for the past two years, entering into partnership with his preceptor and legislative colleague, John T. Stuart. The story of his removal, as told by his friend, Joshua F. Speed:

"He had ridden into town on a borrowed horse, and engaged from the only cabinet-maker in the village a single bedstead. He came into my store, set his saddle-bags on the counter, and inquired what the furniture for a single bedstead would cost. I took slate and pencil, made a calculation, and found the sum for furniture, complete, would amount to seventeen dollars in all. Said he: 'It is probably cheap enough; but I want to say that, cheap as it is, I have not the money to pay. But if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment as a lawyer here is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail in that, I will probably never pay you at all.' The tone of his voice was so melancholy that I felt for him. I looked at him, and I thought then, as I think now, that I never saw so

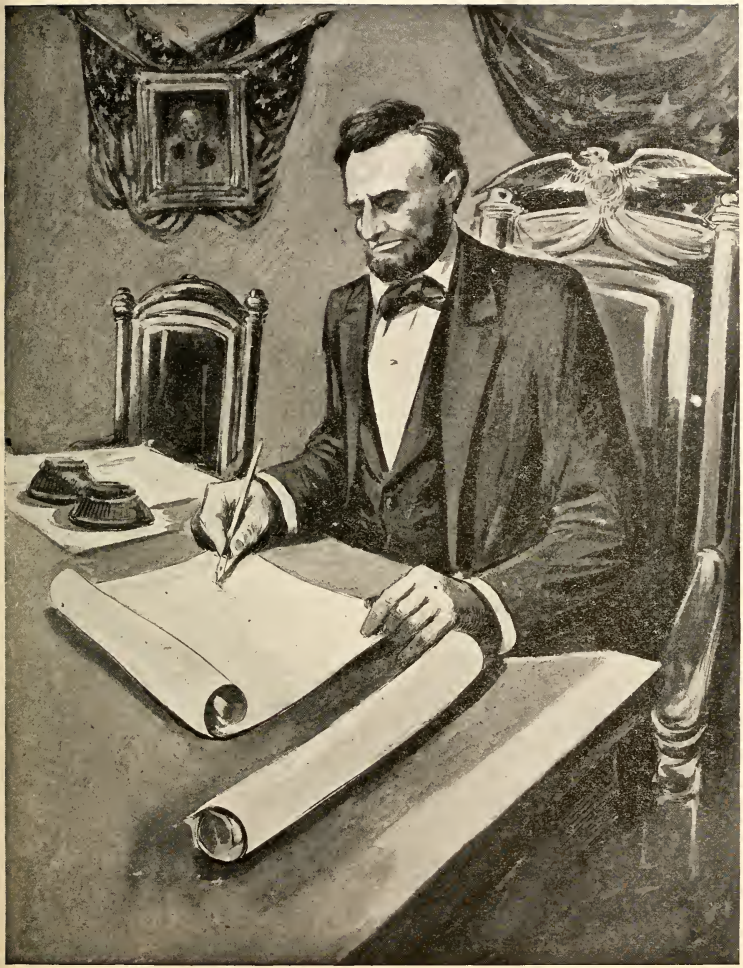
gloomy and melancholy a face in my life. I said to him, 'So small a debt seems to affect you so deeply, I think I can suggest a plan by which you will be able to attain your end without any debt. I have a very large room, and a very large double bed in it, which you are perfectly welcome to share with me if you choose.' 'Where is your room?' he asked. 'Upstairs,' said I, pointing to the stairs leading from the store to my room. Without saying a word he took his saddle-bags on his arm, went upstairs, set them down on the floor, came down again, and, with a face beaming with pleasure and smiles, exclaimed, 'Well, Speed, I'm moved.'"

The friendship between Lincoln and Speed, which began in, and was cemented by, this generous act of the latter, was of the most devoted character, and was continued through life. During the Civil War he was intrusted by President Lincoln with many delicate and important duties in the interest of the Government. His brother, James Speed, was appointed by Mr. Lincoln Attorney General in 1864, but resigned after the accession of President Johnson.

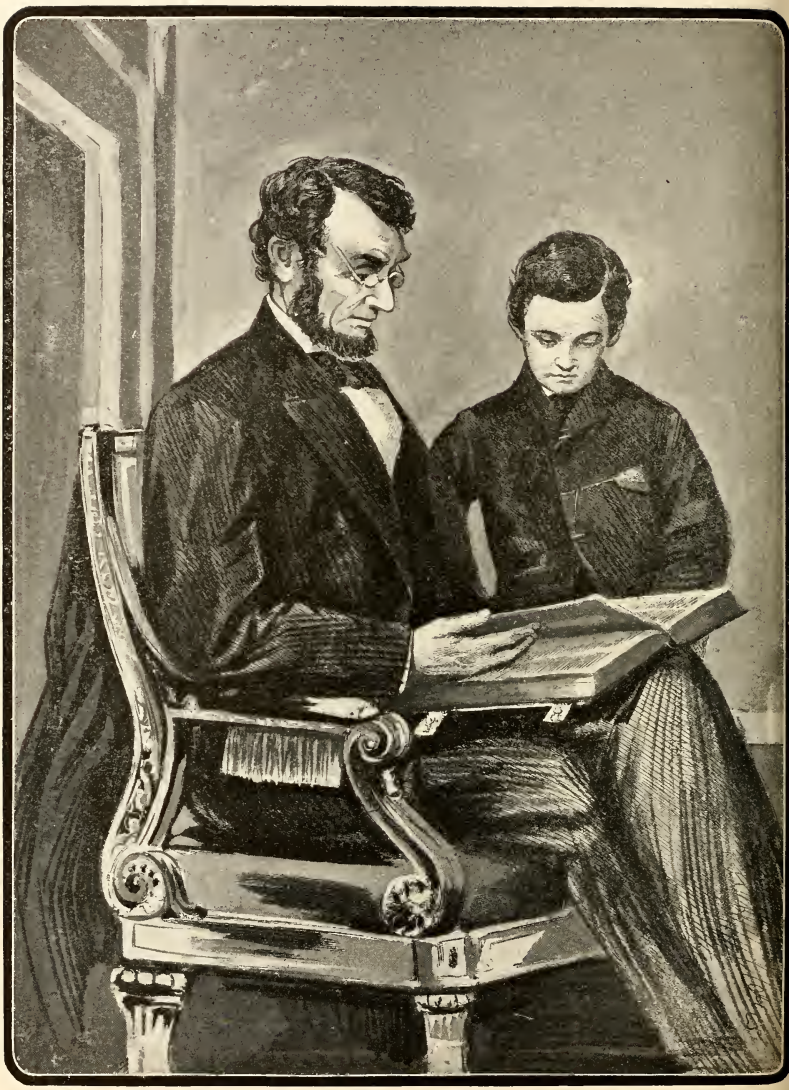
After 1840 Lincoln declined a re-election to the Legislature. His prominence as a political leader was indicated by the appearance of his name on the Whig electoral ticket of that year, again in 1844 and in 1852, and on the Republican ticket for the State at large in 1856. Except while in the Legislature, he gave his attention to the practice of his profession, first as the partner of Major Stuart, then of Judge Stephen T. Logan, and finally of William H. Herndon, the latter partnership continuing until his election to the Presidency.

In an address before the Young Men's Lyceum at Springfield, in January, 1837, on "The Perpetuation of our Political Institutions," Lincoln gave out what may be construed as one of his earliest public utterances on the subject of slavery. His theme was suggested by numerous lynchings and mob outrages in a number of the Southern States, and by the burning of a negro in St. Louis charged with the commission of a murder. The argument, as a whole, was a warning against the danger of mob law to the principles of civil liberty enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and a cautious plea for the right of free speech. In it he said:

"There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law. In any case that may arise, as, for instance, the promulgation of abolitionism, one of two positions is necessarily true—that the thing is right within itself, and therefore deserves protection of all law and all good citizens; or it is wrong, and, therefore, proper to be prohibited by legal enact-



Lincoln, as President, Signing McKinley's Brevet as Major



President Lincoln and His Son "Tad"

ments; and in neither case is the interposition of mob law either necessary, justifiable, or excusable."

Lincoln's Marriage.

On November 4th, 1842, Lincoln was married to Miss Mary Todd. In 1846 he was elected as Representative in Congress for the Springfield District. He made several speeches during his term, the most noteworthy being one in which he took ground in opposition to the position of the administration in reference to the Mexican War—on that subject agreeing with the famous Tom Corwin.

His attitude on the slavery question is indicated by his statement that he voted in favor of the Wilmot Proviso forty-two times, and supported a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, with the consent of the voters of the District and with compensation to the owners.

This was his uniform position with reference to slavery up to the time when the slaveholders forfeited their right to be protected by engaging in rebellion, and when its abolition became a "war measure."

During the five years following his retirement from Congress in 1849, Lincoln gave his time to the practice of his profession more industriously than ever before. The passage, in May, 1854, of the so-called Kansas-Nebraska bill, repealing the Missouri Compromise and opening the way for the admission of slavery into territory which had been "dedicated to freedom," again called him into the political arena, and marked a new era in his career, and he almost immediately became one of the leaders of the opposition to that measure. During October, 1854, the State Fair being in progress, Senator Douglas came to Springfield to defend his action. In Lincoln and Lyman Trumbull he found his ablest antagonists. Two weeks later, Lincoln made, at Peoria, probably the most exhaustive argument that had, so far, been delivered on this question.

At the November election he and Judge Stephen T. Logan were elected to the Legislature, but Lincoln, recognizing that his name was to come before the Legislature at the coming session, as a candidate for the United States Senate, as a successor to General Shields, declined to accept his certificate of election, thereby leaving a vacancy to be filled by a special election. By means of a "still hunt," a Democrat was chosen to fill the vacancy. When the Legislature met on Jan. 1st, 1855, the Anti-Nebraska Whigs and Anti-Nebraska Democrats still had a small majority. The Senatorial election came on February 8th.

Lincoln became the caucus nominee of the Whigs, Shields of the

straight-out Democrats, while Lyman Trumbull received the support of the Anti-Nebraska Democrats.

On the first ballot Lincoln received his full vote of forty-five members. Trumbull received five, which, combined with the Lincoln vote, would have been sufficient to elect—all other candidates receiving forty-nine votes. By Lincoln's advice, his friends went to Trumbull, and he was elected.

On May 29th 1856, Lincoln made before the Bloomington Convention one of the ablest and most inspiring speeches of his life; the Republican party, so far as Illinois was concerned, was brought into existence; the program proposed by him at Decatur, for the nomination of Bissell for Governor, was carried into effect by acclamation, and its wisdom demonstrated by the election of the entire State ticket in November following.

In the first National Convention of the Republican party, held at Philadelphia on June 17, he was a leading candidate for the nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Fremont ticket, receiving 110 votes, and coming next to William L. Dayton, who was nominated.

CHAPTER XXX.

LINCOLN'S GREAT "HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF" SPEECH, WHICH FIRST BROUGHT HIM INTO NATIONAL PROMINENCE—JOINT DEBATE WITH DOUGLAS—ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Lincoln gave little time to politics until 1858, devoting his attention chiefly to his profession. The Republican State Convention met June 16, continuing its session two days. On the 17th a resolution was unanimously adopted declaring Abraham Lincoln its "first and only choice for United States Senator, to fill the vacancy about to be created by the expiration of Mr. Douglas' term of office." In the evening Lincoln delivered an address in response to this resolution. This is called his "Divided House" speech, and its effect was startling. While it provoked the bitter criticism of his opponents—who, without justification, denounced it as a plea for disunion—it was regarded by many of his friends as ill-advised. Yet its far-reaching sagacity and foresight, which now seem to have been prompted by a species of inspired prophecy, were demonstrated by the events of less than five years later, in which he was a principal factor.

LINCOLN'S "HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF" SPEECH.

The following is the text of this remarkable oration:

"Gentlemen of the Convention: If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall be-

come alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new—North as well as South.

"Have we no tendency to the latter condition?

"Let any one who doubts, carefully contemplate that now almost complete legal combination—piece of machinery, so to speak—compounded of the Nebraska doctrine and the Dred Scott decision. Let him consider not only what work the machinery is adapted to, and how well adapted; but also let him study the history of its construction, and trace, if he can, or rather fail, if he can, to trace the evidence of design and concert of action among its chief architects, from the beginning.

"The year of 1844 found slavery excluded from more than half the States by State Constitutions, and from most of the national territory by Congressional prohibition. Four days later commenced the struggle which ended in repealing that Congressional prohibition. This opened all the national territory to slavery, and was the first point gained.

"But, so far, Congress had acted; and an indorsement by the people, real or apparent, was indispensable, to save the point already gained, and give chance for more.

"This necessity had not been overlooked, but had been provided for, as well as might be, in the notable argument of 'squatter sovereignty,' otherwise called 'sacred right of self-government,' which latter phrase, though expressive of the only rightful basis of any government, was so perverted in this attempted use of it as to amount to just this:

"That, if any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object. That argument was incorporated into the Nebraska bill itself, in the language which follows:

" 'It being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom; but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.'

"Then opened the roar of loose declamation in favor of 'squatter sovereignty,' and 'sacred right of self-government.' 'But,' said opposition members, 'let us amend the bill so as to expressly declare that the people of the territory may exclude slavery.' 'Not we,' said the friends of the measure; and down they voted the amendment.

"While the Nebraska bill was passing through Congress, a law case involving the question of a negro's freedom, by reason of his owner having voluntarily taken him first into a free State and then into a Territory covered by the Congressional prohibition, and held him as a slave

for a long time in each, was passing through the United States District Court for the district of Missouri; and both Nebraska bill and lawsuit were brought to a decision in the same month of May, 1854. The negro's name was 'Dred Scott,' which name now designates the decision finally made in the case.

"Before the then next Presidential election, the case came to, and was argued in, the Supreme Court of the United States, but the decision of it was deferred until after the election.

"Still, before the election, Mr. Trumbull, on the floor of the Senate, requested the leading advocate of the Nebraska bill to state his opinion whether the people of a Territory can constitutionally exclude slavery from their limits; and the latter answers: 'That is a question for the Supreme Court.'

"The election came. Mr. Buchanan was elected, and the endorsement, such as it was, secured. That was the second point gained. The endorsement, however, fell short of a clear popular majority by nearly four hundred thousand votes, and so, perhaps, was not overwhelmingly reliable and satisfactory. The outgoing President, in the last annual message, as impressively as possible echoed back upon the people the weight and authority of the endorsement. The Supreme Court met again; did not announce their decision, but ordered a re-argument. The next Presidential inauguration came, and still no decision of the court; but the incoming President in his inaugural address fervently exhorted the people to abide by the forthcoming decision, whatever it might be. Then, in a few days, came the decision.

"The reputed author of the Nebraska bill finds an early occasion to make a speech at this capital indorsing the Dred Scott decision, and vehemently denouncing all opposition to it. The new President, too, seizes the early occasion of the Sillman letter to indorse and strongly commend that decision, and to express his astonishment that any different view had ever been entertained.

"At length a squabble sprang up between the President and the author of the Nebraska bill, on the mere question of fact whether the Lecompton Constitution was or was not, in any just sense, made by the people of Kansas; and in that quarrel the latter declares that all he wants is a fair vote for the people, and that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or up. I do not understand his declaration that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or up to be intended by him other than an apt definition of the policy he would impress upon the public mind—the principle for which he declares he has suffered so much, and

is ready to suffer to the end. And well may he cling to that principle. If he has any parental feelings, well may he cling to it. That principle is the only shred left of his original Nebraska doctrine.

"Under the Dred Scott decision squatter sovereignty squatted out of existence, tumbled down like temporary scaffolding—like the mould at the foundry, served through one blast and fell back into loose sand—helped to carry an election and then was kicked to the winds. His late joint struggle with the Republicans, against the Lecompton Constitution, involves nothing of the original Nebraska doctrine. That struggle was made on a point—the right of the people to make their own constitution—upon which he and the Republicans have never differed.

"The several points of the Dred Scott decision, in connection with Senator Douglas' care-not policy, constitute the piece of machinery, in its present state of advancement. This was the third point gained.

"The working points of that machinery are:

"First. That no negro slave, imported as such from Africa, and no descendant of such slave, can ever be a citizen of any State, in the sense of that term as used in the Constitution of the United States. This point is made in order to deprive the negro, in every possible event, of the benefit of that provision of the United States Constitution which declares that 'the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.'

"Secondly. That, 'subject to the Constitution of the United States,' neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature can exclude slavery from any United States territory. This point is made in order that individual men may fill up the Territories with slaves, without danger of losing them as property, and thus to enhance the chances of permanency to the institutions through all the future.

"Thirdly. That, whether the holding of the negro in actual slavery in a free State make him free, as against the holder, the United States courts will not decide, but will leave to be decided by the courts of any slave State the negro may be forced into by the master.

"This point is made, not to be pressed immediately, but, if acquiesced in for a while, and apparently indorsed by the people at an election, then, to sustain the logical conclusion that what Dred Scott's master might lawfully do with Dred Scott, in the free State of Illinois, every other master may lawfully do with any other one, or one thousand slaves, in any other free State.

"Auxiliary to all this, and working hand in hand with it, the Nebraska doctrine, or what is left of it, is to educate and mold public opinion, at

least Northern public opinion, not to care whether slavery is voted down or up. This shows exactly where we now are; and partially, also, whither we are tending.

"It will throw additional light on the latter, to go back and run the mind over the string of historical facts already stated. Several things will now appear less dark and mysterious than they did when they were transpiring. The people were to be left 'perfectly free,' subject only to the Constitution.

"What the Constitution had to do with it outsiders could not then see. Plainly enough, now, it was an exactly fitted niche, for the Dred Scott decision to afterward come in, and declare the perfect freedom of the people to be just no freedom at all. Why was the amendment, expressly declaring the right of the people, voted down? Plain enough now; the adoption of it would have spoiled the niche for the Dred Scott decision. Why was the court decision held up? Why even a Senator's individual opinion withheld, till after the Presidential election? Plainly enough now; the speaking out then would have damaged the perfectly free argument upon which the election was to be carried. Why the outgoing President's felicitation on the indorsement? Why the delay of a re-argument? Why the incoming President's advance exhortation in favor of the decision? These things look like the cautious patting and petting of a spirited horse preparatory to mounting him, when it is dreaded that he may give the rider a fall. And why the hasty after-indorsement of the decision by the President and others?

"We cannot absolutely know that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James, for instance—and when we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly adapted, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few—not omitting even scaffolding—or, if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame, exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such a piece in—in such a case, we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn before the first blow was struck.

It should not be overlooked that, by the Nebraska bill, the people of a State as well as a Territory were to be left 'perfectly free, subject only

to the Constitution.' Why mention a State? They were legislating for Territories, and not for or about States.

"Certainly, the people of a State are, or ought to be, subject to the Constitution of the United States; but why is mention of this lugged into this merely territorial law? But why are the people of a Territory and the people of a State therein lumped together, and their relation to the Constitution therein treated as being precisely the same? While the opinions of the court, by Chief Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott case, and the separate opinions of all the concurring judges, expressly declare that the Constitution of the United States neither permits Congress nor a Territorial Legislature to exclude slavery from any United States Territory, they all omit to declare whether or not the same Constitution permits a State, or the people of a State, to exclude it.

"Possibly, that is a mere omission; but who can be quite sure, if McLean or Curtis had sought to get into the opinion a declaration of unlimited power in the people of a State to exclude slavery from their limits, just as Chase and Mace sought to get such a declaration, in behalf of the people of a Territory, into the Nebraska bill—I ask, who can be quite sure that it would not have been voted down in the one case as it has been in the other?

"The nearest approach to the point of declaring the power of a State over slavery is made by Judge Nelson. He approaches it more than once, using the precise idea and almost the language, too, of the Nebraska act. On one occasion, his exact language is, 'Except in cases where the power is restrained by the Constitution of the United States, the law of the State is supreme over the subject of slavery within its jurisdiction.'

"In what cases the power of the States is so restrained by the United States Constitution is left an open question, precisely as the same question as to the restraint on the power of the Territories was left open in the Nebraska act. Put this and that together, and we have another nice little niche, which we may, ere long, see filled with another Supreme Court decision, declaring that the Constitution of the United States does not permit a State to exclude slavery from its limits. And this may especially be expected if the doctrine of 'care not whether slavery be voted down or up' shall gain upon the public mind sufficiently to give promise that such a decision can be maintained when made.

"Such a decision is all that slavery now lacks of being alike lawful in all the States. Welcome or unwelcome, such a decision is probably coming, and will soon be upon us, unless the power of the present po-

litical dynasty shall be met and overthrown. We shall lie down pleasantly dreaming that the people of Missouri are on the very verge of making their State free, and we shall wake to the reality instead, that the Supreme Court has made Illinois a slave State. To meet and overthrow the power of that dynasty is the work now before all those who would prevent that consummation. That is what we have to do. How can we best do it?

"There are those who denounce us openly to their friends, and yet whisper us softly that Senator Douglas is the aptest instrument there is with which to effect that object. They wish us to infer all from the fact that he now has a little quarrel with the present head of the dynasty; and that he has regularly voted with us on a single point, upon which he and we have never differed. They remind us that he is a great man, and that the largest of us are very small ones. Let this be granted. But 'a living dog is better than a dead lion;' for this work it is, at least, a caged and toothless one. How can he oppose the advances of slavery? He don't care anything about it. His avowed mission is impressing the 'public heart' to care nothing about it.

"A leading Douglas Democratic newspaper, treating upon this subject, thinks Douglas's superior talent will be needed to resist the revival of the African slave trade. Does Douglas believe an effort to revive that trade is approaching? He has not said so. Does he really think so? But, if it is, how can he resist it? For years he has labored to prove it a sacred right of white men to take negro slaves into the new Territories. Can he possibly show that it is less a sacred right to buy them where they can be bought the cheapest? And unquestionably they can be bought cheaper in Africa than Virginia. He has done all in his power to reduce the whole question of slavery to one of a mere right of property; and, as such, how can he oppose the foreign slave trade—how can he refuse that trade in that 'property' shall be 'perfectly free'—unless he does it as a protection to the home production? And as the home producers will probably not ask the protection, he will be wholly without a ground of opposition.

"Senator Douglas holds, we know, that a man may rightfully be wiser to-day than he was yesterday—that he may rightfully change when he finds hmiself wrong. But can we, for that reason, run ahead, and infer that he will make any particular change of which he himself has given no intimation? Can we safely base our actions upon any such vague reference? Now, as ever, I wish not to misrepresent Judge Douglas's position, question his motives, or do aught that can be per-

sonally offensive to him. Whenever, if ever, he and we can come together on principle so that our cause may have assistance from his great ability, I hope to have interposed no adventitious obstacle. But, clearly, he is not now with us—he does not pretend to be—he does not pretend ever to be.

"Our cause, then, must be intrusted to, and conducted by, its own undoubted friends—those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work—who do care for the result. Two years ago the Republicans of the nation mustered over thirteen thousand strong. We did this under the single impulse of resistance to a common danger, with every external circumstance against us. Of strange, discordant, and even hostile elements, we gathered from the four winds, and formed and fought the battle through, under the constant hot fire of a disciplined, proud and pampered enemy. Did we brave all then, to falter now?—now, when that same enemy is wavering, dissevered and belligerent? The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail—if we stand firm, we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate, or mistakes delay it, but, sooner or later, the victory is sure to come."

The Lincoln-Douglas Joint Debates.

The Springfield speech was followed, a few months later, by a series of joint debates with Senator Douglas, in which Lincoln was the challenging party, Douglas naming the conditions. Seven meetings were held, as follows: Ottawa, August 21; Freeport, August 27; Jonesboro, September 15; Charleston, September 18; Galesburg, October 7; Quincy, October 13; Alton, October 15—Douglas opening and closing at four and Lincoln at three. They not only aroused the interest of both parties throughout the State, but attracted the attention of the whole country. A feature of this debate was the seven questions submitted to Douglas by Lincoln, four of which were propounded at Freeport and the other three at subsequent dates. These were a sort of offset to an equal number of questions propounded to Lincoln by Douglas at their first debate at Ottawa.

At the election in November, 1858—although the Republicans elected their State ticket by nearly 4,000 plurality—the friends of Judge Douglas secured a majority in the Legislature, thus a second time defeating Lincoln's aspirations to the United States Senate.

The national reputation thus won for him was still further enhanced by his speeches in Ohio in September, 1859, still later in Kansas, and early in 1860 in the East—that delivered at Cooper Institute, New York, on February 27th, 1860, being the most memorable. The latter, by their

sound sentiment, convincing logic, and lofty patriotism, evoked the admiration of Eastern Republicans and prepared the way for what was to come at Chicago in May following.

The National Republican Convention met at Chicago, May 16, 1860, and the work of nominating a candidate for President was taken up on the third day—May 18. On the first ballot, William H. Seward led Lincoln by 53½ votes, on the second by only 3½; on the third, Lincoln received 231½ votes to 180 for Seward—all others receiving 53½ votes. Before the result was announced, Lincoln's vote had increased to 354, and he was finally nominated unanimously amid the wildest enthusiasm.

The succeeding campaign was one of great earnestness and enthusiasm on the part of his political friends in all the Northern States, and one of intense bitterness on the part of his enemies, especially in the South. He was described in the partisan press as rude, ignorant, and uncultivated to the last degree, and pictured as a "baboon," and even painted as a sot and drunkard after his election, in spite of his abstemious habits. The election in November gave him a plurality of the popular vote and 180 electoral votes out of 303, although not a single vote was returned for him from ten Southern States.

On the morning of February 11th, 1861, he left his home at Springfield, never to return alive, to assume the duties of his office at Washington. Standing on the rear platform of the train at the depot, he addressed his friends and neighbors, who had assembled to witness his departure.

"My Friends: No one not in my position can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine blessing which sustained him; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

No man ever spoke with profounder earnestness, or from a conscience stirred to deeper feeling by the burden of responsibility which had been placed upon his shoulders by the choice of the people. His route on the way to the National Capital lay through the States of In-

diana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and, at nearly every important station, immense throngs were gathered to greet him and bid him God-speed in the cause he had undertaken. The discovery of a plot to assassinate him in Baltimore led to a change of the program of his journey at Harrisburg, and he passed through Baltimore at night in company with Ward H. Lamon and Allan Pinkerton, the detective, arriving at Washington in safety on the morning of February 23d.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LINCOLN INAUGURATED AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS THE MEANS OF CALLING ALL THE FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE OF THE UNION TO HIS SUPPORT—WAR BEGINS IN EARNEST—THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION OF JANUARY 1ST, 1863, FREES THE SLAVES SO LONG HELD IN BONDAGE.

President Lincoln entered upon his duties as the head of the nation on the 4th of March, 1861, in the face of difficulties never before presented to a man in his station. The country was on the verge of civil war, and all knew it, yet the language used by the new Chief Magistrate in his inaugural address was eminently conciliatory. This address was a marvel of logic and clear reasoning, as those who read it may judge for themselves.

Excitement was at fever heat. It had been necessary for the new President to steal into the National Capital in order to prevent his assassination, so great was the feeling against him on the part of those who espoused the cause of secession, and had it not been for the military precautions taken by Lieutenant General Scott, commanding the Army of the United States, it is doubtful if Mr. Lincoln would have lived through the day. Secession was rampant, and there were men in the vast assemblage who would have taken his life had they dared.

But the incoming President was not a man to be frightened. He was made of too stern material for that. He delivered his inaugural address in a clear, strong voice, seemingly unmindful of the tumult all around him.

LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

"Fellow Citizens of the United States: In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take, in your presence, the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office.

"I do not consider it necessary, at present, for me to discuss those

matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement. Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that, by the accession of a Republican administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed, and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches, when I declare that 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists.' I believe I have no lawful right to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with the full knowledge that I had made this, and made many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform, for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"'Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the right of the States, and especially the right of each State, to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.'

"I now reiterate these sentiments; and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration.

"I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

"There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.'

"It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those

who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law.

"All the members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as well as any other.

"To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause 'shall be delivered up,' their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

"There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one.

"If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done; and should any one, in any case, be content that this oath shall go unkept on a mere inconsequential controversy as to how it shall be kept?

"Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that 'the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States'?

"I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules; and while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

"It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national Constitution. During that period fifteen different and very distinguished citizens have in succession administered the executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief Constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulties.

"A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that in the contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution the Union of these States is perpetual. Per-

petuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

"Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of a contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it? Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition, that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself.

"The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of the Confederation in 1778; and, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was 'to form a more perfect union.' But if destruction of the Union by one, or by a part only of the States, be lawfully possible, the union is less perfect than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

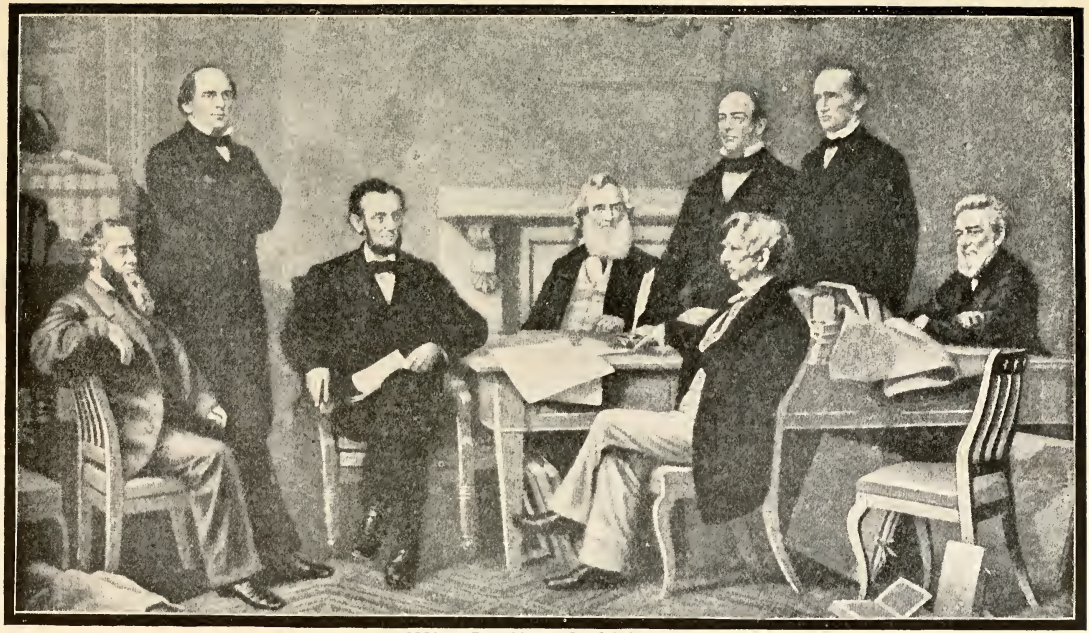
"It follows from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

"I, therefore, consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this, which I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.

"I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

Lincoln, the Rail Splitter

Chicago Wigwam, where Lincoln was Nominated



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

SALMON P. CHASE, Sec. of Treasury.
EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec. of War.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
CALEB B. SMITH, Sec. of the Interior.
MONTGOMERY BLAIR, Postmaster General.
GIDEON WELLES, Sec. of the Navy.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Sec. of State.
EDWARD BATES, Attorney General.

The Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Ill.

"In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none unless it is forced upon the national authority.

"The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere.

"Where hostility to the United States shall be so great and so universal as to prevent the competent resident citizens from holding Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it best to forego, for the time, the uses of such offices.

"The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union.

"So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection.

"The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper; and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to the circumstances actually existing, and with a view and hope of a peaceable solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

"That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny. But if there be such, I need address no word to them.

"To those, however, who love the Union, may I not speak, before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories and its hopes? Would it not be well to ascertain why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from—will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake? All profess to be content in the Union, if all Constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this.

"Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly-written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly-written Constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution; it certainly would, if such a right were a vital one. But such is not our case.

"All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by State authorities? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. From questions of this class spring all our Constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities.

"If the minority did not acquiesce, the majority must, or the Government must cease. There is no alternative for continuing the Government acquiescence on the one side or the other. If a minority in such a case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent, which, in time, will ruin and divide them, for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy a year or two hence arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this. Is there such a perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession? Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

"A majority held in check by Constitutional check limitation, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible. So that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism, in some form, is all that is left.

"I do not forget the position assumed by some, that Constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court, nor do I deny that

such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties to a suit, while they are also entitled to a very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all the other departments of the Government; and while it is obviously possible that such a decision may be erroneous in any given case, still, the evil following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled, and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice.

"At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that, if the policy of the Government upon the vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by the decisions of the Supreme Court the instant they are made, as in ordinary litigation between parties in personal action, the people will have ceased to be their own masters, unless having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.

"Nor is there in this view any assault upon the court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink, to decide cases properly brought before them; and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes. One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while the other believes that it is wrong, and ought not to be extended; and this is the only substantial dispute; and the fugitive slave cause of the Constitution and the law for the suppression of the slave trade are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured, and it would be worse, in both cases, after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived, without restriction in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

"Physically speaking, we cannot separate; we cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other, but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They can but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens

than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendment, I fully recognize the full authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself, and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it.

"I will venture to add, that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish either to accept or refuse. I understand that a proposed amendment to the Constitution (which amendment, however, I have not seen) has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision now to be implied Constitutional law, I have no objections to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix the terms for the separation of the States. The people, themselves, also, can do this if they choose; but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present Government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired by him to his successor. Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal, the American people. By the frame of the Government under which we live, this same people have wisely given

their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.

"My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.

"If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good can be frustrated by it.

"Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either.

"If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance upon Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you.

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it.

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

"The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Union Men Stand by Lincoln.

The effect of this address throughout the country was electrical. All men devoted to the cause of the Union rallied around the President, who had declared in his inaugural address that his first and only thought was the preservation of the Union of the States. All other issues were forgotten, as subservient to the issues of the hour, for it was thoroughly appreciated that there was now a man at the head of the Government who said what he meant and meant what he said.

In a little more than a month after the inauguration of President Lin-

coln grim war was on, and it was war in earnest. Fort Sumter was fired upon, the Confederacy became a fixed fact, the President called for hundreds of thousands of troops, battles were won and lost, the situation became the gravest, and the Nation was called upon to confront grave situations, and yet the brave heart of the President never faltered. He knew victory would rest with the cause of justice at last.

While Lincoln was necessarily impatient for the end, he was a man who knew how to labor and to wait. When the Civil War had been in progress nearly two years he, biding his time meanwhile, prepared and issued his Emancipation Proclamation, which resulted in the freedom of the slaves and forever broke the power of the slaveholders in the United States of America.

The Proclamation of Emancipation.

The following is the complete text of the immortal emancipation proclamation, issued by President Lincoln, January 1, 1863, at Washington:

"Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing among other things, the following, to-wit:

" 'That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

" 'That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto, at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of a strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.'

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States,

by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate, as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to-wit:

"Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Marie, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

"And, by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

"And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and I recommend to them, that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

"And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of the Almighty God.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred
[L.S.] and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"By the President,
"WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State."

CHAPTER XXXII.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD AND YOUNG MANHOOD AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE STORIES TOLD REGARDING HIM—HOW HE ACQUIRED THE SOBRIQUET OF "HONEST ABE"—THE FIRST DOLLAR HE EVER EARNED—EXPERIENCES ON THE MISSISSIPPI ON A FLATBOAT—PAID EVERYTHING HE OWED.

No man in public life in the history of the United States rose from such obscurity and abject poverty as Abraham Lincoln. He was heaven-born and possessed attributes little less than divine, and yet his surroundings at birth and for many years thereafter were of the most squalid description.

Of all those who rose to prominence in this country and fought the battles which resulted in making the Republic what it is, Lincoln was the most typical of the self-made. He triumphed over every possible discouragement, surmounted all obstacles to his advancement, and appeared upon the scene at the opportune time. There may have been others who were fully as capable, but Lincoln was, all in all, the man the country needed at the critical period.

Whether any other man would have served his country as well is a problem yet to be solved. That he was the man of the time is conceded. Many did not know it then, but they know it now. His personality was not altogether pleasing. The East thought him uncouth and rough. The West had faith in him. And faith is everything.

HOW LINCOLN EARNED HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

"Did you ever hear how I earned my first dollar?" inquired President Lincoln of Secretary of State Seward at a Cabinet meeting one day.

"No," rejoined Mr. Seward.

"Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I belonged, you know, to what they called down South the 'scrubs.' We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to the Southern

market. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make it strong or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me one or two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit, that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

Lincoln's Experience on a Mississippi Flatboat.

At the age of 19, Abraham made his second essay in navigation, and at this time caught something more than a glimpse of the great world in which he was destined to play so important a part. A trading neighbor applied to him to take charge of a flatboat and its cargo, and, in company with his own son, to take it to the sugar plantations near New Orleans. The entire business of the trip was placed in Abraham's hands.

The fact tells its own story touching the young man's reputation for capacity and integrity. He had never made the trip, knew nothing of the journey, was unaccustomed to business transactions, had never been much upon the river; but his tact, ability and honesty were so trusted that the trader was willing to risk his cargo and his son in Lincoln's care.

The incidents of a trip like this were not likely to be exciting, but there were many social chats with the settlers and hunters along the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and there was much hailing of similar craft afloat. Arriving at a sugar plantation somewhere between Natchez

and New Orleans, the boat was pulled in, and tied to the shore for purposes of trade; and here an incident occurred which was sufficiently exciting, and one which, in the memory of recent events, reads somewhat strangely.

Here seven negroes attempted the life of the future liberator of the race, and it is not improbable that some of them have lived to be emancipated by his proclamation. Night had fallen, and the two tired voyagers had lain down on their hard bed for sleep. Hearing a noise on shore, Abraham shouted:

"Who's there?"

The noise continuing and no one replying, he sprang to his feet and saw seven negroes, evidently bent on plunder.

Abraham guessed the errand at once, and seizing a hand-spike, rushed towards them, and knocked one into the water the moment he touched the boat. The second, third, and fourth who leaped on board were served in the same rough way. Seeing that they were not likely to make headway in their thieving enterprise, the remainder turned to flee.

Abraham and his companion, growing excited and warm with their work, leaped on shore, and followed them. Both were too swift on foot for the negroes, and all of them received a severe pounding. They returned to their boat just as the others escaped from the water, but the latter fled into the darkness as fast as their legs could carry them. Abraham and his fellow in the fight were both injured, but not disabled. Not being armed, and unwilling to wait until the negroes had received reinforcements, they cut adrift, and floated down a mile or two, tied up to the bank again, and watched and waited for the morning.

The trip was brought at length to a successful end. The cargo, "load," as they called it, was all disposed of for money, the boat itself sold for lumber, and the young men retraced the passage, partly, at least, on shore and on foot, occupying several weeks in the difficult and tedious journey.

"God Knows When."

It is perhaps unknown to the majority of our readers that there was a time when Abraham Lincoln spelled God with a little "g." It is no reflection upon the Great Emancipator, for he was very young at that period.

In an ancient copy-book, in which Lincoln wrote many things, that upon the fly-leaf was written:

"Abraham Lincoln
Holds the pen.
He will be good, but
god knows when."

In after life Lincoln often laughed over this. "I didn't know any better," he said.

No Vices, No Virtues.

Riding at one time in the stage, with an old Kentuckian who was returning from Missouri, Lincoln excited the old gentleman's surprise by refusing to accept either of tobacco or French brandy.

When they separated that afternoon, the Kentuckian to take another stage bound for Louisville, he shook hands warmly with Lincoln, and said good-humoredly, "See here, stranger, you're a clever but strange companion. I may never see you again, and I don't want to offend you, but I want to say this: My experience has taught me that a man who has no vices has d——d few virtues. Good-day."

Lincoln enjoyed this reminiscence of his journey, and took great pleasure in relating it.

Gains the Sobriquet of "Honest Abe."

During the year that Lincoln was in Denton Offutt's store, that gentleman, whose business was somewhat widely and unwisely spread about the country, ceased to prosper in his finances, and finally failed. The store was shut up, the mill was closed, and Abraham Lincoln was out of business. The year had been one of great advance, in many respects.

He had made new and valuable acquaintances, read many books, mastered the grammar of his own tongue, won multitudes of friends, and became ready for a step still further in advance. Those who could appreciate brains respected him, and those whose ideas of a man related to his muscles were devoted to him. It was while he was performing the work of the store that he acquired the sobriquet "Honest Abe"—a characterization that he never dishonored, and an abbreviation that he never outgrew.

He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority, in all disputes, games and matches of man-flesh, horse-flesh, a pacificator in all quarrels; everybody's friend; the best-natured, the most sensible, the best-informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best fellow in all New Salem and the region round about.

Would Not Ask God's Protection.

When Lincoln was working for the nomination for the Legislature the second time, he was on a certain occasion pitted against one George Forquer, who had been a leading Whig, but was now a "Whole Hog Jackson Man," and his reward was a good office.

Forquer devoted himself to taking down the young man from New Salem. He ridiculed his dress, manners and rough personal appearance, and with much pomposity derided him as an uncouth youngster. Lincoln had noticed, on coming into Springfield, Forquer's fine house, on which was a lightning rod, then a great novelty in those parts.

Lincoln, on rising to reply, stood for a moment with flashing eyes, and pale cheeks, betraying his inward but unspoken wrath. He began by discussing very briefly this ungenerous attack.

He said: "I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks of the trade of the politician; but, live long, or die young, I would rather die now, than, like that gentleman, change my politics, and with the change receive an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then feel obliged to erect a lightning rod over my house to protect my guilty conscience from an offended God."

The effect upon the simple audience, gathered there in the open air, was electrical.

"I Am a Bloated Aristocrat."

At another time, Lincoln replied to Col. Richard Taylor, a self-conceited, dandified man who wore a gold chain and ruffled shirt. His party at that time were posing as the hardworking, bone and sinew of the land, while the Whigs were stigmatized as aristocrats, ruffled-shirt gentry.

Taylor making a sweeping gesture, his overcoat became torn open, displaying his finery. Lincoln in reply said, laying his hand on his jeans-clad breast: "Here is your aristocrat, one of your silk-stocking gentry, at your service."

Then, spreading out his hands, bronzed and gaunt with toil: "Here is your rag-basin with lily-white hands. Yes, I suppose, according to my friend Taylor, I am a bloated aristocrat."

"Abe" as a Country Storekeeper.

Lincoln could not rest for an instant under the consciousness that he had, even unwittingly, defrauded anybody. On one occasion, while clerking in Offutt's store, at New Salem, Ill., he sold a woman a little bale of

goods, amounting in value by the reckoning to two dollars and twenty cents. He received the money, and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much.

It was night, and, closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer, and, delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him, went home satisfied.

On another occasion, just as he was closing the store for the night, a woman entered, and asked for a half pound of tea. The tea was weighed out and paid for, and the store was left for the night. The next morning Lincoln entered to begin the duties of the day, when he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales.

He saw at once that he had made a mistake, and, shutting the store, he took a long walk before breakfast to deliver the remainder of the tea. These are very humble incidents, but they illustrate the man's perfect conscientiousness—his sensitive honesty—better, perhaps, than they would if they were of greater moment.

Paid Every Dollar He Owed.

Mr. Lincoln was appointed postmaster by President Jackson. The office was too insignificant to be considered politically, and it was given to the young man because everybody liked him, and because he was the only man who was willing to take it who could make out the returns.

He was exceedingly pleased with the appointment, because it gave him a chance to read every newspaper that was taken in the vicinity. He had never been able to get half the newspapers he wanted before, and the office gave him the prospect of a constant feast. Not wishing to be tied to the office, as it yielded him no revenue that would reward him for the confinement, he made a postoffice of his hat. Whenever he went out the letters were placed in his hat.

When an anxious looker for a letter found the postmaster, he had found his office; and the public officer, taking off his hat, looked over his mail wherever the public might find him. He kept the office until it was discontinued, or removed to Petersburg.

One of the most beautiful exhibitions of Mr. Lincoln's rigid honesty occurred in connection with the settlement of his accounts with the Post-office Department, several years afterward.

It was after he had become a lawyer, and had been a legislator. He had passed through a period of great poverty, had acquired his education

in the law in the midst of many perplexities, inconveniences, and hardships, and had met with temptations such as few men could resist, to make a temporary use of any money he might have in his hands.

One day, seated in the law office of his partner, the agent of the Post-office Department entered, and inquired if Abraham Lincoln was within. Mr. Lincoln responded to his name, and was informed that the agent had called to collect the balance due the Department since the discontinuance of the New Salem office. A shade of perplexity passed over Mr. Lincoln's face, which did not escape the notice of friends present. One of them said at once:

"Lincoln, if you are in want of money, let us help you."

He made no reply, but suddenly rose, and pulled out from a pile of books a little old trunk, and, returning to the table, asked the agent how much the amount of his debt was. The sum was named, and then Mr. Lincoln opened the trunk, pulled out a little package of coin wrapped in a cotton rag, and counted out the exact sum, amounting to something more than seventeen dollars. After the agent had left the room, he remarked quietly that he had never used any man's money but his own. Although this sum had been in his hands during all these years, he had never regarded it as available, even for any temporary use of his own.

Captain in the Black Hawk War.

In the threatening aspect of the Black Hawk War, Governor Reynolds issued a call for volunteers, and among the companies that immediately responded was one from Menard County, Illinois. Many of the volunteers were from New Salem and Clary's Grove, and Lincoln, being out of business, was first to enlist. The company being full, they held a meeting at Richland for the election of officers. Lincoln had won many hearts, and they told him that he must be their captain. It was an office that he did not aspire to, and one for which he felt that he had no special fitness; but he consented to be a candidate. There was but one other candidate for the office (a Mr. Kirkpatrick), and he was one of the most influential men of the county. Previously, Kirkpatrick had been an employer of Lincoln, and was so overbearing in his treatment of the young man that the latter left him.

The simple mode of their electing their captain, adopted by the company, was by placing the candidates apart, and telling the men to go and stand with the one they preferred. Lincoln and his competitor took their positions, and then the word was given. At least three out of every four went to Lincoln at once. When it was seen by those who had arranged

themselves with the other candidate that Lincoln was the choice of the majority of the company, they left their places, one by one, and came over to the successful side, until Lincoln's opponent in the friendly strife was left standing almost alone.

"I felt badly to see him cut so," says a witness of the scene.

Here was an opportunity for revenge. The humble laborer was his employer's captain, but the opportunity was never improved. Mr. Lincoln frequently confessed that no subsequent success of his life had given him half the satisfaction that this election did.

He had achieved public recognition; and to one so humbly bred, the distinction was inexpressibly delightful.

Souvenir of Lincoln's Patent.

Lincoln had enough mechanical genius to make him a good mechanic. With such rude tools as were at his command he had made cabins and flatboats; and after his mind had become absorbed in public and professional affairs, he often recurred to his mechanical dreams for amusement. One of his dreams took form, and he endeavored to make a practical matter of it.

He had had experience in the early navigation of the Western rivers. One of the most serious hindrances to this navigation was low water, and the lodgment of the various craft on the shifting shoals and bars with which these rivers abound. He undertook to contrive an apparatus which, folded to the hull of the boat like a bellows, might be inflated on occasions, and, by its levity, lifted over any obstruction upon which it might rest.

On this contrivance, illustrated by a model whittled out by himself, and now preserved in the Patent Office in Washington, he secured letters patent; but it is certain that the navigation of the Western rivers was not revolutionized by it.

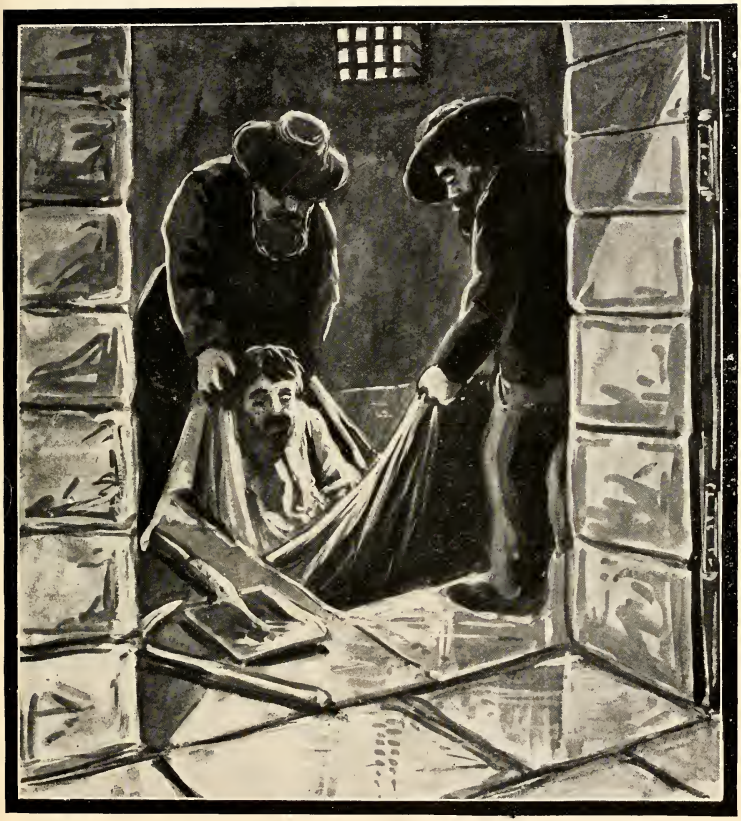
Lincoln a Man of Resource.

Governor Richard Yates (the first), of Illinois, in a speech at Springfield, quoted one of Mr. Lincoln's early friends—W. T. Green—as having said that the first time he ever saw Mr. Lincoln, he was in the Sangamon River with his trousers rolled up five feet, more or less, trying to pilot a flatboat over a mill-dam.

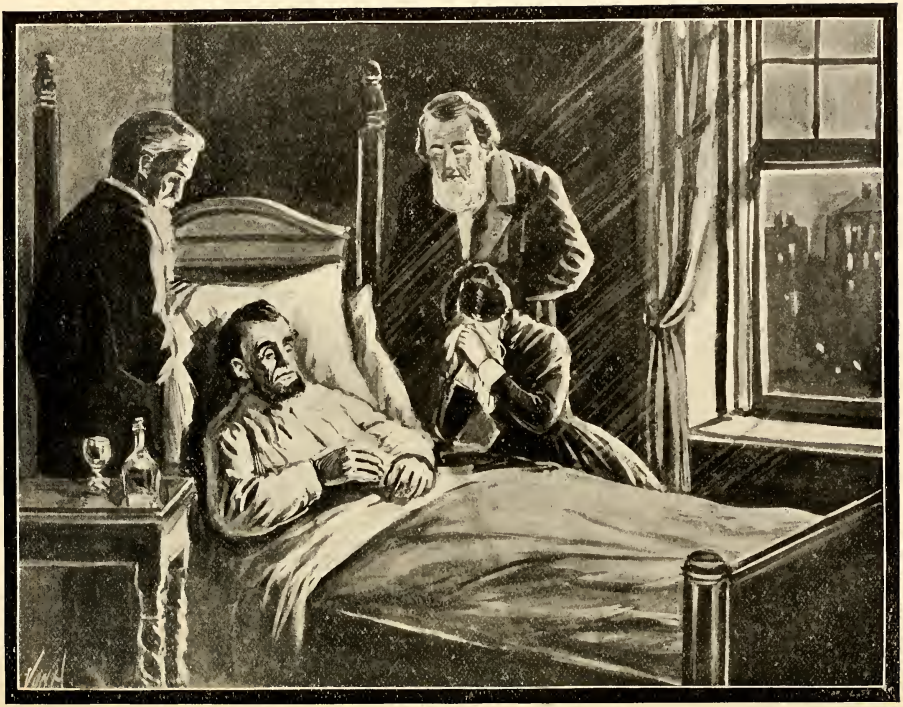
The boat was so full of water that it was hard to manage. Lincoln got the prow over, and then, instead of waiting to bail the water out, bored a hole through the projecting part and let it run out; affording forcible il-

St. Gauden s Statue of Lincoln
(In Lincoln Park, Chicago)

President Lincoln's Old Home at Springfield



The Secret Burial of John Wilkes Booth



Scene at the Deathbed of President Lincoln

lustration of the ready ingenuity of the future President in the quick invention of moral expedients.

"Fetched a Good Many Short Ones."

"The first time I ever remember seeing Abe Lincoln," is the testimony of one of his neighbors, "was when I was a small boy and had gone with my father to attend some kind of an election. One of the neighbors, James Larkins, was there. Larkins was a great hand to brag on anything he owned. This time it was his horse. He stepped up before Abe, who was in a crowd, and commenced talking to him, boasting all the while of his animal.

"'I have got the best horse in the country,' he shouted to his young listener. 'I ran him nine miles in exactly three minutes, and he never fetched a long breath.'

"'I presume,' said Abe, rather dryly, 'he fetched a good many short ones, though.'"

Justice for Even Poor Lo.

One day, during the Black Hawk War, an old Indian strayed into the camp of Lincoln's company. The men wanted to kill him, considering him a spy.

A letter from General Lewis Cass, recommending him, for his past kind and faithful service to the whites, the trembling old savage drew from beneath the folds of his blanket; but failed in any degree to appease the wrath of the men who confronted him. "Make an example of him," they exclaimed; "the letter is a forgery, and he is a spy."

They might have put their threats into execution had not the tall form of Captain Lincoln, his face swarthy with resolution and rage, interposed itself between them and their defenseless victim.

The Indian left the camp unharmed.

Lincoln's "Duel" with General Shields.

General James Shields was Auditor of the State of Illinois in 1839. While he occupied this important office he was involved in an "affair of honor" with no less a personage than Abraham Lincoln. At this time Shields was the pride of the young Democracy, and was considered a dashing fellow by all, the ladies included.

In the summer of 1842, the Springfield (Ill.) Journal contained some letters from the "Lost Township," by a contributor whose nom de plume was "Aunt Becca," which held up the gallant young Auditor as "a ball-

room dandy, floatin' about on the earth without heft or substance, just like a lot of cat fur where cats had been fightin'."

These letters caused intense excitement in the town. Nobody knew or guessed their authorship. Shields swore it would be coffee and pistols for two if he should find out who had been lampooning him so unmercifully. Thereupon "Aunt Becca" wrote another letter, which made the furnace of his wrath seven times hotter than before, in which she made a very humble apology, and offered to let him squeeze her hand for satisfaction, adding:

"If this should not answer, there is one thing more I would rather do than get a lickin'. I have all along expected to die a widow; but, as Mr. Shields is rather good-looking than otherwise, I must say I don't care if we compromise the matter by—really, Mr. Printer, I can't help blushing—but I must come out—I—but widowed modesty—well, if I must, I must—wouldn't he—maybe sorter let the old grudge drap if I was to consent to be—be—his wife? I know he is a fightin' man, and would rather fight than eat; but isn't marryin' better than fightin', though it does sometimes run into it?

"And I don't think, upon the whole, I'd be sich a bad match neither; I'm not over sixty, and am just four feet three in my bare feet, and not much more around the girth; and for color, I wouldn't turn my back to nary a girl in the Lost Townships. But, after all, maybe I'm counting my chickens before they're hatched, and dreamin' of matrimonial bliss when the only alternative reserved for me may be a lickin'. Jeff tells me the way these fire-eaters do is to give the challenged party the choice of weapons, which being the case, I tell you in confidence, I never fight with anything but broomsticks or hot water, or a shovelful of coals, or some such thing; the former of which, being somewhat like a shillelah, may not be so very objectionable to him. I will give him a choice, however, in one thing, and that is whether, when we fight, I shall wear breeches or he petticoats, for I presume this change is sufficient to place us on an equality."

Of course, some one had to shoulder the responsibility of these letters after such a shot. The real author (it was claimed) was none other than Miss Mary Todd, afterward the wife of Lincoln, to whom she was engaged, and he was in honor bound to assume, for belligerent purposes, the responsibility of her sharp pen-thrusts. Lincoln accepted the situation, the principals met, but there was no duel. Lincoln had selected broadswords, and this made the whole affair so ridiculous that Shields was glad to drop it.

Lincoln Always Doubted This Story.

In the year 1855 or 1856, George B. Lincoln, Esq., of Brooklyn, was traveling through the West in connection with a large New York dry-goods establishment. He found himself one night in a town on the Illinois River, by the name of Naples. The only tavern of the place had evidently been constructed with reference to business on a small scale. Poor as the prospect seemed, Mr. Lincoln had no alternative but to put up at the place.

The supper room was also used as a lodging room. Mr. Lincoln told his host that he thought he would "go to bed."

"Bed!" echoed the landlord. "There is no bed for you in this house unless you sleep with that man yonder. He has the only one we have to spare."

"Well," returned Mr. Lincoln, "the gentleman has possession, and perhaps would not like a bed-fellow."

Upon this a grizzly head appeared out of the pillows, and said:

"What is your name?"

"They call me Lincoln at home," was the reply.

"Lincoln!" repeated the stranger; "any connection of our Illinois Abraham?"

"No," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I fear not."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I will let any man by the name of 'Lincoln' sleep with me, just for the sake of the name. You have heard of Abe?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, very often," replied Mr. Lincoln. "No man could travel far in this State without hearing of him, and I would be very glad to claim connection if I could do so honestly."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "my name is Simmons. 'Abe' and I used to live and work together when young men. Many a job of wood-cutting and rail-splitting have I done up with him. Abe Lincoln was the likeliest boy in God's world. He would work all day as hard as any of us—and study by firelight in the log-house half the night; and in this way he made himself a thorough, practical surveyor. Once, during those days, I was in the upper part of the State, and I met General Ewing, whom President Jackson had sent to the Northwest to make surveys. I told him about Abe Lincoln, what a student he was, and that I wanted he should give me a job. He looked over his memorandum, and, holding out a paper, said:

"'There is ——— County must be surveyed; if your friend can do

the work properly, I shall be glad to have him undertake it—the compensation will be six hundred dollars.'

"Pleased as I could be, I hastened to Abe, after I got home, with an account of what I had secured for him. He was sitting before the fire in the log-cabin when I told him; and what do you think was his answer? When I finished, he looked up very quietly, and said:

" 'Mr. Simmons, I thank you very sincerely for your kindness, but I don't think I will undertake the job.'

" 'In the name of wonder,' said I, 'why? Six hundred does not grow upon every bush out here in Illinois.'

" I know that,' said Abe, 'and I need the money bad enough, Simmons, as you know; but I have never been under obligation to a Democratic Administration, and I never intend to be so long as I can get my living another way. General Ewing must find another man to do his work.' "

Mr. Carpenter related this story to the President one day, and asked him if it were true.

"Pollard Simmons!" said Lincoln. "Well do I remember him. It is correct about our working together, but the old man must have stretched the facts somewhat about the survey of the County. I think I should have been very glad of the job at the time, no matter what Administration was in power."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LINCOLN ON THE CIRCUIT AS A LAWYER—DETERMINED TO SUCCEED IN HIS PROFESSION—HIS KINDNESS TO HIS STEPMOTHER—HIS SENSE OF JUSTICE IN CONDUCTING HIS LAW CASES—GETS THE WORST OF IT IN A HORSE TRADE—ONE OF HIS DISAPPOINTMENTS—HOW "ABE" WAS NOMINATED FOR CONGRESS—HIS TRUST IN GOD.

Lincoln was beset by every conceivable difficulty when studying law. He was laughed at and ridiculed. It was said that it was quite as well to make a lawyer out of the stump of a tree. But Lincoln did not care. He knew what he was about and he pursued his way without disturbing himself in regard to what was said about him.

He borrowed books and read them when he should have been asleep in his bed. He snatched the time for study from his waking hours, and made a lawyer of himself in spite of the opposition of those who predicted that time spent in study was time wasted.

That Lincoln's attempt to make a lawyer of himself under the adverse and unpromising circumstances excited comment is not to be wondered at.

Russell Goodby, an old man who still survives, told the following: He had often employed Lincoln to do farm work for him, and was surprised to find him one day, sitting barefoot on the summit of a woodpile, and attentively reading a book.

"This being an unusual thing for farm hands at that early date to do, I asked him," relates Goodby, "what he was reading.

"He answered, 'I'm studying.'

"'Studying what?' I inquired.

"'Law, sir,' was the emphatic response. It was really too much for me, as I looked at him sitting there proud as Cicero."

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

Soon after Lincoln entered upon his profession at Springfield, he was engaged in a criminal case in which it was thought there was little chance of success. Throwing all his powers into it, he came off victorious, and promptly received for his services five hundred dollars. A legal friend calling upon him the next morning found him sitting before a table, upon which his money was spread out, counting it over and over.

"Look here, Judge," said he. "See what a heap of money I've got from the Black case. Did you ever see anything like it? Why, I never had so much money in my life before, put it all together." Then, crossing his arms upon the table, his manner sobering down, he added: "I have got just five hundred dollars; if it were only seven hundred and fifty, I would go directly and purchase a quarter section of land, and settle it upon my old step-mother."

His friend said that if the deficiency was all he needed, he would loan him the amount, taking his note, to which Mr. Lincoln instantly acceded.

His friend then said:

"Lincoln, I would not do just what you have indicated. Your step-mother is getting old, and will not probably live many years. I would settle the property upon her for her use during her lifetime, to revert to you upon her death."

With much feeling, Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I shall do no such thing. It is a poor return at best for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any half-way business about it." And so saying, he gathered up his money and proceeded forthwith to carry his long-cherished purpose into execution.

A Distinction with a Difference.

Lincoln had assisted in the prosecution of a man who had appropriated some of his neighbor's hen roosts. Jogging home along the highway with the foreman of the jury, who had convicted the hen stealer, he was complimented by Lincoln on the zeal and ability of the prosecution, and remarked: "Why, when the country was young, and I was stronger than I am now, I didn't mind packing off a sheep now and then, but stealing hens!"

Abraham Lincoln as a Lawyer.

Two things were essential to his success in managing a case. One was time; the other was a feeling of confidence in the justice of the cause he represented.

He used to say: "If I can free this case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it." When asked why he went so far back, on a certain occasion, in legal history, when he should have presumed that the court knew enough history, he replied: "There's where you are mistaken. I dared not trust the case on the presumption that the court knew anything; in fact, I argued it on the presumption that the court did

not know anything." A statement that may not be as extravagant as one would at first suppose.

When told by a friend that he should speak with more vim, and arouse the jury, talk faster and keep them awake, he replied: "Give me your little penknife with its short blade, and hand me that old jackknife, lying on the table." Opening the blade of the penknife he said: "You see this blade on the point travels rapidly, but only through a small portion of space till it stops, while the long blade of the jackknife moves no faster but through a much greater space than the small one. Just so with the long-labored movements of the mind. I cannot emit ideas as rapidly as others because I am compelled by nature to speak slowly, but when I do throw off a thought it comes with some effort, it has force to cut its own way and travels a greater distance." The above was said to his partner in their private office, and was not said boastingly.

When Lincoln attacked meanness, fraud or vice, he was powerful, merciless in his castigation.

The following are Lincoln's notes for the argument of a case where an attempt was being made to defraud a soldier's widow, with her little babe, of her pension:

"No contract,—Not professional services,—Unreasonable charge,—Money retained by Def., not given by Pl'ff,—Revolutionary War,—Describe Valley Forge privations,—Ice,—Soldiers' Bleeding Feet,—Pl'ff husband,—Soldier leaving home for Army,—Skin Def't,—Close."

Judgment was made in her behalf, and no charges made.

The following reply was overheard in Lincoln's office, where he was in conversation with a man who appeared to have a case that Lincoln did not desire: "Yes," he said, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and children as it does to you. You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case."

Mrs. Lincoln Surprised Her Husband.

A funny story is told of how Mrs. Lincoln made a little surprise for her husband.

In the early days it was customary for lawyers to go from one county to another on horseback, a journey which often required several weeks. On returning from one of these jaunts, late one night, Mr. Lincoln dis-

mounted from his horse at the familiar corner and then turned to go into the house, but stopped; a perfectly unknown structure was before him. Surprised, and thinking there must be some mistake, he went across the way and knocked at a neighbor's door. The family had retired, and so called out:

"Who's there?"

"Abe Lincoln," was the reply. "I am looking for my house. I thought it was across the way, but when I went away a few weeks ago, there was only a one-story house there, and now there is two. I think I must be lost."

The neighbors then explained that Mrs. Lincoln had added another story during his absence. And Mr. Lincoln laughed and went to his remodeled house.

A Horse Trade in Which Lincoln Got the Worst of It.

Abraham Lincoln and a certain judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of $25.

At the hour appointed, the Judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

Considerations Shown to Relatives.

One of the most beautiful traits of Lincoln was his considerate regard for the poor and obscure relatives he had left, plodding along in their humble ways of life. Wherever upon his circuit he found them, he always went to their dwellings, ate with them, and, when convenient, made their houses his home. He never assumed in their presence the slightest superiority to them, in the facts and conditions of his life. He gave them money when they needed and he possessed it. Countless times he was known to leave his companions at the village hotel, after a hard day's work in the courtroom, and spend the evening with these old friends and companions of his humbler days. On one occasion, when urged not to go, he replied, "Why, Aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without calling upon her"; yet, he was obliged to walk several miles to make the call.

One of Lincoln's Disappointments.

At the time of Lincoln's first nomination for the Presidency, Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, occupied a room adjoining and opening into the Executive Chamber at Springfield. Frequently this door was open during Lincoln's receptions, and throughout the seven months or more of his occupation, he saw him nearly every day.

Often, when Mr. Lincoln was tired, he closed the door against all intruders and called Mr. Bateman into his room for a quiet talk. On one of these occasions, Mr. Lincoln took up a book containing canvass of the city of Springfield, in which he lived, showing the candidate for whom each citizen had declared it his intention to vote in the approaching election.

Lincoln's friends had, doubtless at his own request, placed the result of the canvass in his hands. This was towards the close of October, and only a few days before election. Calling Mr. Bateman to a seat by his side, having previously locked all the doors, he said:

"Let us look over this book; I wish particularly to see how the ministers of Springfield are going to vote."

The leaves were turned, one by one, and as the names were examined Mr. Lincoln frequently asked if this one and that one was not a minister, or an elder, or a member of such and such a church, and sadly expressed his surprise on receiving an affirmative answer. In that manner he went through the book, and then he closed it, and sat silently for some minutes regarding a memorandum in pencil which lay before him. At length he turned to Mr. Bateman, with a face full of sadness, and said:

"Here are twenty-three ministers of different denominations, and all of them are against me but three, and here are a great many prominent members of churches, a very large majority are against me. Mr. Bateman, I am not a Christian—God knows I would be one—but I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not so understand this book," and he drew forth a pocket New Testament.

"These men well know," he continued, "that I am for freedom in the Territories, freedom everywhere, as free as the Constitution and laws will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They know this, and yet, with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me; I do not understand it at all."

Here Lincoln paused—paused for long minutes, his features sur-

charged with emotion. Then he rose and walked up and down the reception-room in the effort to retain or regain his self-possession. Stopping at last, he said, with a trembling voice and cheeks wet with tears:

"I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but Truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand; and Christ and Reason say the same; and they will find it so.

"Douglass don't care whether slavery is voted up or down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find they have not read their Bible right."

Much of this was uttered as if he were speaking to himself, and with a sad, earnest solemnity of manner impossible to be described. After a pause he resumed:

"Doesn't it seem strange that men can ignore the moral aspect of this contest? No revelation could make it plainer to me that slavery or the Government must be destroyed. The future would be something awful, as I look at it, but for this rock on which I stand" (alluding to the Testament which he still held in his hand), "especially with the knowledge of how these ministers are going to vote. It seems as if God had borne with this thing (slavery) until the teachers of religion have come to defend it from the Bible, and to claim for it a divine character and sanction; and now the cup of iniquity is full, and the vials of wrath will be poured out."

Everything he said was of a peculiarly deep, tender, and religious tone, and all was tinged with a touching melancholy. He repeatedly referred to his conviction that the day of wrath was at hand, and that he was to be an actor in the terrible struggle which would issue in the overthrow of slavery, although he might not live to see the end.

After further reference to a belief in the Divine Providence and the fact of God in history, the conversation turned upon prayer. He freely stated his belief in the duty, privilege, and efficacy of prayer, and intimated, in no unmistakable terms, that he had sought in that way Divine guidance and favor. The effect of this conversation upon the mind of Mr. Bateman, a Christian gentleman whom Mr. Lincoln profoundly respected, was to convince him that Mr. Lincoln had, in a quiet way, found a path to the Christian standpoint—that he had found God, and rested on the eternal

truth of God. As the two men were about to separate, Mr. Bateman remarked:

"I have not supposed that you were accustomed to think so much upon this class of subjects; certainly your friends generally are ignorant of the sentiments you have expressed to me."

He replied quickly: "I know they are, but I think more on these subjects than upon all others, and I have done so for years; and I am willing you should know it."

An Incident of Lincoln's Home Life.

A woman relative who lived for two years with the Lincolns, told me that Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of lying on the floor with the back of a chair for a pillow when he read.

One evening, when in this position in the hall, a knock was heard at the front door, and, although in his shirt sleeves, he answered the call. Two ladies were at the door, whom he invited into the parlor, notifying them in his open, familiar way, that he would "trot the women folks out."

Mrs. Lincoln, from an adjoining room, witnessed the ladies' entrance and, overhearing her husband's jocose expression, her indignation was so instantaneous she made the situation exceedingly interesting for him, and he was glad to retreat from the mansion. He did not return till very late at night, and then slipped quietly in at a rear door.

How "Abe" Was Nominated for Congress.

When Lincoln was an aspirant for Congressional honors the chief interest of the campaign lay in the race between Hardin—fiery, eloquent, and impetuous Democrat—and Lincoln—plain, practical, and ennobled Whig. The world knows the result. Lincoln was elected.

It is not so much his election as the manner in which he secured his nomination with which we have to deal. Before that ever-memorable Spring, Lincoln vacillated between the courts of Springfield, rated as a plain, honest, logical Whig, with no ambition higher politically than to occupy some good home office. Late in the Fall of 1842 his name began to be mentioned in connection with Congressional aspirations, which fact greatly annoyed the leaders of his political party, who had already selected as the Whig candidate one Baker, afterward the gallant Colonel who fell so bravely and died such an honorable death on the battlefield of Ball's Bluff in 1862.

Despite all efforts of his opponents within his party, the name of the "gaunt rail-splitter" was hailed with acclaim by the masses, to whom he had endeared himself by his witticisms, honest tongue, and quaint philosophy when on the stump, or mingling with them in their homes.

The convention, which met in early Spring, in the city of Springfield, was to be composed of the usual number of delegates. The contest for the nomination was spirited and exciting.

A few weeks before the meeting of the convention the fact was found by the leaders that the advantage lay with Lincoln, and that unless they pulled some very fine wires nothing could save Baker.

They attempted to play the game that has so often won, by "convincing" delegates under instructions for Lincoln, to violate them, and vote for Baker. They had apparently succeeded.

"The plans of mice and men aft gang aglee." So it was in this case. Two days before the convention, Lincoln received an intimation of this, and, late at night, indited the following letter.

The letter was addressed to Martin Morris, who resided at Petersburg, an intimate friend of his, and by him circulated among those who were instructed for him at the county convention.

It had the desired effect. The convention met, the scheme of the conspirators miscarried, Lincoln was nominated, made a vigorous canvass, and was triumphantly elected, thus paving the way for his more extended and brilliant conquests.

This letter, Lincoln had often told his friends, gave him ultimately the Chief Magistracy of the Nation. He has also said, that, had he been beaten before the convention he would have been forever obscured. The following is a verbatim copy of the epistle:

"April 14, 1843.

"Friend Morris: I have heard it intimated that Baker is trying to get you or Miles, or both of you, to violate the instructions of the meeting that appointed you, and to go for him. I have insisted, and still insist, that this cannot be true.

"Sure Baker would not do the like. As well might Hardin ask me to vote for him in the convention.

"Again, it is said there will be an attempt to get instructions in your county requiring you to go for Baker. This is all wrong. Upon the same rule, why might I not fly from the decision against me at Sangamon and get up instructions to their delegates to go for me. There are at least 1,200 Whigs in the county that took no part, and yet I would as soon stick my head in the fire as attempt it.

"Besides, if any one should get the nomination by such extraordinary means, all harmony in the district would inevitably be lost. Honest Whigs (and very nearly all of them are honest) would not quietly abide such enormities.

"I repeat, such an attempt on Baker's part cannot be true. Write me at Springfield how the matter is. Don't show or speak of this letter.

"A. LINCOLN."

Morris did show the letter, and Lincoln always thanked his stars that he did.

LINCOLN'S KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

Once, pleading a cause, the opposing lawyer had all the advantage of the law in the case; the weather was warm, and his opponent, as was admissible in frontier courts, pulled off his coat and vest as he grew warm in the argument.

At that time, shirts with the buttons behind were unusual. Lincoln took in the situation at once. Knowing the prejudices of the primitive people against pretension of all sorts, or any affectation of superior social rank, arising, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, having justice on my side, I don't think you will be at all influenced by the gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law, when you see he does not even know which side of his shirt should be in front." There was a general laugh, and Lincoln's case was won.

LINCOLN DEFENDS A WOMAN PENSIONER.

A woman 70 years old, the widow of a Revolution pensioner, told Lincoln that a pension agent had charged her a fee of $200 for collecting her claim. Lincoln was satisfied by her representations that she had been swindled, and, finding that she was not a resident of the town, and that she was poor, gave her money, and set about the work of procuring restitution. He immediately entered suit against the agent to recover a portion of his ill-gotten money. The suit was entirely successful, and Mr. Lincoln's address to the jury, before which the case was tried, is remembered to have been peculiarly touching, by allusions to the poverty of the widow, and the patriotism of the husband she had sacrificed to secure the Nation's independence. He had the gratification of paying back to her $100, and sent her home rejoicing.

"WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT NICE."

Leonard Volk, the artist, relates that, being in Springfield when the nomination was announced, he called upon Mr. Lincoln, whom he found looking radiant. "I exclaimed, 'I am the first man from Chicago, I believe, who has had the honor of congratulating you on your nomination for President.' Then those two great hands took both of mine with a grasp never to be forgotten, and while shaking, I said, 'Now that you will doubtless be the next President of the United States, I want to make a statue of you, and shall try my best to do you justice.'

"Said he, 'I don't doubt it, for I have come to the conclusion that you are an honest man,' and with that greeting, I thought my hands in a fair way of being crushed.

"On the Sunday following, by agreement, I called to make a cast of Mr. Lincoln's hands. I asked him to hold something in his hands, and told him a stick would do. Thereupon he went to the woodshed, and I heard the saw go, and he soon returned to the dining-room, whittling off the end of a piece of broom handle. I remarked to him that he need not whittle off the edges. 'Oh, well,' said he, 'I thought I would like to have it nice.' "

Lincoln's Vision in 1860.

Lincoln, after hearing of his nomination at Chicago for the Presidency, returned home, and, feeling somewhat weary, went upstairs to his wife's sitting-room, and lay down upon a couch in the room directly opposite a bureau, upon which was a looking-glass.

"As I reclined," said he, "my eye fell upon the glass, and I saw distinctly two images of myself, exactly alike, except that one was a little paler than the other. I arose and lay down again with the same result. It made me quite uncomfortable for a few minutes, but, some friends coming in, the matter passed out of my mind. The next day, while walking in the street, I was suddenly reminded of the circumstance, and the disagreeable sensation produced by it returned. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and did not know what to make of it.

"I determined to go home and place myself in the same position, and, if the same effect was produced, I would make up my mind that it was the natural result of some principle of refraction or optics, which I did not understand, and dismiss it. I tried the experiment, with the same result; and, as I had said to myself, accounted for it on some principle unknown to me, and it then ceased to trouble me. But the God who works through the laws of Nature, might surely give a sign to me, if one of His chosen servants, even through the operation of a principle in optics."

Lincoln remarked to Noah Brooks, one of his most intimate personal friends: "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me, since I came to this place, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is stronger and wiser than all others." He said on another occasion: "I am very sure that if I do not go away from here a wiser man, I shall go away a better man, from having learned here what a very poor sort of a man I am."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LINCOLN AS THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE NATION—HIS ENEMIES BRAND HIM AS A COWARD—HIS SUBSEQUENT CAREER SHOWS HIM THE BRAVEST AND MOST FEARLESS AMONG ALL THE MEN WHO HELD THE DESTINY OF THE REPUBLIC IN THEIR HANDS—DISDAINFUL OF THE THREATS OF ASSASSINATION HE PURSUES HIS WAY IN CALMNESS AND HEROIC FORTITUDE.

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was obliged to enter Washington as a thief in the night, and his enemies rejoiced for the reason that they deemed him a physical and a moral coward. How far they were wrong in their estimate of him time was to show. Never a more courageous man than Abraham Lincoln was ever born. Surrounded on all sides by enemies he was calm and collected.

When he delivered his inaugural address there was no quaver in his voice. He knew that he was in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and yet he did not falter. At any moment an assassin, safely hidden in security, might have taken his life, and yet he was not alarmed. He was buoyed up by his sense of duty and the responsibility devolved upon him.

General John A. Logan and Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, called upon Mr. Lincoln at Willard's Hotel, Washington, February 23, the morning of his arrival, and urged a vigorous, firm policy.

Patiently listening, the President replied seriously but cheerfully, "As the country has placed me at the helm of the ship, I'll try to steer her through."

Soon after Mr. Lincoln began his administration, a distinguished South Carolina lady, the widow of a Northern scholar, called upon him out of curiosity.

She was very proud and aristocratic, and was anxious to see this monstrosity, as he had been represented. Upon being presented she hissed in the President's ear: "I am a South Carolinian."

The President, taking in the situation, was at once courteous and dignified.

After a pleasant conversation, she said: "Why, Mr. Lincoln, you look, act, and speak like a kind, good-hearted, generous man." "And did you

expect to meet a savage?" said he. "Certainly I did, or even something worse. I am glad I have met you, and now the best way to preserve peace is for you to go to Charleston, and show the people what you are, and tell the people you have no intention of injuring them." The lady attended the first levee after the inauguration.

Lincoln's Unconventionality in the White House.

Mr. Lincoln's habits at the White House were as simple as they were at his old home in Illinois. He never alluded to himself as "President," or as occupying "the Presidency." His office he always designated as "the place."

"Call me Lincoln," said he to a friend; "Mr. President" had become so very tiresome to him.

"If you see a newsboy down the street, send him up this way," said he to a passenger, as he stood waiting for the morning news at his gate.

Friends cautioned him about exposing himself so openly in the midst of enemies; but he never heeded them. He frequently walked the streets at night, entirely unprotected; and felt any check upon his movements a great annoyance.

He delighted to see his familiar Western friends; and he gave them always a cordial welcome. He met them on the old footing, and fell at once into the accustomed habits of talk and story-telling.

An old acquaintance, with his wife, visited Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln proposed to these friends a ride in the Presidential carriage. It should be stated in advance that the two men had probably never seen each other with gloves on in their lives, unless when they were used as protection from the cold.

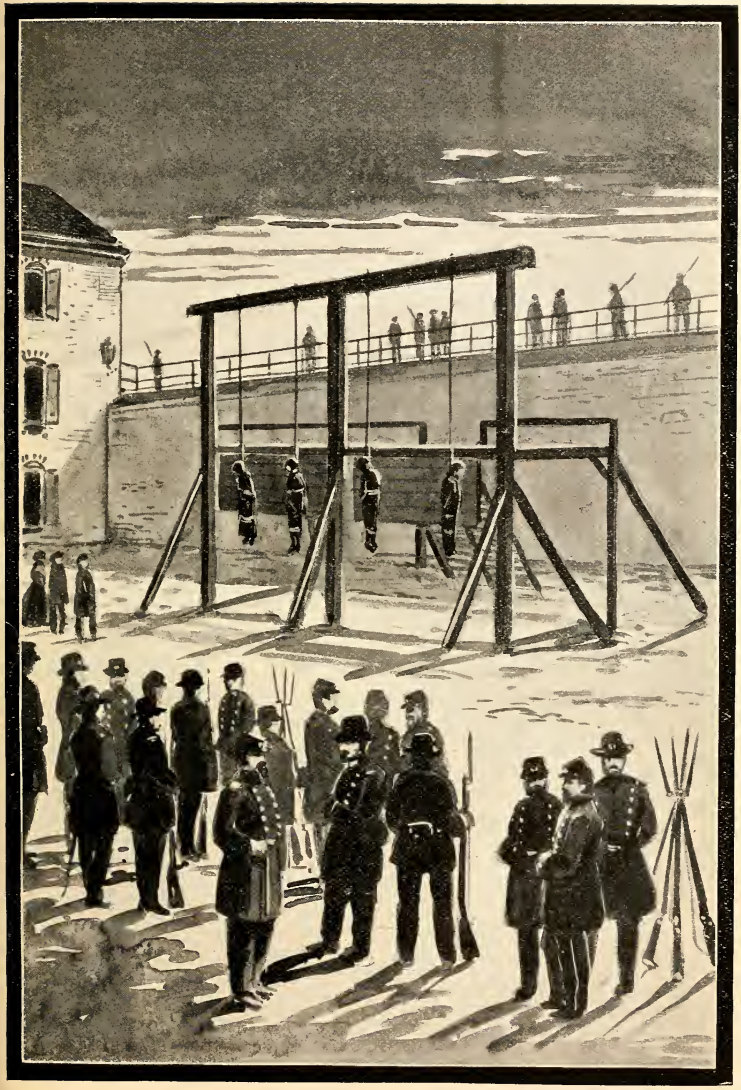
The question of each—Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and his friend at the hotel—was, whether he should wear gloves. Of course the ladies urged gloves; but Mr. Lincoln only put his in his pocket, to be used or not, according to the circumstances.

When the Presidential party arrived at the hotel, to take in their friends, they found the gentleman, overcome by his wife's persuasions, very handsomely gloved. The moment he took his seat he began to draw off the clinging kids, while Mr. Lincoln began to draw his on!

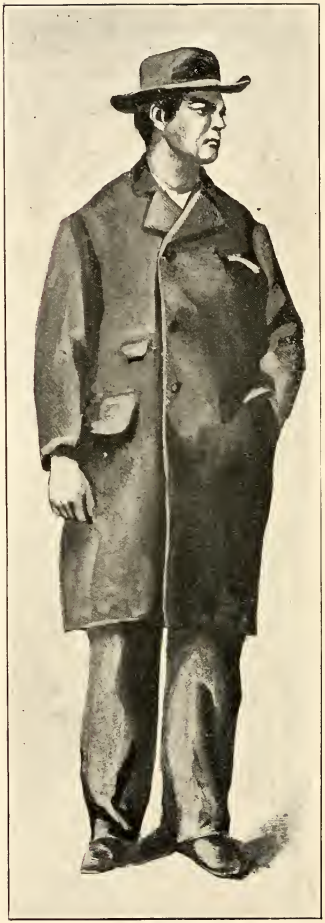
"No! no! no!" protested his friend, tugging at his gloves. "It is none of my doings; put up your gloves, Mr. Lincoln."

So the two old friends were on even and easy terms, and had their ride after their old fashion.

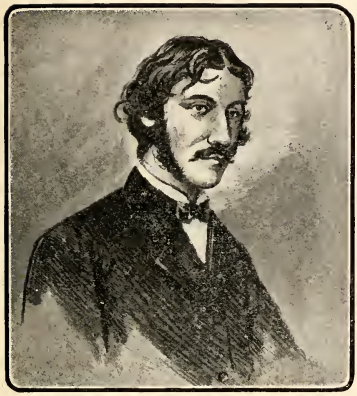
An amusing, yet touching, instance of the President's preoccupation



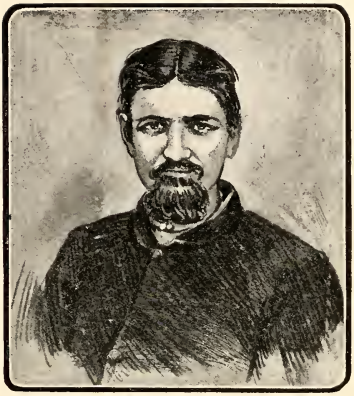
The Execution of Booth's Accomplices



Samuel Atzeroth
One of Booth's Accomplices



Louis Payne



Boston Corbett

Ford's Theatre at Washington

The Home of Mrs. Surratt

of mind occurred at one of his levees when he was shaking hands with a host of visitors passing him in a continuous stream. An intimate acquaintance received the usual conventional handshake and salutation, but perceiving that he was not recognized, kept his ground instead of moving on, and spoke again; when the President, roused to a dim consciousness that something unusual had happened, perceived who stood before him, and, seizing his friend's hand, shook it again heartily, saying:

"How do you do? How do you do? Excuse me for not noticing you. I was thinking of a man down South."

He afterwards privately acknowledged that the "man down South" was Sherman, then on his march to the sea.

Stanton Was a Valuable Man.

Dennis Hanks was once asked to visit Washington to secure the pardon of certain persons in jail for participation in copperheadism. Dennis went and arrived in Washington, and instead of going, as he said, to a "tavern," he went to the White House. There was a porter on guard, and he asked:

"Is Abe in?"

"Do you mean Mr. Lincoln?" asked the porter.

"Yes; is he in there?" and brushing the porter aside he strode into the room and said, "Hello, Abe; how are you?"

And Abe said, "Well!" and just gathered him up in his arms and talked of the days gone by.

Oh, the days gone by! They talked of their boyhood days, and by and by Lincoln said:

"What brings you here all the way from Illinois?"

And then Dennis told him his mission, and Lincoln replied:

"I will grant it, Dennis, for old-times' sake. I will send for Mr. Stanton. It is his business."

Stanton came into the room, and strolled up and down, and said that the men ought to be punished more than they were. Mr. Lincoln sat quietly in his chair and waited for the tempest to subside, and then quietly said to Stanton he would like to have the papers next day.

When he had gone Dennis said:

"Abe, if I was as big and as ugly as you are, I would take him over my knee and spank him."

Lincoln replied: "No, Stanton is an able and valuable man for this nation, and I am glad to bear his anger for the service he can give this nation."

Anything but a Bed of Roses.

An old and intimate friend from Springfield called on the President and found him much depressed.

The President was reclining on a sofa, but rising suddenly, he said to his friend:

"You know better than any man living that from my boyhood up my ambition was to be President. I am President of one part of this divided country at least; but look at me! Oh, I wish I had never been born! I've a white elephant on my hands, one hard to manage. With a fire in my front and rear to contend with, the jealousies of military commanders, and not receiving the cordial co-operative support from Congress that could reasonably be expected with an active and formidable enemy in the field threatening the very life-blood of the Government, my position is anything but a bed of roses."

Lincoln's Story About His Hair.

"By the way," said Mr. Lincoln to Colonel Cannon, "I can tell you a good story about my hair. When I was nominated at Chicago, an enterprising fellow thought that a great many people would like to see how Abe Lincoln looked, and, as I had not long before sat for a photograph, the fellow, having seen it, rushed over and bought the negative.

"He at once got no end of wood-cuts, and so active was their circulation they were soon selling in all parts of the country.

"Soon after they reached Springfield. I heard a boy crying them for sale on the streets. 'Here's your likeness of Abe Lincoln!' he shouted. 'Buy one, price only two shillings! Will look a great deal better when he gets his hair combed!' "

"Oh, Pa! He's Just Beautiful!"

Lincoln's great love for children easily won their confidence.

A little girl, who had been told that the President was very homely, was taken by her father to see the President at the White House.

Lincoln took her upon his knee and chatted with her for a moment in his merry way, when she turned to her father and exclaimed: "Oh, Pa! he isn't ugly at all; he's just beautiful!"

Lincoln's Simplicity in Home Life.

Mr. Jeriah Bonham describes a visit that he paid Mr. Lincoln at his

room in the State House, where he found him quite alone except that two of his children, one of whom was Tad, were with him.

The door was open.

We walked in and were at once recognized and seated—the two boys still continuing their play about the room. Tad was spinning his top; and Mr. Lincoln, as we entered, had just finished adjusting the string for him so as to give the top the greatest degree of force. He remarked that he was having a little fun with the boys.

At another time, at Lincoln's residence, Tad came into the room, and putting his hand to his mouth, and his mouth to his father's ear, said in a boy's whisper, "Ma says come to supper."

All heard the announcement, and Mr. Lincoln, perceiving this, said: "You have heard, gentlemen, the announcement concerning the interesting state of things in the dining-room. It will never do for me, if elected, to make this young man a member of my cabinet, for it is plain he cannot be trusted with secrets of state."

Lincoln's Great Love for Little "Tad."

No matter who was with the President, or how intently absorbed, his little son "Tad" was always welcome. He almost always accompanied his father. Once, on the way to Fortress Monroe, he became very troublesome. The President was much engaged in conversation with the party who accompanied him, and he at length said:

"'Tad,' if you will be a good boy, and not disturb me any more until we get to Fortress Monroe, I will give you a dollar."

The hope of reward was effectual for a while in securing silence, but, boy-like, "Tad" soon forgot his promise, and was as noisy as ever. Upon reaching their destination, however, he said, very promptly, "Father, I want my dollar."

Mr. Lincoln looked at him half-reproachfully for an instant, and then taking from his pocketbook a dollar note, he said: "Well, my son, at any rate, I will keep my part of the bargain."

While paying a visit to Commodore Porter, of Fortress Monroe, on one occasion, an incident occurred, subsequently related by Lieutenant Braine, one of the officers on board the flag-ship, to the Rev. Dr. Ewer, of New York. Noticing that the banks of the river were dotted with spring blossoms, the President said, with the manner of one asking a special favor:

"Commodore, 'Tad' is very fond of flowers; won't you let a couple of

your men take a boat and go with him for an hour or two along the shore, and gather a few? It will be a great gratification to him."

Death of Lincoln's Son Willie.

In February, 1862, Mr. Lincoln was visited by a severe affliction in the death of his beautiful son, Willie, and the extreme illness of his son Thomas, familiarly called "Tad." This was a new burden, and the visitation which, in his firm faith in Providence, he regarded as providential, was also inexplicable. A Christian lady from Massachusetts, who was officiating as nurse in one of the hospitals at the time, came to attend the sick children. She reports that Mr. Lincoln watched with her about the bedside of the sick ones, and that he often walked the room, saying sadly:

"This is the hardest trial of my life; why is it? Why is it?"

In the course of conversation with her, he questioned her concerning her situation. She told him that she was a widow, and that her husband and two children were in Heaven; and added that she saw the hand of God in it all, and that she had never loved him so much before as she had since her affliction.

"How is that brought about?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Simply by trusting in God and feeling that he does all things well," she replied.

"Did you submit fully under the first loss?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "not wholly; but, as blow came upon blow, and all were taken, I could and did submit, and was very happy."

He responded: "I am glad to hear you say that. Your experience will help me to bear my affliction."

"It was during the dark days of 1863," says Schuyler Colfax, "on the evening of a public reception given at the White House. The foreign legations were there gathered about the President.

"A young English nobleman was just being presented to the President. Inside the door, evidently overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer, who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall.

"The President, tall, and, in a measure, stately in his personal presence, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman: 'Excuse me, my Lord, there's an old friend of mine.'

"Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said, as he grasped the old farmer's hand:

"'Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mrs. ———, in Sangamon County, in 1837. How are you?'

"The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and without replying to the President's salutation, said:

"'Mother, he's just the same old Abe!'

"'Mr. Lincoln,' he said finally, 'you know we had three boys; they all enlisted in the same company; John was killed in the "seven-days' fight"; Sam was taken prisoner and starved to death, and Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money, an' I said, "Mother, we'll go to Washington and see him. An' while we were here," I said, "we'll go up and see the President."'

"Mr. Lincoln's eyes grew dim, and across his rugged, homely, tender face swept the wave of sadness his friends had learned to know, and he said:

"'John, we all hope this miserable war will soon be over. I must see all these folks here for an hour or so, and I want to talk with you.' The old lady and her husband were hustled into a private room, in spite of their protests."

"Time Lost Don't Count."

Mr. Weed, the veteran journalist and politician, relates how, when he was opposing the claims of Montgomery Blair, who aspired to a Cabinet appointment, when Mr. Lincoln inquired of Mr. Weed whom he would recommend, "Henry Winter Davis," was the response. "David Davis, I see, has been posting you up on this question," retorted Lincoln. "He has Davis on the brain. I think Maryland must be a good State to move from." The President then told a story of a witness in court in a neighboring county, who, on being asked his age, replied, "Sixty." Being satisfied he was much older the question was repeated, and on receiving the same answer the court admonished the witness, saying, "The court knows you to be much older than sixty."

"Oh, I understand now," was the rejoinder, "you're thinking of those ten years I spent on the eastern shore of Maryland; that was so much time lost, and didn't count."

A Cabinet Reconstruction Incident.

The President had decided to select a new war minister, and the leading Republican Senators thought the occasion was opportune to change the whole seven Cabinet ministers. They, therefore, earnestly advised

him to make a clean sweep, and select seven new men, and so restore the waning confidence of the country. The President listened with patient courtesy, and when the Senators had concluded he said, with a characteristic gleam of humor in his eye:

"Gentlemen, your request for a change of the whole Cabinet because I have made one change, reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois, of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks. His wife insisted on his trying to get rid of them. He loaded his shotgun one moonlight night and awaited developments. After some time the wife heard the shotgun go off, and, in a few minutes, the farmer entered the house. 'What luck have you?' said she. 'I hid myself behind the wood-pile,' said the old man, 'with the shotgun pointed towards the hen roost, and before long there appeared not one skunk, but seven. I took aim, blazed away, killed one, and he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go.'"

The Senators laughed and retired.

Was All Right, but a Chronic Squealer.

One of the Northern Governors was able, earnest, and untiring in aiding the administration, but always complaining. After reading all his papers, the President said, in a cheerful and reassuring tone:

"Never mind, never mind; those dispatches don't mean anything. Just go right ahead. The Governor is like a boy I saw once at a launching. When everything was ready, they picked out a boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger and let her go. At the critical moment everything depended on the boy. He had to do the job well by a direct, vigorous blow, and then lie flat and keep still while the boat slid over him.

"The boy did everything right, but he yelled as if he were being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out. I thought the hide was all scraped off his back; but he wasn't hurt at all.

"The master of the yard told me that this boy was always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, that he never had been hurt, but that he always squealed in that way. That's just the way with Governor ———. Make up your mind that he is not hurt, and that he is doing the work right, and pay no attention to his squealing. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it."

Said Lincoln was a D——d Fool.

Mr. Lovejoy, heading a committee of Western men, discussed an important scheme with the President, and was then directed to explain it to Secretary Stanton. Upon presenting themselves to the Secretary, and showing the President's order, the Secretary said, "Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" "He did, sir." "Then he is a d——d fool," said the angry Secretary. "Do you mean to say that the President is a d——d fool?" asked Lovejoy, in amazement. "Yes, sir, if he gave you such an order as that."

The bewildered Illinoisan betook himself at once to the President and related the result of the conference.

"Did Stanton say I was a d——d fool?" asked Lincoln, at the close of the recital.

"He did, sir, and repeated it."

After a moment's pause, and looking up, the President said: "If Stanton said I was a d——d fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will slip over and see him."

One Man Just as Good as Another.

Secretary Chase, when Secretary of the Treasury, had a disagreement, and the Secretary had resigned.

The President was urged not to accept it, as "Secretary Chase is today a national necessity," his advisers said.

"How mistaken you are!" he quietly observed. "Yet it is not strange; I used to have similar notions. No! if we should all be turned out tomorrow, and could come back here in a week, we should find our places filled by a lot of fellows doing just as well as we did, and in many instances better.

"As the Irishman said, 'In this country one man is as good as another; and, for the matter of that, very often a great deal better.' No; this Government does not depend upon the life of any man."

Did Anna See Him Wink?

Noah Brooks, in his "Reminiscences," relates the following incident:

While the ceremonies of the second inauguration were in progress, just as Lincoln stepped forward to take the oath of office, the sun, which had been obscured by rain-clouds, burst in splendor. In conversation the next day, the President asked:

"Did you notice that sun-burst? It made my heart jump."

Later in the month, Miss Anna Dickinson, in a lecture delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives, eloquently alluded to the sun-burst as a happy omen. The President sat directly in front of the speaker, and from the reporters' gallery, behind her, I had caught his eye, soon after he sat down. When Miss Dickinson referred to the sun-beam, he looked up to me, involuntarily, and I thought his eyes were suffused with moisture. Perhaps they were; but the next day he said:

"I wonder if Miss Dickinson saw me wink at you?"

"But Then—Here I Am!"

An old acquaintance of the President visited him in Washington. Lincoln desired to give him a place. Thus encouraged, the visitor, who was an honest man, but wholly inexperienced in public affairs or business, asked for a high office, Superintendent of the Mint. The President was aghast, and said: "Good gracious! Why didn't he ask to be Secretary of the Treasury, and have done with it?" Afterwards, he said: "Well, now, I never thought Mr. ——— had anything more than average ability, when we were young men together. But, then, I suppose he thought the same thing about me, and—here I am!"

"Aaron Got His Commission, You Know."

President Lincoln was censured for appointing to office a man who had zealously opposed his second term.

He replied: "Well, I suppose Judge E., having been disappointed before, did behave pretty ugly, but that wouldn't make him any less fit for the place; and I think I have Scriptural authority for appointing him.

"You remember when the Lord was on Mount Sinai getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god for the people to worship. Yet Aaron got his commission, you know."

CHAPTER XXXV.

LINCOLN DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION—A MAN OF SENTIMENTALITY AND DEEP FEELING—SATISFIED WITH THE WAY GENERAL GRANT DID THINGS—THE DUTCH GAP CANAL—THE PRESIDENT'S BELIEF IN THE EFFICIENCY OF THE MONITOR—HIS ABSENCE OF FEAR REGARDING ASSASSINATION.

During the progress of the War of the Rebellion—1861-65—President Lincoln, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, was in active control of affairs. Yet he did not obnoxiously obtrude with his authority, although in instances like the failure of General McClellan to take Richmond when he was within twelve miles of the Confederate Capital he would have been justified in interfering.

When General Grant came upon the scene it was different. Grant was a man who knew his business, and his commander appreciated the fact. "I like this man Grant; he fights!" said Lincoln to those who sought the removal and downfall of the grim and silent soldier who never lost a battle.

Grant was everything within himself. He did not let the President nor anyone else know what he proposed to do, but Lincoln was not displeased because of this. On the contrary, he was contented and satisfied. On the 30th of April, 1864, after Grant had been commissioned Lieutenant General and Commander of all the Armies of the Union, the President wrote him the following letter:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, April 30, 1864.

"Lieutenant General Grant:—

"Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it.

"The particulars of your plan I neither know, nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you.

"While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine.

"If there be anything wanting, which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

"And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

"Yours very truly,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Grant had his own way after that.

AFRAID OF THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.

The President, in company with General Grant, was inspecting the Dutch Gap Canal at City Point.

His opinion of the success of the enterprise he made known to General Grant in his usual manner.

"Grant, do you know what this reminds me of? Out in Springfield, Ill., there was a blacksmith named ———. One day, not having much to do, he took a piece of soft iron, and attempted to weld it into an agricultural implement, but discovered that the iron would not hold out; then he concluded it would make a claw hammer; but having too much iron attempted to make an ax, but decided after working a while that there was not enough iron left.

"Finally, becoming disgusted, he filled the forge full of coal and brought the iron to a white heat; then with his tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals, and thrusting it into a tub of water near by, exclaimed with an oath, 'Well, if I can't make anything else of you, I will make a fizzle anyhow.'

"I was afraid that was about what we had done with the Dutch Gap Canal."

NOT SATISFIED WITH GENERAL MCCLELLAN.

President Lincoln was not satisfied with General McClellan as a fighting man.

At one time he said:

"General McClellan is a pleasant and scholarly gentleman.

"He is an admirable military engineer, but he seems to have a special talent for a stationary engine."

The President had no fault of this sort to find with General Grant.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE MONITOR.

The President expressed his belief in the Monitor, to Captain Fox, the adviser of Captain Ericsson, who constructed the Monitor. "I am not prepared for disastrous results, why should I be? We have three of the

most effective vessels in Hampton Roads, and any number of small craft that will hang on the stern of the Merrimac like small dogs on the haunches of a bear. They may not be able to tear her down, but they will interfere with the comfort of her voyage. Her trial trip will not be a pleasure trip, I am certain.

"We have had a big share of bad luck already, but I do not believe the future has any such misfortunes in store for us as you anticipate." Said Captain Fox: "If the Merrimac does not sink our ships, who is to prevent her from dropping her anchor in the Potomac, where that steamer lies?" pointing to a steamer at anchor below the long bridge, "and throwing her hundred-pound shells into this room, or battering down the walls of the Capitol?"

"The Almighty, Captain," answered the President, excitedly, but without the least affectation. "I expect set-backs, defeats; we have had them and shall have them. They are common to all wars. But I have not the slightest fear of any result which shall fatally impair our military and naval strength, or give other powers any right to interfere in our quarrel. The destruction of the Capitol would do both.

"I do not fear it, for this is God's fight, and He will win it in His own good time. He will take care that our enemies will not push us too far.

"Speaking of iron-clads," said the President, "you do not seem to take the little Monitor into account. I believe in the Monitor and her commander. If Captain Worden does not give a good account of the Monitor and of himself, I shall have made a mistake in following my judgment for the first time since I have been here, Captain. I have not made a mistake in following my clear judgment of men since this war began. I have followed that judgment when I gave Worden the command of the Monitor. I would make the appointment over again today. The Monitor should be in Hampton Roads now. She left New York eight days ago." After the captain had again presented what he considered the possibilities of failure, the President replied, "No, no, Captain, I respect your judgment, as you have reason to know, but this time you are all wrong.

"The Monitor was one of my inspirations; I believed in her firmly when that energetic contractor first showed me Ericsson's plans. Captain Ericsson's plain but rather enthusiastic demonstration made my conversion permanent. It was called a floating battery then; I called it a raft. I caught some of the inventor's enthusiasm, and it has been growing upon me. I thought then, and I am confident now, it is just what we want. I am sure that the Monitor is still afloat, and that she will yet give a good

account of herself. Sometimes I think she may be the veritable sling with a stone that will yet smite the Merrimac Philistine in the forehead."

Soon was the President's judgment verified, for the "Fight of the Monitor and Merrimac" changed all the conditions of naval warfare.

After the victory was gained, the presiding Captain Fox and others went on board the Monitor, and Captain Worden was requested by the President to narrate the history of the encounter.

Captain Worden did so in a modest manner, and apologized for not being able to better provide for his guests. The President smilingly responded: "Some uncharitable people say that old Bourbon is an indispensable element in the fighting qualities of some of our generals in the field, but, Captain, after the account that we have heard today, no one will say that any Dutch courage is needed on board the Monitor."

"It never has been, sir," modestly observed the captain.

Captain Fox then gave a description of what he saw of the engagement and described it as indescribably grand. Then, turning to the President, he continued, "Now, standing here on the deck of this battle-scarred vessel, the first genuine iron-clad—the victor in the first fight of iron-clads—let me make a confession, and perform an act of simple justice.

"I never fully believed in armored vessels until I saw this battle.

"I know all the facts which united to give us the Monitor. I withhold no credit from Captain Ericsson, her inventor, but I know that the country is principally indebted for the construction of the vessel to President Lincoln, and for the success of her trial to Captain Worden, her commander."

Hood's Usefulness Was Gone.

When Hood's army had been scattered into fragments, Lincoln, elated by the defeat of what had so long been a menacing force on the borders of Tennessee, was reminded by its collapse of the fate of a savage dog belonging to one of his neighbors in the frontier settlements in which he lived in his youth.

"The dog," he said, "was the terror of the neighborhood, and its owner, a churlish and quarrelsome fellow, took pleasure in the brute's forcible attitude. Finally, all other means having failed to subdue the creature, a man loaded a lump of meat with a charge of powder, to which was attached a slow fuse; this was dropped where the dreaded dog would find it, and the animal gulped down the tempting bit.

"There was a dull rumbling, a muffled explosion, and fragments of the dog were seen flying in every direction. The grieved owner, picking

up the shattered remains of his cruel favorite, said: 'He was a good dog, but as a dog, his days of usefulness are over.'

"Hood's army was a good army," said Lincoln, by way of comment, "and we were all afraid of it, but as an army, its usefulness is gone."

Wanted a Barrel for Each General.

Just previous to the fall of Vicksburg a self-constituted committee, solicitous for the morals of our armies, took it upon themselves to visit the President and urge the removal of General Grant.

In some surprise Mr. Lincoln inquired, "For what reason?"

"Why," replied the spokesman, "he drinks too much whisky."

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Lincoln, dropping his lower lip, "by the way, gentlemen, can either of you tell me where General Grant procures his whisky? Because, if I can find out, I will send every general in the field a barrel of it!"

One Young One Accounted For.

Burnside was shut up in Konxville, Tenn., for a time, and there was great solicitude all over the country on his account, as his communications with the North were temporarily cut off. One day Washington was startled. The long silence concerning Burnside's movements was broken by an urgent call from him for succor.

Lincoln, relieved by the news that Burnside was safe, at least, said that he was reminded of a woman who lived in a forest clearing in Indiana, her cabin surrounded by hazel bushes, in which some of her numerous flock of children were continually being lost; when she heard a squall from one of these in the distance, although she knew that the child was in danger, perhaps frightened by a rattlesnake, she would say, "Thank God! there's one of my young ones that isn't lost."

Was Willing to Let Old Jeff Go.

When Grant saw that Lee must soon capitulate, Grant asked the President whether he should try to capture Jeff Davis, or let him escape from the country if he would. The President said:

"About that, I told him the story of an Irishman, who had the pledge of Father Matthew. He became terrible thirsty, and applied to the bartender for a lemonade, and while it was being prepared he whispered to him, 'And couldn't ye put a little brandy in it all unbeknown to myself?'

"I told Grant if he could let Jeff Davis escape all unbeknown to himself, to let him go, I didn't want him."

Was Not Afraid of Being Assassinated.

The President, one day, said philosophically, "I long ago made up my mind that if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. Besides, in this case, it seems to me, the man who would succeed me, would be just as objectionable to my enemies—if I have any."

One dark night, as he was going out with a friend, he took along a heavy cane, remarking good-naturedly: "'Mother' (Mrs. Lincoln) has got a notion into her head that I shall be assassinated, and to please her I take the cane when I go over to the War Department at night—when I don't forget it."

Mr. Nichols relates this thrilling incident: "One night I was doing sentinel duty, at the entrance to the Soldier's Home. This was about the middle of August, 1864. About eleven o'clock I heard a rifle shot, in the direction of the city, and shortly afterwards I heard approaching hoof beats. In two or three minutes a horse came dashing up. I recognized the belated President. The President was bareheaded. The President simply thought that his horse had taken fright at the discharge of the firearms.

"On going back to the place where the shot had been heard, we found the President's hat. It was a plain silk hat, and upon examination we discovered a bullet hole through the crown.

"The next day, upon receiving the hat, the President remarked that it was made by some foolish marksman, and was not intended for him; but added, that he wished nothing said about the matter."

Passes to Richmond Not Honored.

A gentleman called upon President Lincoln before the fall of Richmond and solicited a pass for that place.

"I should be very happy to oblige you," said the President, "if my passes were respected; but the fact is, I have, within the past two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond and not one has got there yet."

Was Sorry to Lose the Horses.

When President Lincoln heard of the rebel raid at Fairfax, in which a Brigadier General and a number of valuable horses were captured, he gravely observed:

"Well, I am sorry for the horses."

"Sorry for the horses, Mr. President!" exclaimed the Secretary of

War, raising his spectacles and throwing himself back in his chair in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I can make a Brigadier General in five minutes, but it is not easy to replace a hundred and ten horses."

Charles Certainly Lost His Head.

Jefferson Davis, it appears, insisted on being recognized as a commander or President in the regular negotiation with the Government. This Mr. Lincoln would not consent to.

Mr. Hunter hereupon referred to the correspondence between King Charles the First and his Parliament as a precedent for a negotiation between a constitutional ruler and rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked: "Upon questions of history, I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted on such things, and I don't profess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is, that Charles lost his head."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS ON MARCH 4TH, 1865—THE LAST SPEECH MADE BY THE MARTYR PRESIDENT, IN RESPONSE TO A SERENADE, BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION—TEXT OF HIS IMMORTAL ADDRESS ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

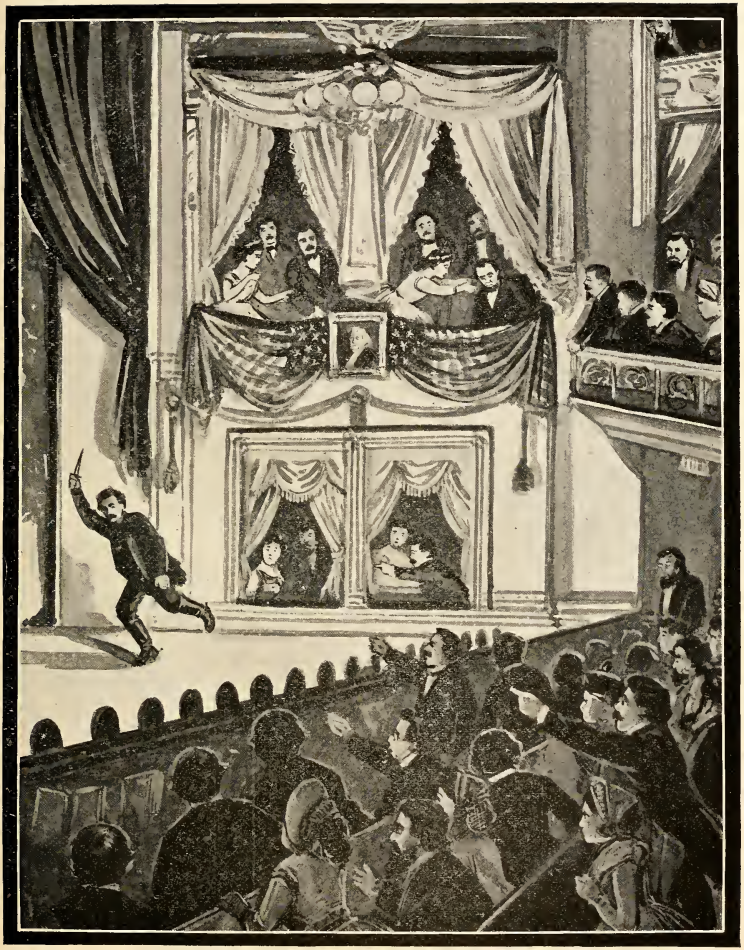
President Lincoln's second inaugural address, delivered March 4th, 1865, is celebrated for the tone of kindliness and charity which pervades it:

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

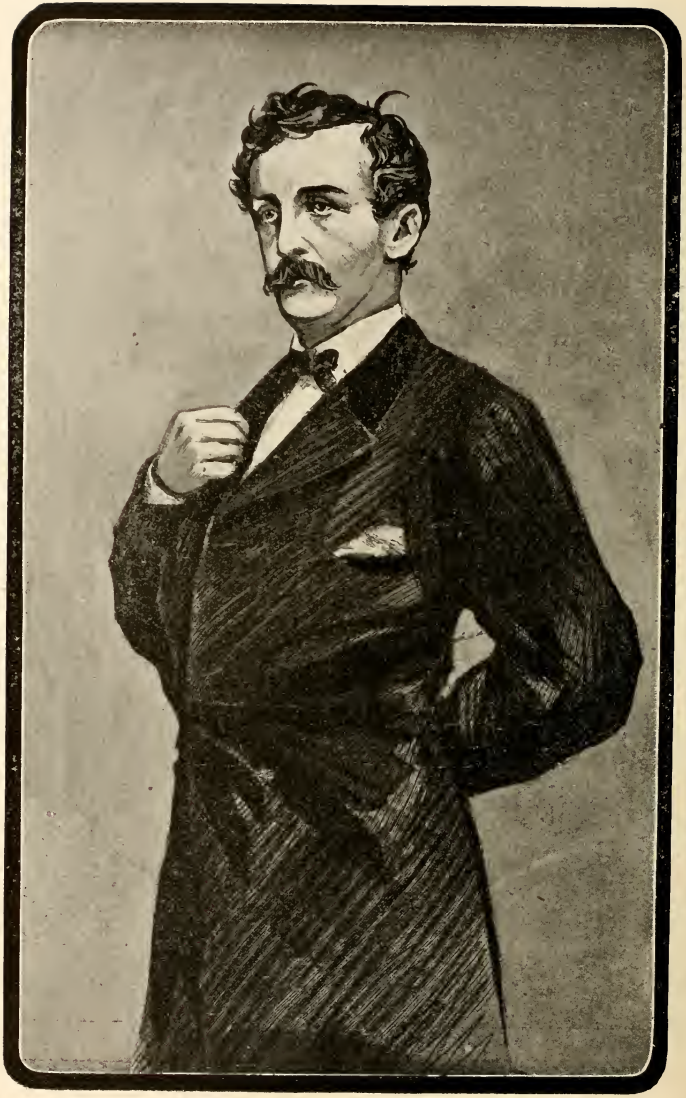
"The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to save the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

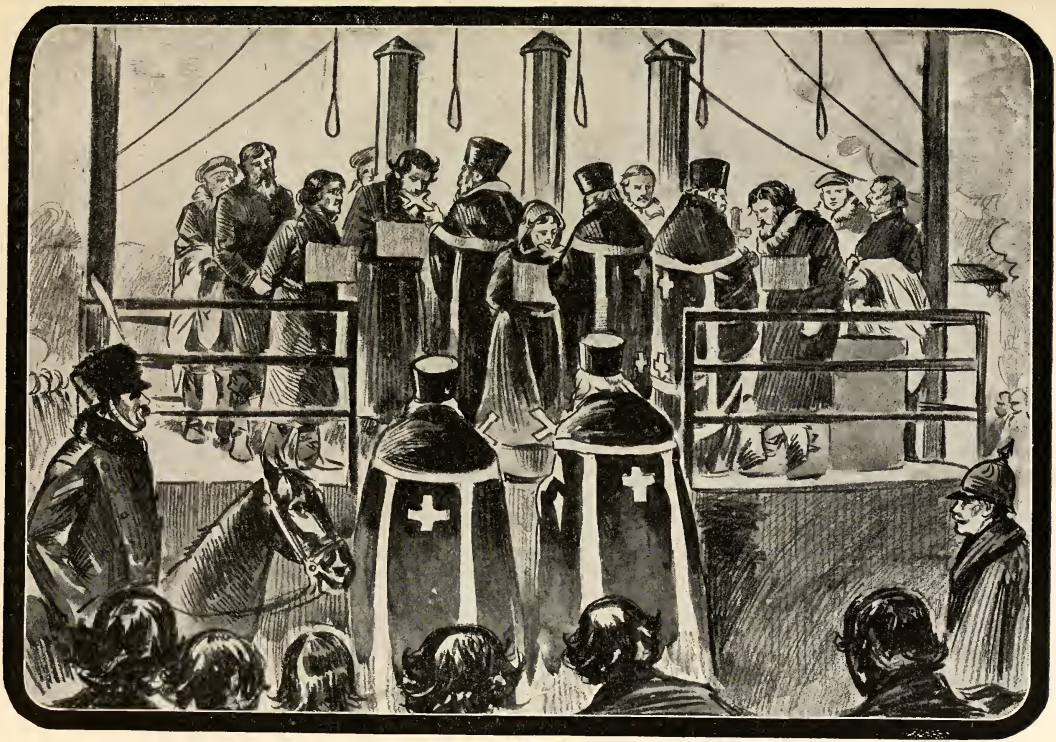
"One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest, was the object for which the insur-



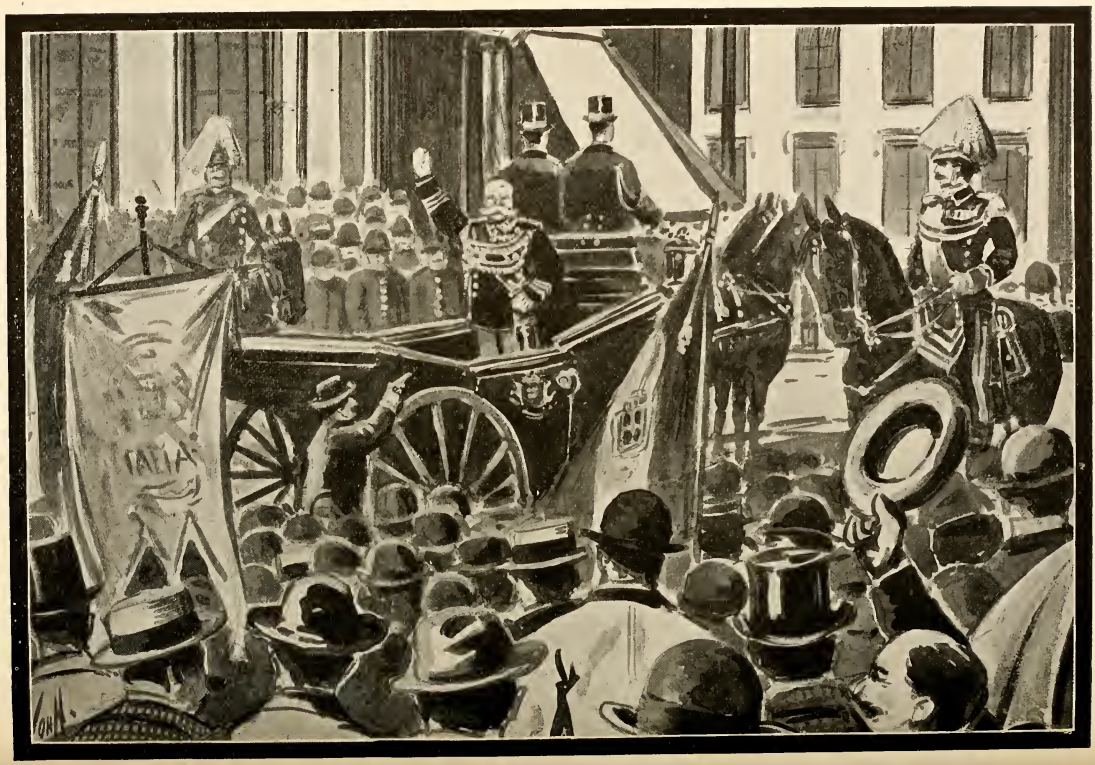
The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln—Escape of Booth, the Assassin



John Wilkes Booth, President Lincoln's Assassin



Execution of the Nihilists



The Murder of King Humbert of Italy

gents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself would cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

"Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses, which in the Providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The Last Speech of President Lincoln.

The last speech ever made by President Lincoln was on the night of April 15th, 1865, three days before his assassination. It was in re-

sponse to a serenade at the White House, in rejoicing over the virtual close of the war:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: We meet this evening not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hope of a righteous and speedy peace whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gives us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked.

"Their honors must not be parceled out with the others. I myself was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you; but no part of the honor, for plan or execution, is mine. To General Grant, his skillful officers and brave men, all belongs. The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in reach to take active part.

"By these recent successes, the re-inauguration of the national authority, reconstruction, which has had a large share of thought from the first, is pressed much more closely upon our attention. It is fraught with great difficulty. Unlike the case of a war between independent nations, there is no authorized organ for us to treat with. No man has authority to give up the rebellion for any other man. We simply must begin with and mold from disorganized and discordant elements. Nor is it a small additional embarrassment that we, the loyal people, differ among ourselves as to the mode, manner and means of reconstruction.

"As a general rule, I abstain from reading the reports of attacks upon myself, wishing not to be provoked by that to which I cannot properly offer an answer. In spite of this precaution, however, it comes to my knowledge that I am much censured from some supposed agency in setting up and seeking to sustain the new State Government of Louisiana. In this I have done just so much, and no more, than the public knows. In the annual message of December, 1863, and accompanying proclamation, I presented a plan of reconstruction (as the phrase goes) which I promised, if adopted by any State, should be acceptable to, and sustained by, the Executive Government of the nation.

"I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States. This plan was, in advance, submitted to the then Cabinet, and distinctly approved by every member of

it. One of them suggested that I should then, and in that connection, apply the Emancipation Proclamation to the heretofore excepted parts of Virginia and Louisiana; that I should drop the suggestion about apprenticeship for freed people, and that I should omit the protest against my own power, in regard to the admission of members of Congress, but even he approved every part and parcel of the plan which has since been employed or touched by the actions of Louisiana.

"The new Constitution of Louisiana, declaring emancipation for the whole State, practically applies the proclamation to the part previously excepted. It does not adopt apprenticeship to freed people, and it is silent, as it could not well be otherwise, about the admission of members of Congress. So that, as it applies to Louisiana, every member of the Cabinet fully approved the plan.

"The message went to Congress, and I received many commendations of the plan, written and verbal; and not a single objection to it, from any professed emancipationist, came to my knowledge, until after the news reached Washington that the people of Louisiana had begun to move in accordance with it. From about July, 1862, I had corresponded with different persons supposed to be interested, seeking a reconstruction of a State Government for Louisiana.

"When the message of 1863, with the plan before mentioned, reached New Orleans, General Banks wrote me he was confident that the people, with his military co-operation, would reconstruct substantially on that plan. I wrote him, and some of them, to try it. They tried it, and the result is known. Such only has been my agency in getting up the Louisiana Government. As to sustaining it, my promise is out, as before stated.

Bad Promises Are Better Broken.

"But, as bad promises are better broken than kept, I shall treat this as a bad promise, and break it, whenever I shall be convinced that keeping it is adverse to the public interest. But I have not yet been so convinced.

"I have been shown a letter on this subject, supposed to be an able one, in which the writer expresses regret that my mind has not seemed to be definitely fixed on the question whether the seceded States, so called, are in the Union or out of it. It would, perhaps, add astonishment to his regret to learn that, since I have found professed Union men endeavoring to make that question, I have purposely forborne any public expression upon it.

"As appears to me, that question has not been, nor yet is, a practically material one, and that any discussion of it, while it thus remains practically immaterial, could have no effect other than the mischievous one of dividing our friends.

"As yet, whatever it may hereafter become, that question is bad, as the basis of a controversy, and good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction. We all agree that the seceded States, so called, are out of their proper relation to the Union, and that the sole object of the Government, civil and military, in regard to those States, is to again get them into their proper practical relation. I believe it is not only possible, but, in fact, easier to do this without deciding, or even considering, whether these States have ever been out of the Union, than with it. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad.

"Let us all join in doing the acts necessary to restoring the proper practical relations between these States and the Union, and each forever after innocently indulge his own opinion whether, in doing the acts, he brought the States from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it.

"The amount of constituency, so to speak, on which the new Louisiana Government rests would be more satisfactory to all if it contained fifty, thirty, or even twenty thousand, as it really does. It is also unsatisfactory to some that the election franchise is not given to the colored man. I would myself prefer that it were now conferred on the very intelligent and those who serve our cause as soldiers. Still, the question is not whether the Louisiana Government, as it stands, is quite all that is desirable. The question is, 'Will it be wiser to take is as it is, or to reject and disperse it?'

"Can Louisiana be brought into proper practical relation with the Union sooner by sustaining or discarding the new State Government?

"Some twelve thousand voters in the heretofore Slave State of Louisiana have sworn allegiance to the Union, assumed to be the rightful political power of the State, held elections, organized a State Government, adopted a Free State constitution, giving the benefit of public schools equally to black and white, and empowering the Legislature to confer elective franchise upon the colored man. The Legislature has already voted to ratify the Constitutional amendment passed by Congress, abolishing slavery throughout the nation.

"These twelve thousand persons are thus fully committed to the Union and to perpetual freedom in the States—committed to the very things,

and nearly all the things, the nation wants—and they ask the nation's recognition and its assistance to make good that committal.

Must Neither Reject Nor Spurn Them.

"Now, if we reject and spurn them, we do our utmost to disorganize and disperse them. We, in effect, say to the white men: 'You are worthless, or worse; we will neither help you, nor be helped by you.' To the blacks we say: 'This cup of liberty which these, your old masters, hold to your lips, we will dash from you, and leave you to the chances of gathering the spilled and scattered contents in some vague and undefined when, where and how.'

"If this course, discouraging and paralyzing both white and black, has any tendency to bring Louisiana into proper practical relations with the Union, I have, so far, been unable to perceive it. If, on the contrary, we recognize and sustain the new government of Louisiana, the converse of all this is made true.

"We encourage the hearts and nerve the arms of the twelve thousand to adhere to their work, and argue for it, and proselyte for it, fight for it, and feed it, and grow it and ripen it to a complete success. The colored man, too, seeing all united for him, is inspired with vigilance, and energy, and daring the same end. Grant that he desires elective franchise, will he not obtain it sooner by saving the already advanced steps towards it, than by running backward over them? Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only as to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it. [Laughter.]

"Again, if we reject Louisiana, we also reject one vote in favor of the proposed amendment to the National Constitution. To meet this proposition, it has been argued that no more than three-fourths of those States which have not attempted secession are necessary to validly ratify the amendment. I do not commit myself against this, further than to say that such a ratification would be questionable, and sure to be persistently questioned, while ratification by three-fourths of all the States would be unquestioned and unquestionable.

"I repeat the question: 'Can Louisiana be brought into proper practical relation with the Union sooner by sustaining or by discarding her new State Government?' What has been said of Louisiana will apply generally to other States. And yet so great peculiarities pertain to each State, and such important and sudden changes occur in the same State,

and, withal, so new and unprecedented is the whole case, that no exclusive and inflexible plan can safely be prescribed as to details and collaterals. Such exclusive and inflexible plan would surely become a new entanglement. Important principles may, and must be, flexible.

"In the present situation, as the phrase goes, it may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the South. I am considering, and shall not fail to act, when satisfied that action will be proper."

Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg.

The address of President Lincoln, delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, on the Gettysburg battle-field, November 19th, 1863, is regarded as one of the finest pieces of composition in the English language. In fact, it has become a classic. Here it is in full:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

"We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, or long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH THE ORIGINATOR OF THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE THE PRESIDENT—FLIGHT, CAPTURE AND DEATH OF THE MURDERER—BURIAL OF HIS BODY IN THE OLD PENITENTIARY AT WASHINGTON.

John Wilkes Booth was the projector of the plot against the President which culminated in the taking of that good man's life. He shrank at first from murder until another and less dangerous resolution failed. This was no less than the capture of the President's body, and its detention or transportation to the South. There was found upon a street within the city limits of Washington a house belonging to one Mrs. Greene, mined and furnished with underground apartments, furnished with manacles, and all the accessories to private imprisonment. Here the President, and as many as could be gagged and conveyed away with him, were to be concealed, in the event of failure to run them into the Confederacy. Owing to his failure to group around him as many men as he desired, Booth abandoned the project of kidnaping.

When Booth cast around him for assistants, he naturally selected those men whom he could control. The first that recommended himself was one Harold, a youth of inane and plastic character, carried away by the example of an actor, and full of execrable quotations, going to show that he was an imitator of the master spirit, both in text and admiration. This Harold was a gunner, and therefore versed in arms; he had traversed the whole lower portion of Maryland, and was therefore a geographer as well as a tool. His friends lived at every farm house between Washington and Leonardsville, and he was respectably enough connected, so as to make his association creditable as well as useful.

Young Surratt does not appear to have been a puissant spirit in the scheme; indeed, all design and influence therein was absorbed by Mrs. Surratt and Booth. The latter was the head and heart of the plot; Mrs. Surratt was his anchor, and the rest of the boys were disciples to Iscariot and Jezebel. John Surratt, a youth of strong Southern physiognomy, beardless and lanky, knew of the murder and connived at it. "Sam" Arnold and one McLaughlin were to have been parties to it, but backed

out in the end. They all relied upon Mrs. Surratt, and took their cues from Wilkes Booth.

The conspiracy had its own time and kept its own counsel. Murder, except among the principals, was seldom mentioned except by genteel implication. But they all publicly agreed that Mr. Lincoln ought to be shot, and that the North was a race of fratricides. Much was said of Brutus, and Booth repeated heroic passages, to the delight of Harold, who learned them also, and wondered if he was not born to greatness.

In this growing darkness, where all rehearsed cold-hearted murder, Wilkes Booth grew great of stature. He had found a purpose consonant with his evil nature and bad influence over weak men; so he grew moodier, more vigilant, more plausible. By mien and temperament he was born to handle a stiletto. All the rest were swayed or persuaded by Booth; his schemes were three in order:

First. To kidnap the President and Cabinet, and run them South or blow them up.

Second. Kidnaping failed, to murder the President and the rest, and seek shelter in the Confederate capital.

Third. The rebellion failed, to be its avenger, and throw the country into consternation, while he escaped by the unfrequented parts of Maryland.

When this last resolution had been made, the plot was both contracted and extended. There were made two distinct circles of confidants, those aware of the meditated murder, and those who might shrink from murder, though willing accessories for a lesser object. Two colleagues for blood were at once accepted, Payne and Atzeroth.

The former was the one who stabbed Mr. Seward. Atzeroth was a fellow of German descent, who had led a desperate life at Port Tobacco, where he was a house-painter. He had been a blockade-runner across the Potomac, and a mail-carrier. When Booth and Mrs. Surratt broke the design to him, with a suggestion that there was wealth in it, he embraced the offer at once, and bought a dirk and pistol. Payne also came from the North to Washington, and, as fate would have it, the President was announced to appear at Ford's Theater in public. Then the resolve of blood was reduced to a definite moment.

On the night before the crime, Booth found one on whom he could rely. John Surratt was sent northward by his mother on Thursday. Sam Arnold and McLaughlin, each of whom was to kill a Cabinet officer, grew pigeon-livered and ran away. Harold, true to his partiality, lingered around Booth to the end; Atzeroth went so far as to take his knife and

pistol to Kirkwood's, where Vice-President Johnson was stopping, and hid them under the bed. But either his courage failed, or a trifling accident deranged his plan. But Payne, a professional murderer, stood "game," and fought his way over prostrate figures to the sick victim's bed. There was great confusion and terror among the tacit and rash conspirators on Thursday night. They had looked upon the plot as of a melodrama, and found to their horror that John Wilkes Booth meant to do murder.

Six weeks before the murder, young John Surratt had taken two splendid repeating carbines to Surrattsville, and told John Lloyd to secrete them. The latter made a hole in the wainscoting and suspended them from strings, so that they fell within the plastered wall of the room below. On the very afternoon of the murder, Mrs. Surratt was driven to Surrattsville, and she told John Lloyd to have the carbines ready, because they would be called for that night. Harold was made quartermaster, and hired the horses. He and Atzeroth were mounted between eight o'clock and the time of the murder, and riding about the streets together.

The whole party was prepared for a long ride, as their spurs and gauntlets show. It may have been their design to ride in company to the Lower Potomac, and by their numbers exact subsistence and transportation.

Then came the shooting of the President and the escape of Booth.

While the report of the pistol, taking the President's life, went like a pang through the theater, Payne was spilling blood in Mr. Seward's house from threshold to sick-chamber. But Booth's broken leg delayed him or made him lose his general calmness, and he and Harold left Payne to his fate.

Within fifteen minutes after the murder the wires were severed entirely round the city, excepting only a secret wire for Government uses, which leads to Old Point. By this wire the Government reached the fortifications around Washington, first telegraphing all the way to Old Point, and then back to the outlying forts.

Payne having, as he thought, made an end of Mr. Seward, which would have been the case but for Robinson, the nurse, mounted his horse, and attempted to find Booth. But the town was in alarm, and he galloped at once for the open country, taking, as he imagined, the proper road for the East Branch. He rode at a killing pace, and when near Port Lincoln, on the Baltimore pike, his horse threw him headlong. Afoot and bewildered, he resolved to return to the city, whose lights he could plainly see;

but before doing so he concealed himself some time, and made some almost absurd efforts to disguise himself. Cutting a cross section from the woolen undershirt which covered his muscular arm, he made a rude cap of it, and threw away his bloody coat. This was found later in the woods, and blood was found also on his bosom and sleeves. He also spattered himself plentifully with mud and clay, and taking an abandoned pick from the deserted intrenchments near by, he struck out at once for Washington.

He reached Mrs. Surratt's door just as the officers of the Government were arresting her. They seized Payne at once, who had an awkward lie to urge in his defense—that he had come there to dig a trench. That night he dug a trench deep and broad enough for them both to lie in forever. They washed his hands, and found them soft and womanish; his pockets contained tooth and nail-brushes, and a delicate pocket-knife. All this apparel consorted ill with his assumed character.

Coarse, and hard, and calm, Mrs. Surratt shut up her house after the murder, and waited with her daughters till the officers came. She was imperturbable, and rebuked her girls for weeping, and would have gone to jail like a statue, but that in her extremity Payne knocked at her door. He had come, he said, to dig a ditch for Mrs. Surratt, whom he very well knew. But Mrs. Surratt protested that she had never seen the man at all, and had no ditch to clean.

"How fortunate, girls," she said, "that these officers are here; this man might have murdered us all."

Her effrontery stamps her as worthy of companionship with Booth. Payne was identified by a lodger of Mrs. Surratt's as having twice visited the house, under the name of Wood.

Atzeroth had a room almost directly over Vice-President Johnson's. He had all the materials to do murder, but lost spirit or opportunity. He ran away so hastily that all his arms and baggage were discovered; a tremendous bowie knife and a Colt's cavalry revolver were found between the mattresses of his bed. Booth's coat was also found there, showing conspired flight in company, and in it three boxes of cartridges, a map of Maryland, gauntlets for riding, a spur, and a handkerchief marked with the name of Booth's mother—a mother's souvenir for a murderer's pocket.

Atzeroth fled alone, and was found at the house of his uncle, in Montgomery County, Maryland.

Harold met Booth immediately after the crime, in the next street, and they rode at a gallop past the Patent Office and over Capitol Hill.

As they crossed the Eastern Branch at Uniontown, Booth gave his proper name to the officer at the bridge. This, which would seem to have been foolish, was, in reality, very shrewd. The officers believed that one of Booth's accomplices had given this name in order to put them out of the real Booth's track. So they made efforts elsewhere, and Booth got a start. At midnight, precisely, the two horsemen stopped at Surrattsville, Booth remaining on his nag, while Harold descended and knocked lustily at the door. Lloyd, the landlord, came down at once, when Harold pushed past him to the bar, and obtained a bottle of whisky, some of which he gave to Booth immediately. While Booth was drinking, Harold went upstairs and brought down one of the carbines. Lloyd started to get the other, but Harold said:

"We don't want it; Booth has broken his leg, and can't carry it."

So the second carbine remained in the hall, where the officers afterward found it.

As the two horsemen started to go off, Booth cried out to Lloyd:

"Don't you want to hear some news?"

"I don't care much about it?" cried Lloyd, by his own account.

"We have murdered," said Booth, "the President and Secretary of State."

And, with this horrible confession, Booth and Harold dashed away in the midnight, across Prince George's County.

On Saturday, before sunrise, Booth and Harold, who had ridden all night without stopping elsewhere, reached the house of Dr. Mudd, three miles from Bryantown. They contracted with him, for twenty-five dollars in greenbacks, to set the broken leg. Harold, who knew Dr. Mudd, introduced Booth under another name, and stated that he had fallen from his horse during the night. The doctor remarked of Booth that he draped the lower part of his face while the leg was being set; he was silent, and in pain. Having no splints in the house, they split up an old-fashioned wooden band-box and prepared them. The doctor was assisted by an Englishman, who at the same time began to hew out a pair of crutches. The inferior bone of the left leg was broken vertically across, and, because vertically, it did not yield when the crippled man walked upon it.

The riding-boot of Booth had to be cut from his foot; within were the words "J. Wilkes." The doctor says he did not notice these. The two men waited around the house all day, but toward evening they slipped their horses from the stable and rode away in the direction of Allen's Fresh.

Below Ervantown run certain deep and slimy swamps. Along the belt of these Booth and Harold picked up a negro named Swan, who volunteered to show them the road for two dollars. They gave him five more to show them the route to Allen's Fresh; but really wished, as their actions intimated, to gain the house of one Sam Coxe, a notorious rebel, and probably well advised of the plot. They reached the house at midnight. It is a fine dwelling, one of the best in Maryland; and after hallooing for some time, Coxe came down to the door himself. As soon as he opened it, and beheld who the strangers were, he instantly blew out the candle he held in his hand, and, without a word, pulled them into the room, the negro remaining in the yard. The confederates remained in Coxe's house till 4 a. m., during which time the negro saw them eat and drink heartily; but when they reappeared they spoke in a loud tone, so that Swan could hear them, against the hospitality of Coxe. All this was meant to influence the darkey; but their motives were as apparent as their words. He conducted them three miles further on, when they told him that now they knew the way, and giving him five dollars more, making twelve in all, told him to go back.

But when the negro, in the dusk of the morning, looked after them as he receded, he saw that both horses' heads were turned once more toward Coxe's, and it was this man, doubtless, who harbored the fugitives from Sunday to Thursday, aided, possibly, by such neighbors as the Wilsons and Adamses.

At the point where Booth crossed the Potomac the shores are very shallow, and one must wade out some distance to where a boat will float. A white man came up here with a canoe on Friday, and tied it by a stone anchor. Between seven and eight o'clock it disappeared, and in the afternoon some men at work on Methxy Creek, in Virginia, saw Booth and Harold land, tie the boat's rope to a stone and fling it ashore, and strike at once across a ploughed field for King George Court-house.

The few Unionists of Prince George's and Charles Counties, long persecuted and intimidated, came forward and gave important testimony. They told the officers of the secret meetings at Lloyd's Hotel, and so Lloyd was taken and put into jail at Robytown; that night his house was searched, and Booth's carbine found hidden in the wall. Three days afterward Lloyd himself confessed.

The little party examined all the farm houses below Washington. Beyond Bryantown they overhauled the residence of Dr. Mudd, and found Booth's boots. This was before Lloyd confessed, and was the first

positive trace the officers had that they were really close upon the assassins.

By this time the country was filling up with soldiers, but previously a second detective party went out under the personal command of Major O'Bierne. It embarked at Washington on a steam tug for Chappell's Point. Here a military station had long been established for the prevention of blockade and mail running across the Potomac. It was commanded by Lieutenant Laverty, and garrisoned by sixty-five men. On Tuesday night Major O'Bierne's party reached this place, and soon afterward a telegraph station was established here by an invaluable man to the expedition, Captain Beckwith, General Grant's chief cipher operator, who tapped the Point Lookout wire, and placed the War Department within a moment's reach of the theater of events.

Major O'Bierne's party started at once, over the worst road in the world, for Port Tobacco.

Into this abstract of Gomorrah the few detectives went. They pretended to be inquiring for friends, or to have business designs, and the first people they heard of were Harold and Atzeroth. The latter had visited Port Tobacco three weeks before the murder, and intimated at that time his design of fleeing the country.

Atzeroth had been in town just prior to the crime. He had been living with a widow woman, named Mrs. Wheeler, and she was immediately called upon by Major O'Bierne. His trunk was found in her garret, and in it the key to his paint shop in Port Tobacco. The latter was fruitlessly searched, but the probable whereabouts of Atzeroth in Montgomery County obtained, and Major O'Bierne telegraphing there immediately, the desperate fellow was found and locked up.

By this time the military had come up in considerable numbers, and Major O'Bierne was enabled to confer with Major Wait, of the Eighth Illinois.

The Major had pushed on, on Monday night, to Leonardstown, and pretty well overhauled that locality.

It was at this time that preparations were made to hunt the swamps around Chapmantown, Bethtown, and Allen's Fresh. Booth had been entirely lost since his departure from Mudd's house, and it was believed that he had either pushed on for the Potomac or taken to the swamps. The officers sagaciously determined to follow him to the one, and to explore the other.

The swamps tributary to the various branches of the Wicomico River, of which the chief feeder is Allen's Creek, bear various names, such as

Jordan's Swamp, Atchall's Swamp, and Scrub Swamp. There are dense growths of dogwood, gum, and beech, planted in sluices of water and bog, and their width varies from a half mile to four miles, while their length is upward of sixteen miles. Frequent deep ponds dot this wilderness place, with here and there a stretch of dry soil, but no human being inhabits the malarious extent; even a hunted murderer would shrink from hiding there. Serpents and slimy lizards are the only living denizens; sometimes the coon takes refuge in this desert from the hounds, and in the soft mud a thousand odorous muskrats delve, and now and then a tremulous otter. But not even the hunted negro dare to fathom the treacherous clay, nor make himself a fellow of the slimy reptiles which reign absolute in this terrible solitude. Here the soldiers prepared to seek for the President's assassins, and no search of the kind has ever been so thorough and patient. The Shawnee, in his stronghold of despair in the heart of the Okeefenokee, would scarcely have changed homes with Wilkes Booth and David Harold, hiding in this inhuman country.

The military forces deputed to pursue the fugitives were seven hundred men of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, six hundred men of the Twenty-second Colored Troops, and one hundred men of the Sixteenth New York. These swept the swamp by detachments, the mass of them dismounted, with cavalry at the belts of clearings, interspersed with detectives at frequent intervals in the rear. They first formed a strong picket cordon entirely around the swamps, and then, drawn up in two orders of battle, advanced boldly into the bog by two lines of march. One party swept the swamps longitudinally, the other pushed straight across their smallest diameter.

A similar march has not been made during the war; the soldiers were only a few paces apart, and in steady order they took the ground as it came, now plunging to their armpits in foul sluices of gangrened water, now hopelessly submerged in slime, now attacked by legions of wood-ticks, now tempting some unfaithful log or greenishly solid morass, and plunging to the tip of the skull in poisonous stagnation; the tree boughs rent their uniforms; they came out upon dry land many of them without a rag of garment, scratched, and gashed, and spent, repugnant to themselves, and disgusting to those who saw them; but not one trace of Booth or Harold was anywhere found. Wherever they might be, the swamps did not contain them.

While all this was going on, a force started from Point Lookout, and swept the narrow necks of St. Mary's quite up to Medley's Neck. To complete the search in this part of the country, Colonel Wells and Major

O'Bierne started, with a force of cavalry and infantry, for Chappell's Point. They took the entire peninsula, as before, and marched in close skirmish line across it, but without finding anything of note. The manner of inclosing a house was by cavalry advances, which held all the avenues till mounted detectives came up. Many strange and ludicrous adventures occurred on each of these expeditions. While the forces were going up Cobb's Neck there was a counter force coming down from Allen's Fresh.

Major O'Bierne started for Leonardstown with his detective force, and played off Laverty as Booth, and Hoey as Harold. These two advanced to farm houses and gave their assumed names, asking at the same time for assistance and shelter. They were generally avoided, except by one man named Claggert, who told them they might hide in the woods behind his house. When Claggert was arrested, however, he stated that he meant to hide only to give them up. While on this adventure, a man who had heard of the reward came very near shooting Laverty. The ruse now became hazardous, and the detectives resumed their real characters.

One Mills, a rebel mail-carrier, also arrested, saw Booth and Harold lurking along the river bank on Friday; he referred Major O'Bierne to one Claggert, a rebel, as having seen them also; but Claggert held his tongue and went to jail. On Saturday night, Major O'Bierne, thus assured, also crossed the Potomac with his detectives to Boone's farm, where the fugitives had landed. While collecting information here, a gunboat swung up the stream, and threatened to open fire on the party.

It was now night, and all the party worn to the ground with long travel and want of sleep. Lieutenant Laverty's men went a short distance down the country and gave up, and Major O'Bierne, with a single man, pushed all night to King George's Court-house, and next day, Sunday, re-embarked for Chappell's Point. Hence he telegraphed his information, and asked permission to pursue, promising to catch the assassins before they reached Port Royal. This the department refused. Colonel Baker's men were delegated to make the pursuit with Lieutenant Doherty; and O'Bierne returned to Washington.

Chief of the Secret Service Lafayette Baker then took up the case. He at once possessed himself of the little the War Department had learned and started immediately to take the usual detective measures, till then neglected, of offering a reward, and getting out photographs of the suspected ones. He then dispatched a few chosen detectives to certain vital points, and awaited results.

The first of these was the capture of Atzeroth. Others, like the taking of Dr. Mudd, simultaneously occurred. But, the district suspected being remote from the railway routes, and broken by no telegraph station, the Colonel, to place himself nearer the theater of events, ordered an operator, with the necessary instrument, to tap the wire running to Point Lookout, near Chappell's Point, and send him prompt messages.

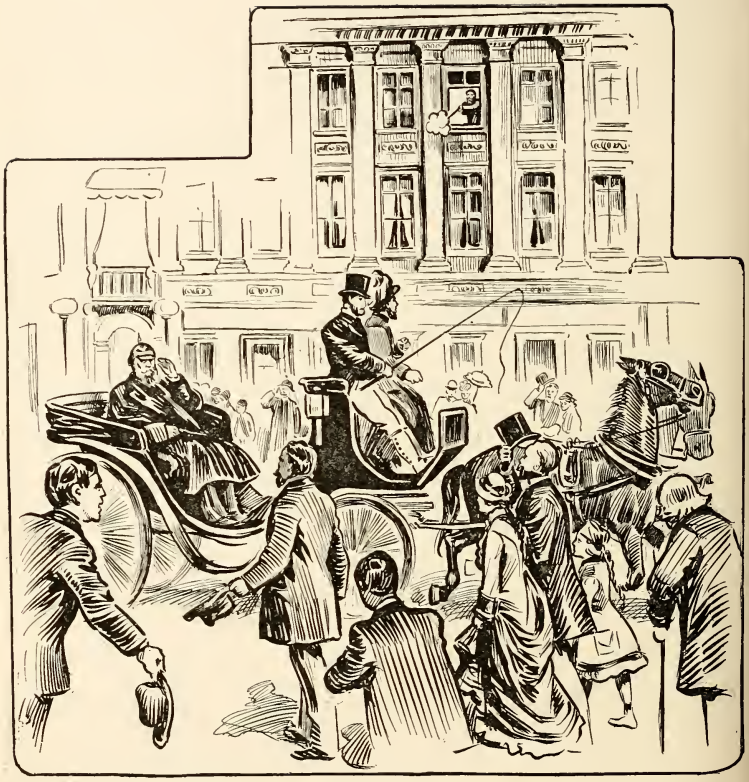
The same steamer which took down the operator and two detectives, brought back one of the same detectives and a negro. This negro, taken to Colonel Baker's office, stated so positively that he had seen Booth and another man cross the Potomac in a fishing boat, while he was looking down upon them from a bank, that the Colonel was at first skeptical; but, when examined, the negro answered so readily and intelligently, recognizing the man from the photographs, that Baker knew at last he had the true scent.

Straightway he sent to General Hancock for twenty-five men, and while the order was going drew down his coast survey maps, with that quick detective intuition amounting almost to inspiration. He cast upon the probable route and destination of the refugees, as well as the point where he would soonest strike them. Booth, he knew, would not keep along the coast, with frequent deep rivers to cross, nor, indeed, in any direction east of Richmond, where he was liable at any time to cross the lines of occupation; nor, being lame, could he ride on horseback, so as to place himself very far westward of his point of debarkation in Virginia. But he would travel in a direct course from Bluff Point, where he crossed to Eastern Maryland, and this would take him through Port Royal, on the Rappahannock River, in time to be intercepted by the outgoing cavalrymen.

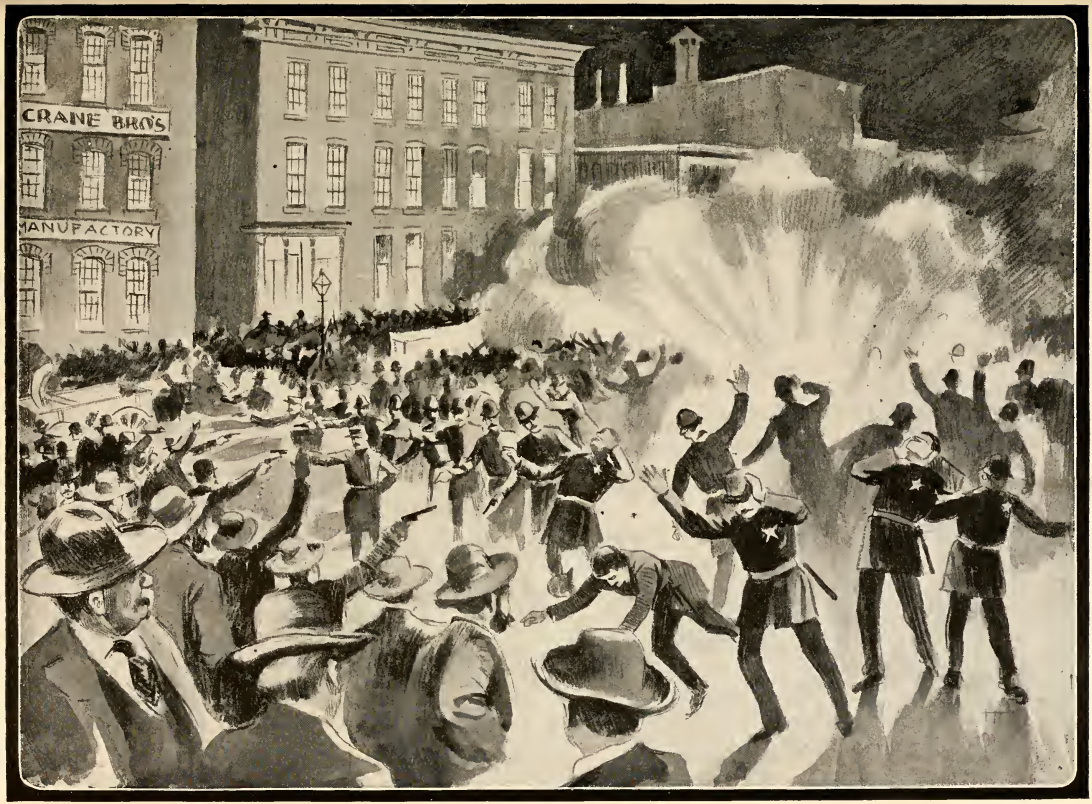
When, therefore, twenty-five men, under one Lieutenant Dogherty, arrived at his office doors, Baker placed the whole under control of his former Lieutenant-Colonel, E. J. Conger, and of his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker—the first of Ohio, the last of New York—and bade them go with all dispatch to Belle Plain, on the Lower Potomac, there to disembark and scour the country faithfully around Port Royal, but not to return unless they captured their men.

Quitting Washington at two o'clock p. m., on Monday, the detectives and cavalrymen disembarked at Belle Plain, on the border of Stafford County, at ten o'clock, in the darkness. Belle Plain is simply the nearest landing to Fredericksburg, seventy miles from Washington City, and located upon Potomac Creek. It is a wharf and warehouse merely, and here the steamer John S. Ide stopped and made fast, while the party gal-

The Assassination of Czar Alexander I.



Attempt to Assassinate Emperor William I, of Germany



The Haymarket Massacre

Execution of the Chicago Anarchists

loped off in the darkness. Conger and Baker kept ahead, riding up to farm houses and questioning the inmates, pretending to be in search of the Maryland gentlemen belonging to the party. But nobody had seen the parties described, and after a futile ride on the Fredericksburg road, they turned shortly to the east, and kept up their baffled inquiries all the way to Port Conway, on the Rappahannock.

On Tuesday morning they presented themselves at the Port Royal Ferry, and inquired of the ferryman, while he was taking them over in squads of seven at a time, if he had seen any two such men. Continuing their inquiries at Port Royal, they found one Rollins, a fisherman, who referred them to a negro, named Lucas, as having driven two men a short distance toward Bowling Green, in a wagon. It was found that these men answered to the description, Booth having a crutch, as previously ascertained.

The day before Booth and Harold had applied at Port Conway for the general ferry-boat, but the ferryman was then fishing, and would not desist for the inconsiderable fare of only two persons; but to their supposed good fortune a lot of Confederate cavalrymen just then came along, who threatened the ferryman with a shot in the head if he did not instantly bring across his craft and transport the entire party. These cavalrymen were of Mosby's disbanded command, returning from Fairfax Court-house to their homes in Caroline County. Their captain was on his way to visit a sweetheart at Bowling Green, and he had so far taken Booth under his patronage that, when the latter was haggling with Lucas for a team, he offered both Booth and Harold the use of his horse to ride and walk alternately.

This is the court-house town of Caroline County, a small and scattered place, having within it an ancient tavern, no longer used for other than lodging purposes; but here they hauled from his bed the captain aforesaid, and bade him dress himself. As soon as he comprehended the matter he became pallid, and eagerly narrated the facts in his possession. Booth, to his knowledge, was then lying at the house of one Garrett, which they had passed, and Harold had departed the existing day with the intention of rejoining him.

Taking this captain along for a guide, the worn-out horsemen retraced their steps, though some were so haggard and wasted with travel that they had to be kicked into intelligence before they could climb to their saddles. The objects of the chase thus at hand, the detectives, full of sanguine purpose, hurried the cortege so well along that by two o'clock early morning all halted at Garrett's gate. In the pale moonlight, three

hundred yards from the main road, to the left, a plain old farm house looked grayly through the environing locusts. It was worn, and white-washed, and two-storied, and its half-human windows glowered down upon the silent cavalrymen like watching owls, which stood as sentries over some horrible secret asleep within.

Dimly seen behind, an old barn, high and weather-beaten, faced the roadside gate, for the house itself lay to the left of its own lane; and nestling beneath the barn a few long corn-cribs lay, with a cattle-shed at hand.

In the dead stillness, Baker dismounted and forced the outer gate, Conger kept close behind him, and the horsemen followed cautiously. They made no noise in the soft clay, nor broke the all-foreboding silence anywhere, till the second gate swung open gratingly, and even then no hoarse or shrill response came back, save distant croaking, as of frogs or owls, or the whiz of some passing night-hawk. So they surrounded the pleasant old homestead, each horseman, carbine in poise, adjusted under the grove of locusts, so as to inclose the dwelling with a circle of fire. After a pause, Baker rode to the kitchen door on the side, and, dismounting, rapped and hallooed lustily. An old man, in drawers and night-shirt, hastily undrew the bolts, and stood on the threshold, peering shiveringly into the darkness.

Baker seized him by the throat at once, and held a pistol to his ear.

"Who is it?" cried the old man.

"Where are the men who stay with you?" challenged Baker. "If you prevaricate, you are a dead man!"

The old fellow was so paralyzed that he stammered and shook and said not a word.

"Go light a candle," cried Baker, sternly, "and be quick about it."

The trembling old man obeyed, and in a moment the imperfect rays flared upon his whitening hairs and bluishly pallid face. Then the question was repeated, backed up by the glimmering pistol. "Where are these men?"

The old man held to the wall, and his knees smote each other. "They are gone," he said. "We haven't got them in the house; I assure you that they are gone."

In the interim Conger had also entered, and while the household and its invaders were thus in weird tableau, a young man appeared, as if he had risen from the ground. "Father," he said, "we had better tell the truth about the matter. Those men whom you seek, gentlemen, are in the barn, I know. They went there to sleep."

Leaving one soldier to guard the old man, all the rest, with cocked pistols at the young man's head, followed on to the barn. It lay a hundred yards from the house, the front barn-door facing the west gable, and was an old and spacious structure, with floors only a trifle above the ground level.

The troops dismounted, were stationed at regular intervals around it, and ten yards distant at every point, four special guards placed to command the door, and all with weapons in supple preparation, while Baker and Conger went direct to the door. It had a padlock upon it, and the key of this Baker secured at once. In the interval of silence that ensued, the rustling of planks and straw was heard inside, as of persons rising from sleep.

At the same moment Baker shouted:

"To the persons in this barn I have a proposal to make. We are about to send in to you the son of the man in whose custody you are found. Either surrender to him your arms, and then give yourself up, or we'll set fire to the place. We mean to take you both, or to have a bonfire and shooting match."

No answer came to this. The lad, John M. Garrett, who was in deadly fear, was here pushed through the door by a sudden opening of it, and immediately Lieutenant Baker locked the door on the outside. The boy was heard to state his appeal in undertones. Booth replied:

"——— you. Get out of here. You have betrayed me."

At the same time he placed his hand in his pocket, as if for a pistol. A remonstrance followed; but the boy slipped on and over the reopened portal, reporting that his errand had failed, and that he dare not enter again. All this time the candle brought from the house to the barn was burning close beside the two detectives, rendering it easy for any one within to have shot them dead. This observed, the light was cautiously removed, and everybody took care to keep out of its reflection. The boy was placed at a remote point, and the summons repeated by Baker:

"You must surrender inside there! Give up your arms and appear; there's no chance for escape. We give you five minutes to make up your mind."

A bold, clarion reply came from within, so strong as to be heard at the house door:

"Who are you, and what do you want with us?"

Baker again urged:

"We want you to deliver up your arms, and become our prisoners."

"But who are you?" hallooed the same strong voice.

"That makes no difference; we know who you are, and we want you. We have here fifty men, armed with carbines and pistols. You cannot escape."

There was a long pause, and then Booth said:

"Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends."

No reply from the detectives.

"Well, give us a little time to consider."

"Very well; take time."

Here ensued a pause. In this little interval Booth made the resolve to die. But he was cool and steady to the end. Baker, after a lapse, hailed for the last time:

"Well, we have waited long enough; surrender your arms and come out, or we'll fire the barn."

Booth answered: "I am but a cripple—a one-legged man. Withdraw your forces one hundred yards from the door, and I will come. Give me a chance for my life, Captain. I will never be taken alive!"

"We did not come here to fight, but to capture you. I say again appear, or the barn shall be fired."

Then, with a long breath, which could be heard outside, Booth cried, in sudden calmness, still invisible, as were to him his enemies:

"Well, then, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me!"

There was a pause repeated, broken by low discussions within between Booth and his associate, the former saying, as if in answer to some remonstrance or appeal: "Get away from me. You are a —— coward, and mean to leave me in my distress; but go—go! I don't want you to stay—I won't have you stay!" Then he shouted aloud:

"There's a man inside who wants to surrender."

"Let him come, if he will bring his arms."

Here Harold, rattling the door, said: "Let me out; open the door; I want to surrender."

"Hand out your arms, then."

"I have not got any."

"You are the man who carried the carbine yesterday; bring it out!"

"I haven't got any."

This was said in a whining tone, and with an almost visible shiver. Booth cried aloud at this hesitation:

"He hasn't got any arms; they are mine, and I have kept them."

"Well, he carried the carbine, and must bring it out."

"On the word and honor of a gentleman, he has no arms with him. They are mine, and I have got them."

At this time Harold was quite up to the door, within whispering distance of Baker. The latter told him to put out his hands to be handcuffed, at the same time drawing open the door a little distance. Harold thrust forth his hands, when Baker, seizing him, jerked him into the night, and straightway delivered him over to a deputation of cavalrymen. Then Booth made his last appeal, in the same clear, unbroken voice:

"Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men, and I will fight them singly. I could have killed you six times to-night, but I believe you to be a brave man, and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show."

Ere he ceased speaking, Colonel Conger slipped around to the rear, drew some loose straws through a crack, and lit a match upon them. They were dry and blazed up in an instant, carrying a sheet of smoke and flame through the parted planks.

Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Conger saw Wilkes Booth standing upright upon a crutch. At the gleam of the fire, Wilkes dropped his crutch and carbine, and on both hands crept to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous, like fever, and swelled and rolled in terrible beauty, while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness before frenzy. In vain he peered, with vengeance in his look; the blaze that made him visible concealed his enemy. A second he turned glaring at the fire, as if to leap upon it and extinguish it, but it had made such headway that this was a futile impulse, and he dismissed it. Then he pushed for the door, carbine in poise.

At that moment Sergeant Boston Corbett fired, and the assassin fell headlong to the floor, lying there in a heap, shot through the throat.

"He has shot himself," cried Baker, unaware of the source of the report, and, rushing in, he grasped his arm, to guard against any feint or strategy. A moment convinced him that further struggle with the prone flesh was useless. Booth did not move, nor breathe, nor gasp. Conger and the two sergeants now entered, and, taking up the body, they bore it in haste from the advancing flame, and laid it without upon the grass.

A mattress was brought down, on which they placed him, and propped his head, and gave him water and brandy. The women of the household dipped a rag in brandy and water, and, this being put between Booth's teeth, he sucked it greedily. When he was able to articulate again, he muttered to Baker the same words, with an addendum:

"Tell mother I died for my country. I thought I did for the best."

Baker repeated this, saying at the same time, "Booth, do I repeat it correctly?" Booth nodded his head.

A soldier had been meanwhile dispatched for a doctor, but the route and return was quite six miles, and the murderer was sinking fast. Finally the doctor arrived, in time to be useless. Just at his coming, Booth had asked to have his hands raised and shown him. They were so paralyzed that he did not know their location. When they were displayed, he muttered, with a sad lethargy, "Useless—useless!" These were the last words he ever uttered.

His jaw drew spasmodically and obliquely downward; his eyeballs rolled and began to swell; lividness, like a horrible shadow, fastened upon him, and with a sort of gurgle, and sudden gasp, he stretched his feet, threw his head back, and passed away.

They sewed him up in a saddle-blanket. Harold, meantime, had been tied to a tree, but was now released for the march. Colonel Conger pushed on immediately for Washington; the cortege was to follow. Booth's only arms were his carbine, knife and two revolvers. They found about him bills of exchange, Canada money, and a diary. A horse, the relic of former generations, was impressed and harnessed to a shaky wagon, and in the latter they laid the discolored corpse. The corpse was tied with ropes around the legs, and made fast to the wagon side.

Harold's legs were tied to stirrups, and he was placed in the center of four cavalrymen. When the wagon started, Booth's wound, now scarcely dribbling, began to run anew. The blood fell through the crack of the wagon, and fell dripping upon the axle.

Progress was slow, but toward noon the cortege filed through Port Royal, where the citizens came out to ask the matter, and why a man's body, covered with sombre blankets, was going by with so great escort. They were told that it was a wounded Confederate, and so held their tongues. The little ferry, again in requisition, took them over by squads, and they pushed from Port Conway to Belle Plain, which they reached in the middle of the afternoon.

At Washington, high and low turned out to look on Booth. Only a few were permitted to see his corpse for purposes of recognition. It was fairly preserved, though on one side of the face distorted, and looking blue like death, and wildly bandit-like.

Finally, the Secretary of War, without instructions of any kind, committed to Colonel Baker, of the Secret Service, the stark corpse of J. Wilkes Booth, and it was taken to the old Penitentiary, adjoining the Arsenal grounds. The building had not been used as a prison for some

years previously. The Ordnance Department had filled the ground-floor cells with fixed ammunition—one of the largest of these cells was selected as the burial place of Booth—the ammunition was removed, a large flat stone lifted from its place, and a rude grave dug; the body was dropped in, the grave filled up, the stone replaced, and there rests to this hour all that remained of John Wilkes Booth.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EXECUTION OF MRS. SURRATT, ATZEROTH, HAROLD AND PAYNE IN THE JAIL YARD AT WASHINGTON—SCENES AND INCIDENTS—THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS GUARD THE PRISON AND THE VICINITY—HOW THE CULPRITS DIED.

The execution of Mrs. Surratt, Atzeroth, Harold and Payne occurred at Washington on the 9th of July, 1865, less than three months after the assassination of President Lincoln, Major General Hancock having charge of all arrangements. It was, in effect, a military execution, about three thousand troops being assigned the task of guarding the jail and vicinity.

Atzeroth made a partial confession to the Rev. Mr. Butler, a few hours before his execution. He stated that he took a room at the Kirkwood House on Thursday afternoon, before the murder of the President, and was engaged in endeavoring to get a pass to Richmond. He then heard the President was to be taken to the theater and there to be captured. He said he understood that Booth was to rent the theater for the purpose of carrying out the plot to capture the President. He stated that Harold brought the pistol and knife to the Kirkwood House, and that he (Atzeroth) had nothing to do with the attempted assassination of Andrew Johnson.

Booth intended that Harold should assassinate Johnson and he wanted him (Atzeroth) to back him up and give him courage. Booth thought that Harold had more pluck than Atzeroth.

He alluded to the meeting at the restaurant about the middle of March. He said Booth, Harold, Payne, Arnold and himself were present, and it was then concerted that Mr. Lincoln should be captured and taken to Richmond.

They heard that Lincoln was to visit a camp near Washington, and the plan was that they should proceed there and capture the coach and horses containing Lincoln. He denied that he was in favor of assassinating Lincoln, but was willing to assist in his capture.

He stated, however, that he knew Lincoln was to be assassinated about half-past eight o'clock on the evening of the occurrence, but was afraid to make it known, as he feared Booth would kill him if he did so.

He said that slavery caused his sympathies to be with the South. He had heard a sermon preached which stated that a curse on the negro race had turned them black. He always hated the negroes, and thought they should be kept in ignorance.

Booth had promised him that if their plan succeeded for the capture of Lincoln they should all be rich men, and they would become great. The prisoners would all be exchanged, and the independence of the South would be recognized, and their cause be triumphant.

At fifteen minutes before one o'clock General Hartranft informed the newspaper men to be in readiness for the prison doors to be opened. About 11 a. m. the prison yard was thrown open to those having passes, and about fifty entered. The first object in view was the scaffold, which was erected at the northeast corner of the penitentiary yard, and consisted of a simple wooden structure, of very primitive appearance, faced about due west. The platform was elevated about twelve feet from the ground, and was about twenty feet square. Attached to the main platform were the drops, two in number, on which the criminals stood. At the moment of execution, these drops were connected with the main platform, by means of large hinges, four to each drop.

The drops were supported by a post, which rested on a heavy piece of timber placed on the ground, and so arranged that two soldiers stationed at the rear of the scaffold instantaneously detached the two supports from their positions by means of pressing two poles, which occupied a horizontal position, the action of which dislodged the props of the scaffold and permitted the drops to fall.

The gallows proper was divided into two parts by means of a perpendicular piece of timber, resting on the platform, and reaching up to the cross-beam of the gallows. Two ropes hung on either side of the piece of timber mentioned. They were wound around the cross-beam, and contained large knots and nooses at the lower end. The platform was ascended by means of a flight of steps, thirteen in number, erected at the rear of the scaffold, and guarded on either side by a railing, which also extended around the platform. The platform was sustained by nine heavy uprights, about which rose the two heavy pieces of timber which supported the cross-beam and constituted the gallows. The entire platform was capable of holding conveniently about thirty people, and was about half full at the time of the execution.

The executioners were all regular soldiers, and did their work well. The rope was furnished from the navy yard, and was one and a half inches in circumference, and composed of twenty strands.

The graves were dug close to the scaffold, and next to the prison wall. They were four in number, and were about three feet and a half deep, in a dry, clayey soil, and about seven feet long and three wide. Four pine boxes, similar to those used for packing guns in, stood between the graves and the scaffold. These were for coffins, both being in full view of the prisoners as they emerged from their cells, and before them until they commenced the dreadful ascent of those thirteen steps.

About a thousand soldiers were in the yard and upon the high wall around it, which is wide enough for sentries to patrol it. The sun's rays made it very oppressive, and the walls kept off the little breeze that was stirring. There was no shade, and men huddled together along the walls and around the pump to discuss with one another the prospect of a reprieve or delay for Mrs. Surratt. But few hoped for it, though some were induced by Mrs. Surratt's counsel to believe she would not be hanged that day. When one of them came out and saw the four ropes hanging from the beam, he exclaimed to one of the soldiers: "My God! they are not going to hang all four, are they?"

The drops were tried at 11:30 with three-hundred-pound weights upon them, to see if they would work. One fell all right; one hung part way down, and the hatchet and saw were brought into play. The next time they were all right.

At 12:40 four arm-chairs were brought out and placed upon the scaffold. The newspaper correspondents and reporters were admitted to a position about thirty feet from the gallows, and about 1:10 the heavy door in front of the cells was swung upon its hinges for the hundredth time within an hour, and a few reporters, with General Hancock, passed in and through to the yard. General Hancock for the last time took a survey of the preparations, and, being satisfied that everything was ready, re-entered the prison building, and in a few minutes the solemn procession marched down the steps of the back door and into the yard.

Mrs. Surratt cast her eyes upward upon the scaffold, for a few moments, with a look of curiosity, combined with dread. One glimpse, and her eyes fell to the ground, and she walked along mechanically, her head drooping, and if she had not been supported would have fallen.

She ascended the scaffold, and was led to an arm-chair, in which she was seated. An umbrella was held over her by the two holy fathers, to protect her from the sun, whose rays shot down like blasts from a fiery furnace. She was attired in a black bombazine dress, black alpaca bonnet, with black veil, which she wore over her face till she was seated on the chair. During the reading of the order for the execution, by General

Hartranft, the priests held a small crucifix before her, which she kissed fervently several times.

She first looked around at the scene before her, then closed her eyes and seemed engaged in silent prayer. The reading and the announcement of the clergymen in behalf of the other prisoners having been made, Colonel McCall, assisted by the other officers, proceeded to remove her bonnet, pinion her elbows, and tie strips of cotton stuff around her dress below the knees. This done, the rope was placed around her neck and her face covered with a white cap reaching down to the shoulders.

When they were pinioning her arms, she turned her head, and made some remarks to the officers in a low tone, which could not be heard. It appeared they had tied her elbows too tight, for they slackened the bandage slightly, and then awaited the final order. All the prisoners were prepared thus at the same time, and the preparations of each were completed at about the same moment; so that when Mrs. Surratt was thus pinioned, she stood scarcely ten seconds, supported by those standing near her, when General Hartranft gave the signal, by clapping his hands twice, for both drops to fall. As soon as the second and last signal was given, both fell, and Mrs. Surratt, with a jerk, fell to the full length of the rope. She was leaning over when the drop fell, and this gave a swinging motion to her body, which lasted several minutes before it assumed a perpendicular position. Her death was instantaneous; she died without a struggle. The only muscular movement discernible was a slight contraction of the left arm, which she seemed to try to disengage from behind her as the drop fell.

After being suspended thirty minutes, she was cut down, and placed in a square wooden box or coffin, in the clothes in which she died.

Payne died as he lived, at least as he had done since his arrest, bold, calm, and thoroughly composed. The only tremor exhibited by this extraordinary man during the terrible ordeal of the execution was an involuntary vibration of the muscles of his legs after the drop fell. He was next in order to Mrs. Surratt in the procession of the criminals from their cells to the place of execution.

He was supported on one side by his spiritual adviser, and on the other by a soldier, although he needed no such assistance, for he walked erect and upright, and retained the peculiar piercing expression of the eye that had ever characterized him. He was dressed in a blue flannel shirt, and pants of the same material. His brawny neck was entirely exposed, and he wore a new straw hat. He ascended the steps leading to

the scaffold with the greatest ease, and took his seat on the drop with as much *sang froid* as though sitting down to dinner.

Once or twice he addressed a few words in an undertone to persons close by him, and occasionally glanced at the array of soldiers and civilians spread out before him. A puff of wind blew off his hat, and he instantly turned around to see where it went. When it was recovered and handed to him, he intimated by gesturing that he no longer required it, and it was laid aside.

During the reading of the sentence by General Hartranft, just previous to the execution, he calmly listened, and once or twice glanced upward at the gallows, as if inspecting its construction. He submitted to the process of binding his limbs very quietly, and watched the operation with attention.

His spiritual adviser advanced, a few minutes previous to the execution, and made some remarks in Payne's behalf. He thanked the different officials for the attention and kindness bestowed on Payne, and exhorted the criminal in a few impassioned words to give his entire thoughts to his future state. Payne stood immovable as a statue when the drop fell. Although next to Harold, who died the hardest, he exhibited more bodily contortions than the others while suspended. While the noose was being adjusted to his neck, Payne raised his head, and evidently desired to assist the executioner in that delicate operation.

Probably no one of the criminals felt as great a dread of the terrible ordeal through which they were to pass as young Harold. From the time he left his cell until his soul was sent into the presence of the Almighty, he exhibited the greatest emotion, and seemed to thoroughly realize his wretched condition. His face wore an indefinable expression of anguish, and at times he trembled violently. He seemed to desire to engage in conversation with those around him while sitting in the chair awaiting execution, and his spiritual adviser was assiduous in his attentions to the wretched man.

Harold was dressed in a black cloth coat and light pants, and wore a white shirt without any collar; he wore also a black slouch hat, which he retained on his head until it was removed to make room for the white cap. At times he looked wildly around, and his face had a haggard, anxious, inquiring expression. When the drop fell, he exhibited more tenacity of life than any of the others, and he endeavored several times to draw himself up as if for the purpose of relieving himself from the rope by which he was suspended.

Atzeroth ascended the steps of the scaffold without difficulty, and took his seat at the south end of the drop without exhibiting any particular emotion. He was dressed in a dark gray coat and pants, and black vest and white linen shirt, without any collar; on his feet he wore a pair of woolen slippers and socks. He sat in such a position that he could see the profiles of his fellow-prisoners, and he had his hands pinioned behind him. He wore no hat, but had a white handkerchief placed over his head, with a tuft of hair protruding from it and spreading over his forehead.

Directly behind him stood his spiritual adviser, who held an umbrella over him to keep off the burning rays of the sun. During the reading of the sentence by General Hartranft, he kept perfectly quiet, but his face wore an expression of unutterable woe, and he listened attentively. He wore a thin mustache and small goatee, and his face was pale and sallow. Once, and once only, he glanced around at the assembled throng, and occasionally muttered incoherent sentences, but he talked, while on the scaffold, to no one immediately around him.

Just before his execution, his spiritual adviser advanced and stated that Atzeroth desired to return his sincere thanks to General Hartranft and the other officials for their many acts of kindness extended toward him. He then called on God to forgive Atzeroth. He hoped that God would grant him a full and free forgiveness, and ended by saying: "May the Lord God have mercy on you, and grant you His peace."

The handkerchief was then taken from his head, and he stood up, facing the assembled audience, directly alongside of the instrument of his death. His knees slightly trembled, and his legs were bent forward. He stood for a few moments the very embodiment of wretchedness, and then spoke a few words in an undertone to General Hartranft, after which he shook hands with his spiritual adviser and a few others near him. While he was being secured with bands, tied around his legs and arms, he kept muttering to himself, as if engaged in silent prayer.

Suddenly he broke forth with the words, "Gentlemen, beware who you—" and then stopped, as if with emotion. As the white cap was being placed over his head he said, "Good-by, gentlemen; may we all meet in the other world. God take me now." He muttered something loud enough for those close by him to hear, just as the drop fell, evidently not anticipating such an event at that moment. He died without apparent pain, and his neck must have been instantly broken.

After hanging a few seconds, his stomach heaved considerably, and subsequently his legs quivered a little. His death appeared to be the easiest of any of the criminals, with the exception of Mrs. Surratt, who did

not apparently suffer at all. After hanging half an hour, Atzeroth's body was taken down, it being the first one lowered, and an examination made by Surgeons Otis, Woodward, and Porter.

About half-past eight o'clock that morning, Miss Surratt, accompanied by a female friend, visited the White House for the purpose of obtaining an interview with the President. President Johnson having given orders that he would receive no one, the door-keeper stopped Miss Surratt at the foot of the steps leading up to the President's office, and would not permit her to proceed further. She then asked permission to see General Mussey, the President's Military Secretary, who promptly answered the summons.

As soon as the General made his appearance, Miss Surratt threw herself upon her knees before him, and, catching him by the coat, with loud sobs and streaming eyes, implored him to assist her in obtaining a hearing with the President.

General Mussey, in as tender a manner as possible, informed Miss Surratt that he could not comply with her request, as President Johnson's orders were imperative, and he would receive no one.

Upon General Mussey's returning to his office, Miss Surratt threw herself upon the stair steps, where she remained a considerable length of time, sobbing aloud in the greatest anguish, protesting her mother's innocence, and imploring every one who came near her to intercede in her mother's behalf. While thus weeping, she declared her mother was too good and kind to be guilty of the enormous crime of which she was convicted, and asserted that if her mother was put to death she wished to die also.

The scene was heart-rending, and many of those who witnessed it, including a number of hardy soldiers, were moved to tears. Miss Surratt, having become quiet, was finally persuaded to take a seat in the East Room, and there she remained for several hours, jumping up from her seat each time the front door of the mansion was opened, evidently in hopes of seeing some one enter who could be of service to her in obtaining the desired interview with the President, or that they were the bearers of good news to her.

Two of Harold's sisters, dressed in full mourning and heavily veiled, made their appearance at the White House shortly after Miss Surratt, for the purpose of interceding with the President in behalf of their brother. Failing to see the President, they addressed a note to Mrs. Johnson, and expressed a hope that she would not turn a deaf ear to their pleadings. Mrs. Johnson being quite sick, it was thought expedient by the ushers

not to deliver the note, when, as a last expedient, the ladies asked permission to forward a note to Mrs. Patterson, the President's daughter, which privilege was not granted, as Mrs. Patterson was also quite indisposed.

It was a noticeable incident of the execution that very few Government officials were present, the spectators being nearly all connected with the trial in some capacity, or else representatives of the press.

By permission of the authorities, the daughter of Mrs. Surratt passed the night previous to the execution with her mother, in her cell. The entire interview was of a very affecting character. The daughter remained with her mother until a short time before the execution, and when the time came for separation the screams of anguish that burst from the poor girl could be distinctly heard all over the execution ground.

During the morning the daughter proceeded to the Metropolitan Hotel, and sought an interview with General Hancock. Finding him, she implored him in pitiable accents to get a reprieve for her mother. The General, of course, had no power to grant or obtain such a favor, and so informed the distressed girl, in as gentle a manner as possible.

General Hancock, with the kindness that always characterized his actions apart from the stern duties of his noble profession, did his best to assuage the mental anguish of the grief-stricken girl.

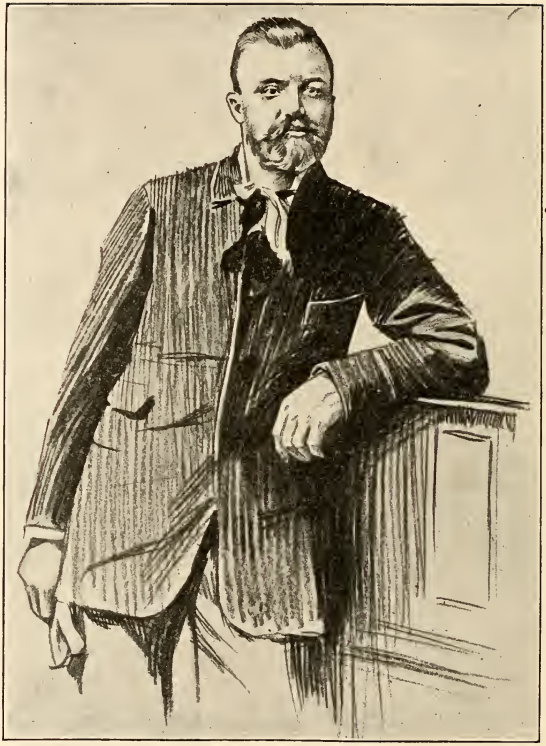
The alleged important after-discovered testimony, which the counsel for Mrs. Surratt stated would prove her innocence, was submitted to Judge Advocate-General Holt, who, after a careful examination, failed to discover anything in it having a bearing on the case. This was communicated to the President, and doubtless induced him to decline to interfere in the execution of Mrs. Surratt.

The Chicago Anarchists of 1886

Adolph Fischer — Louis Lingg, the Bomb-Maker — August Spies

Michael Schwab — Mrs. Lucy Parsons — Samuel Fielden

Albert R. Parsons — Oscar W. Neebe



Rudolph Schnaubelt
The Bomb-Thrower of the Chicago Haymarket

Michael Bakunin

Johann Most

Louise Michel

A Group of Chicago Anarchists Arrested Immediately After the Shooting of President McKinley

BOOK IV.

A History of Anarchy.

The Notable Assassinations of Modern Times.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

NOTABLE ASSASSINS AND ASSASSINATIONS OF RECENT TIMES—MURDER OF PRESIDENTS OF REPUBLICS, CROWNED HEADS AND PROMINENT MEN OF VARIOUS NATIONS—CHARACTERISTICS OF REGICIDES—THEIR METHODS OF PROCEDURE—MOST OF THEM OF A LOW TYPE OF INTELLECTUALITY—WHAT PROMPTED THEM TO THEIR FEROCIOUS AND DESPERATE DEEDS—THE BLOODY AND GHASTLY RECORD OF A SINGLE CENTURY—PUNISHMENTS METED OUT TO THE CRIMINALS.

The record of the past century in the matter of the murder and attempted murder of heads of states is a most bloody and ghastly one. Surely since the dawn of the Nineteenth Century, almost all the nations of the world whose inhabitants possessed any degree of intelligence, have been amenable to the laws which govern civilized and progressive communities, but the results have not tended to fully prove this.

Since the year 1800 two of the Czars of All the Russias have fallen victims to the cord and dynamite bombs of their nobles and subjects; three Presidents of the Great North American Republic of the United States were felled by pistol shots; one Sultan of Turkey, several Turkish Ministers of State, one President of the French Republic, one Shah of Persia, one President of Uruguay, one President of Guatemala, an Empress of Austria, one King of Italy, one Premier of England, a member of the Royal Family of France, a Prince of Montenegro, a Prince of Servia, a Marshal and a Prime Minister of Spain, a Premier of Roumania, two Archbishops of Paris, a Duke of Parma, and many others of those occupying the foremost places and positions in the world have come to a sudden and untimely end.

The following is the awful list:

George III. of England, attempt by Margaret Nicholson on August 2, 1786, and by James Hatfield on May 15, 1800.

Napoleon I. of France, attempt by use of an infernal machine on December 24, 1800.

Czar Paul of Russia, killed by nobles of his court on March 24, 1801.

Spencer Percival, Premier of England, killed by Bellingham on May 11, 1812.

George IV. of England, attempt on January 28, 1817.

August Kotzebue of Germany, killed by Earl Sand for political motives on March 23, 1819.

Charles Duc de Berri, killed on February 13, 1820.

Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, attempt on January 30, 1835.

Louis Philippe of France, six attempts: By Fieschi, on July 28, 1835; by Alibaud, on June 25, 1836; by Miunier, on December 27, 1836; by Darmos, on October 16, 1840; by Lecompte, on April 14, 1846; by Henry, on July 19, 1846.

Denis Affre, Archbishop of Paris, on June 27, 1848.

Rossi, Comte Pellegrino, Roman statesman, on November 15, 1848.

Frederick William IV. of Prussia, attempt by Sofelage on May 22, 1850.

Francis Joseph of Austria, attempt by Libenyi on February 18, 1853.

Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, on March 27, 1854.

Isabella II. of Spain, attempts by La Riva on May 4, 1847; by Merino on February 2, 1852; by Raymond Fuentes on May 28, 1856.

Napoleon III., attempts by Pianori on April 28, 1855; by Bellemarre on September 8, 1855; by Orsini and others (France) on January 14, 1858.

Daniel, Prince of Montenegro, on August 13, 1860.

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, at Ford's Theater, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth, on the evening of April 14; died on April 15, 1865.

Michael, Prince of Servia, on June 10, 1868.

Prim, Marshal of Spain, on December 28; died on December 30, 1870.

George Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, by communists, on May 24, 1871.

Richard, Earl of Mayo, Governor General of India, by Shere Ali, a convict, in Andaman Islands, on February 8, 1872.

Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, when King of Spain, attempt on July 19, 1872.

Prince Bismarck, attempt by Blind on May 7, 1866; by Kullman on July 13, 1874.

Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, on June 4, 1876.

Hussein Avni and other Turkish Ministers, by Hassan, a Circassian officer, on June 15, 1876.

William I. of Prussia and Germany, attempts by Oscar Becker on July 14, 1861; by Hoedel on May 11, 1878; by Dr. Nobiling on June 2, 1878.

Mehemet Ali Pasha, by Albanians, on September 7, 1878.

Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, attempt by Busa on December 12, 1878.

Alfonso XII. of Spain, attempts by J. O. Moncasi on October 25, 1878; by Francisco Otero Gonzalez on December 30, 1879.

Loris Melikoff, Russian General, attempt on March 4, 1880.

Bratiano, Premier of Roumania, attempt by J. Pietraro on December 14, 1880.

Alexander II. of Russia, attempts by Karakozow at St. Petersburg on April 16, 1865; by Berezowski at Paris on June 6, 1867; by Alexander Solovieff on April 14, 1879; by undermining a railway train on December 1, 1879; by explosion of Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, on February 17, 1880; killed by explosion of a bomb thrown by a man who was himself killed, St. Petersburg, on March 13, 1881.

James A. Garfield, President of the United States, shot by Charles J. Guiteau on July 2, 1881.

Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago, shot by Prendergast on October 28, 1893.

Marie Francois Carnot, President of France, stabbed mortally at Lyons by Cesare Santo, an anarchist, on Sunday, June 24, 1894.

Stanislaus Stambuloff, ex-Premier of Bulgaria, killed by four persons, armed with revolvers and knives, on July 25, 1895.

Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, was assassinated on May 1, 1896, as he was entering a shrine near his palace. The man who shot him was disguised as a woman and is believed to have been the tool of a band of conspirators. He was caught and suffered the most horrible death that Persian ingenuity could invent.

Antonio Canovas del Castillo, Prime Minister of Spain, shot to death by Michel Angolillo, alias Golli, an Italian anarchist, at Santa Agueda, Spain, while going to the baths on August 8, 1897.

Juan Idiarte Borda, President of Uruguay, killed on August 25, 1897, at Montevideo, by Avelino Arredondo, officer in Uruguayan army.

President Diaz, attempt in the City of Mexico by M. Arnulfo on September 20, 1897.

Jose Maria Reyna Barrios, President of Guatemala, killed at Guatemala City on February 8, 1898, by Oscar Solinger.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria, stabbed by Luchini, a French-Italian anarchist, at Geneva, Switzerland, on September 10, 1898.

William Goebel, Democratic claimant to the Governorship of Kentucky, shot by a person unknown on Tuesday, January 30, 1900, while on his way to the State Capitol in Frankfort, Ky.

Humbert, King of Italy, shot to death on July 29, 1900, at Monza, Italy, by Angelo Bresci.

Albert Edward, then Prince of Wales, now King of England, attempt by Brussels anarchist on April 4, 1900.

William McKinley, President of the United States, shot at Buffalo on September 6, 1901.

In the times of savagery and tumult, when force ruled the earth, when kingdoms were but the property of brutalized and despoiling sovereigns, statesmen and ministers, it was not surprising that the oppressed should endeavor to rid themselves of their oppressors. It was, in fact, no more than natural that the people, from the period of Cæsar to the time when the people of the various nations were given some semblance of rights of speech and participation in governmental affairs, should seek to rid themselves of those who sought to enslave them.

Yet in spite of this the assassin has always been regarded as the most despicable of wretches. Men delight in fair play, and demand that everyone be given a chance for his life. This the assassin refuses to do, but strikes in the dark, or when his victim is off his guard and unsuspecting. The memory of the assassin is always held in execration and contempt, and the world is ashamed that it ever gave birth to such a villain.

Of the assassins of Chief Magistrates of the United States extended mention is made elsewhere. As to the others, the cord or rope, the pistol, the knife, the bomb and poison were the instruments used in carrying out their designs.

The Czar Paul, of Russia, was strangled to death by nobles of his court, because he had become obnoxious to them and the people, by reason of his atrocious cruelties. This assassination was done so openly that the names of the murderers of his father were well known to the Czar Alexander I., yet the latter kept many of them in his service, heaping the highest honors upon them. He walked, talked and consulted daily with them, but so powerful were they that he dared not mete out to them the

punishment they deserved. The shadow of this crime hung over this monarch as long as he lived, yet he is described as "a sweet and perfect prince," in spite of the fact that he, the beneficiary, did not avenge the foul deed.

Spencer Percival, Prime Minister of England, who was shot dead in the lobby of the House of Commons at Westminster, owed his death at the hands of the murderer Bellingham to the excited state of political feeling in Great Britain at that time. The United States has never known such a condition of things, politically, as was prevalent in the British Isles at that period. Bellingham was hanged for his crime.

Execution of the Czar's Assassins.

The frightful scenes attendant upon the execution of the five Nihilists who were in the plot to assassinate the Czar of All the Russias, Alexander II., is vividly told by J. A. Chandor, who represented the London Daily Telegraph at the time, and was an eye-witness:

"Just prior to his death Alexander was at an inspection of a body of his troops some distance from the palace. The inspection of the Cossacks over, the Czar and his escort began the trip back to the royal home. They could have taken two routes, either the Catherine Canal, or what was known as the garden path, to the palace. The escorters went by the canal, and it was indeed fortunate that they did, for had they taken the garden route that day there would have been a frightful slaughter, and a large portion of St. Petersburg would have been blown up. The Nihilists had the garden route mined for blocks, and enough dynamite was beneath the surface of the roadway to tear up the entire street. I saw these mines after the killing of the Czar. They were wonderfully executed, and in their construction the Nihilists displayed great engineering skill and cunning.

"The signal was given as to the route the Czar and his convoy would take. The plans for the assassination on the garden route were thwarted for a minute, but the Nihilists immediately repaired to the canal. The first bomb thrown failed to kill the Czar, but blew to atoms four or five of the escort. It was the second of the bombs that completed the task so sacred to the Nihilists, and which startled the world and threw Russia into mourning.

"The Nihilist party was very strong in St. Petersburg at that time, and all along the most rigid precautions were taken to prevent the terrible happening. Suspected persons were thrown into prison for conspiracy on every side, but that did not stop the plan for the killing of Alexander. The tragic event over, the authorities began the task of fastening the crime

on the guilty parties, and as a result six people were condemned to be hanged for the crime. I was on the scene of the assassination twenty minutes after the bombs were thrown and before the bodies of the killed had been removed. I was also present at the trials of the Nihilists and at the execution of the condemned.

"To show you how strict everything was after the assassination I will tell you how I, with twenty-five other newspaper correspondents, happened to be present at the execution. The condemned persons were to meet their death on the race course just outside St. Petersburg. The date of the executions was not set, and it was not until Governor General Baranoff of St. Petersburg fixed the date that anyone knew when or where the executions would take place. I was at my quarters one night and was asleep, about midnight, when I was awakened by my servant with the information that there was a Cossack at the front door, and that he wanted me immediately. I hurriedly dressed and went down. There stood the great, tall soldier, a perfect picture, but, as you are aware, a very dirty creature, for a Russian soldier seldom washes himself. He looked at me a moment, and then glanced at an official paper he held in his hand. I knew what he was doing, for he was comparing my features with the official photograph of me in the possession of the department. At last he nodded his head, as if satisfied, and drawing from his bosom another official paper, handed it to me. Then he saluted, wheeled about, and went out into the night. I examined the paper, and it was a summons from General Baranoff to be present at the execution, which would take place the next morning at 5 o'clock. The order read to meet the official staff at the palace. I went there and found, long before 5 o'clock, my brother newspaper men, numbering twenty-five, already assembled. Carriages were waiting. We were instructed to take our places in them and prepare to go to the race track, the scene of the execution. Mr. Dobson of the London Times and myself were in one carriage, and the others were all paired off. In each carriage were four Cossacks, in addition to two correspondents. This precaution was taken so that it would be impossible for us to hold any conversation with the outside world as we passed. We were to be the only civilians to witness the execution.

"At the race track fully 5,000 troops were assembled. They completely surrounded the place where the convicted were to die. When we approached the solid formation broke at one place, and the latest arrivals passed through long lines of soldiery before reaching the spot where the Nihilists were to pay the penalty for regicide. I may tell you right here that they do not hang in Russia for murder. The death penalty is only

imposed in cases of persons convicted of regicide, while ordinary murderers are sent to Siberia for life. To continue, the scaffolds, six in all, were erected side by side. The drops were only two feet, and possibly less, for in Russia they strangle to death and do not break the neck with the drop. Directly in front of the gallows the platform for the staff of the Governor General and for the twenty-six correspondents was built. It was a slightly elevated affair, and just large enough to accommodate the official party. We were placed in rows, with Cossacks all around us, and whether or not we cared to, were forced to see all the hangings.

"There is no official hangman in Russia, and when one is necessary, a convicted murderer is called upon to perform the duty. On this occasion a man named Froloff, who had killed his entire family, was selected for the task. He, as a reward for the work, was to have his life sentence in Siberia cut down to a term of five years. He was drunk at the time of the execution, for the Cossacks gave him liquor in any quantities he wished so as to make him equal to the occasion. His condition was responsible for the frightful bungling that occurred when the second man was being hanged.

"The first victim put to death was the peasant boy who was a tool of the other Nihilists, and who threw the first bomb at the Czar. His name was Risakoff. There was no excitement at this stage. Froloff, the hangman, performed his first task in an accurate manner, and the boy was soon dead. Then it was they brought in the second victim. Froloff became excited and nervous. The man was Muravieff, an officer in the artillery, and who was the least guilty of all those convicted and condemned. His connection with the Nihilists and with the assassination of the Czar was more by accident than by design. His death was a frightful one. He had to be hanged three times. The first rope was adjusted badly by Froloff, and when the trap was sprung it snapped in two and Muravieff was picked up in a semi-conscious condition to be hanged over again immediately. Another rope was secured, the only extra one at the gallows, and this broke as did the first. There were no caps used, and the frightful condition of the man's neck was plainly seen by all about the scaffold. There being no more extra ropes, it was necessary to utilize one of the other scaffolds. The sixth scaffold was to have been used for the hanging of Jessie Heltman, but she was pardoned at the last minute and sentenced to Siberia for life, because it was known that she was enceinte. Her gallows was then used for the taking of Muravieff's life. This time Froloff did his work well, and there were no more harrowing scenes of that kind.

"The third man to meet death was the head and center of the Nihilist

party, Jeliabroff. He, like all the others, was placed on the scaffold with his arms pinioned, and both hands extended out in front of the body. The hands were covered with fingerless gloves, as is the custom, and apparently Jeliabroff was very nervous. His hands twitched terribly, and I, for one, did not believe that it was all due to nervousness. My suspicions were a few moments after confirmed, for an officer in the staff of Governor General Baranoff was arrested and convicted of being a Nihilist. Prior to being exiled in Siberia, he confessed all his connection with the party, and he told how Jeliabroff had communicated with him in regard to several details of the party workings while he was on the scaffold waiting the trap to fall. The fourth man to hang was Kibalchik, an officer in the navy, who had stolen the dynamite with which the Czar was killed from one of the Government arsenals at Kronstadt. The last victim was a woman of noble family and a daughter of one of Russia's poets. She was Sophie Perowska, and her part in the assassination of Alexander II. was an all-important one. She was near the scene of the inspection of the troops, and when the royal party began the return trip to the palace, she signaled the Nihilists, who were in waiting on the route the convoy was to take. She was one of the first prisoners taken, but she was the last victim hanged.

"The care taken at the execution on the part of the Government was remarkable. The prisoners were brought to the scene of the execution in five high carts. Around each cart was a band of fifes and drums, which played continually during the march from the prison to the race track. This was done to prevent the condemned holding any communication with any outsider."

Elnikoff's Infernal Machine.

The infernal machine used by the assassin Elnikoff to kill the Czar, Alexander II., was seven and one-half inches in height, and was composed of metal tubes filled with chlorate of potash, and enclosing glass tubes loaded with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). These intersected the cylinder. Around these glass tubes were rings of iron, closely attached, doing duty as weights. No matter how the bomb fell it would break. The chlorate of potash was combined with sulphuric acid, which ignited at once, and the flames communicated at once over the fuse with the piston, which was filled with fulminate of silver.

The concussion (when the bomb was thrown) exploded the dynamite or "black jelly" with which the cylinder was closely packed.

Another infernal machine to have been used in killing the Czar's son and successor bore the appearance of a huge book. It was filled with dynamite, but the assassin did not have a chance to use it.

Assassination of Mayor Harrison.

The assassination of Mayor Carter Henry Harrison, of Chicago, on the night of October 28th, 1893, was peculiarly atrocious. An idle fellow named Prendergast rang the door-bell at the Mayor's house, was admitted, and as Mayor Harrison came out into the hallway Prendergast shot him. He lived only a few minutes. It was just three days before the close of the World's Columbian Exposition, and the latter ended in gloom.

Prendergast was hanged in spite of the fact that he feigned insanity to a most successful degree.

President Carnot Stabbed to Death.

President Marie Francois Carnot, head of the French Republic, was stabbed to death by an anarchist named Cæsare Santo, an Italian, while on a visit to Lyons. He was in his carriage, but Santo got past his guards, the President dying almost instantly from the effect of his wounds.

Santo's trial was a very short one, and within two months after the tragedy his head fell under the axe. He had no accomplices, although it was shown that he was a member of an Italian anarchist society. Immediately afterward all the Italian anarchists who could be found were expelled from France.

Death of the Empress Elizabeth.

One of the most cruel and causeless of all the notable assassinations of sovereigns in the history of the world was that of the Empress Elizabeth, wife of His Majesty, Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria. The Empress had nothing whatever to do with the governmental affairs of the Austrian Empire, but was traveling in search of health.

On the evening of September 10th, 1898, she was about to take the boat to leave Geneva, Switzerland, when she was approached by an Italian anarchist named Luchini, and stabbed to the heart. As there is no law in Switzerland for the execution of murderers, Lucini was sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was one of the rabid anarchistic school and gloried in his deed.

The Shooting of King Humbert.

The assassination of King Humbert I, of Italy, on the 29th of July, 1900, at his country residence, near Monza, Italy, not far from Rome,

was but the beginning of a series of assassinations, so the anarchists claimed, the other victims selected being William McKinley, President of the United States; William II, Emperor of Germany, and Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias. President McKinley was assassinated in little more than a year afterward, but no connection was ever discovered between that tragedy and the one which robbed the Italians of their monarch.

King Humbert's assassin was also an Italian anarchist, named Angelo Bresci, but at the time he was living in Paterson, N. J., and was sent from that place for the sole purpose of killing the King. The plot which led to the assassination was formed at Paterson. King Humbert was in the act of distributing some medals when Bresci slipped through the line of guards and shot His Majesty, the latter living but a short time.

It so happened that King Humbert had signed a law for the abolition of capital punishment in Italy, and the assassin could not, therefore, be executed, but being placed in close confinement he went insane and committed suicide about a year after his cowardly crime. He was closely guarded, and his cell was so brilliantly lighted day and night that he could not get sleep. While in his cell he could neither sit down nor stand up, owing to its peculiar construction.

CHAPTER XL.

THE HISTORY OF ANARCHY AND ANARCHISTS IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CONCEPTION OF THE MOVEMENT—INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—SOMETHING ABOUT NITRO-GLYCERINE, DYNAMITE, LYDDITE AND MELINITE—ANARCHISTS, HOWEVER, PREFER DYNAMITE—UNITED STATES GETS THE TERRORISTS IN FORCE AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE GERMAN SOCIALIST LAW.

Anarchy in the United States is of the German school, which is more nearly akin to Nihilism than to the doctrines taught in France. It is founded upon the teachings of Karl Marx and his disciples, and it aims directly at the complete destruction of all forms of government and religion. It offers no solution of the problems which will arise when society, as we understand it, shall disappear, but contents itself with declaring that the duty at hand is tearing down; that the work of building up must come later.

There are several reasons why the revolutionary program stops short at the work of anarchy, chief among which is the fact that there are as many panaceas for the future as there are revolutionists, and it would be a hopeless task to think of binding them all to one platform of construction. The anarchists are all agreed that the present system must go, and so far they can work together; after that, each will take his own task into Utopia.

Their dream of the future is accordingly as many-colored as Joseph's coat. Each man has his own ideal. Engel, who was hanged in 1887, was Karl Marx's successor in the leadership of the movement, believed that men will associate themselves into organizations like co-operative societies for mutual protection, support and improvement, and that these will be the only units in the country of a social nature. There will be no law, no church, no capital, no anything that we regard as necessary to the life of a nation.

England is really responsible for the most of the present strength of the conspiracy against all the civilized governments of the world, for it was in the secure asylum of London that speculative anarchy was

thought out by German exiles for German use, and it was from London that the "red Internationale" was in all probability directed. This was the result of political scheming, for the fomenting of discontent on the continent of Europe has always been one of the weapons in the British armory.

In England itself the movement had only of late won any prominence, although it was in England that it was baptized "Socialism" by Robert Owen, in 1835, a name which was afterward taken up both in France and Germany.

Influence of the French Revolution.

The French Revolution drew a broad red line across the world's history. It was the most momentous fact in the annals of modern times. There is no need for us to go behind it, or to examine its causes. We can take it as a fact—as the great revolt in the history of the world of the common people—and push on to the things that follow it.

Babeuf—"Gracchus" Babeuf, as he called himself—after serving part of a term in prison for forgery, escaped, went to Paris in the heat of the Revolution and started The Tribune of the People, the first Socialistic paper ever published. He was too incendiary even for Robespierre, and was imprisoned in 1795. In prison he formed the most famous "Conspiracy of Babeuf," which was to establish the Communistic republic. For this conspiracy he and Darthe were beheaded May 24th, 1797.

Etienne Cabet was a Socialist before the term was invented, but he was a peaceful and honest one. He published, in 1842, his "Travels in Icaria," describing an ideal state. Like most political reformers, he chose the United States as the best place to try his experiment upon. It is a curious fact that there is not a nation in Europe, however much of a failure it may have made of all those things that go to make up rational liberty, which does not feel itself competent to tell us just what the United States ought to do, instead of what we are doing.

Cabet secured a grant of land on the Red River in Texas just after the Mexican War, and a colony of Icarians came out. They took the yellow fever and were dispersed before Cabet came with the second part of the colony. About this time the Mormons left Nauvoo in Illinois, and the Icarians came to take their places. The colony has since established itself at Grinnell, Iowa, and a branch is at San Bernardino, California. The Nauvoo settlement has, I believe, been abandoned.

Babeuf and Cabet prepared the way for Saint Simon. He was a count, and a lineal descendant of Charlemange. He fought in our War

of the Revolution under Washington, and passed its concluding years in a British prison. He preached nearly the modern Socialism—the revolt of the proletariat against property—and his work has indelibly impressed itself upon the whole movement in France.

Charles Fourier, born in 1772, was the son of a grocer in Besancon, and he was a man who exercised great influence upon the movement among the French. He was rather a dreamer than a man of action, and, although attempts have been made to carry his familistere into practice, there is no conspicuous success to record, save, perhaps, that of the familistere at Guise, in France, which has been conducted for a long time on the principles laid down by Fourier.

Each Had a Cure for Social Evils.

All these men had before them concrete schemes for a new society in which the evils of the present system would be avoided by what they considered a more equable division of wealth, and each made the effort to carry his scheme from theory into practice, so that the world might see the success and imitate it. Following them came the men who held that, before the new society can be formed, the old society must be got rid of—men who see but one way toward Socialism, and that through Anarchy.

Louis Blanc was the first of these, although he would not have described himself as an Anarchist, nor would it be fair to call him one. He represented the transition stage. He attempted political reforms of a most sweeping character during the revolution of 1848. The government of the day established "national workshops" as a concession to him. Of these more is said hereafter.

Pierre Joseph Proudhon, born in Besancon July 15th, 1809, is really the father of French Anarchy. His great work, "What Is Property?" was published in 1840, and he declared that property was theft and property-holders thieves. It is to this epoch-making work that the whole school of modern Anarchy, in any of its departments, may be traced. Proudhon was fired by a natural hatred of the rich. He describes a proprietor as "essentially a libidinous animal, without virtue and without shame." The importance of his work is shown by the effect it has had even upon orthodox political economy, while on the other side it has been the inspiration of Karl Marx. Proudhon died in Passy in 1865.

French Socialism a Reflex of the German School.

Since his time until within the last year or two, French Socialism has been but a reflex of the German school. It has produced no first-rates,

and has been content to take its doctrines from Lasalle, Karl Marx and Engel, the leaders of the German movement, and Bakounine and Prince Krapotkin, the Russian terrorists, have impressed their ideas deeply upon the French discontented ones. The revolt of the Commune of Paris after the Franco-German war was not exactly an Anarchist uprising, although the Anarchists impressed their ideas upon much of the work done. The Commune of Paris meant very much the same as "the people of Illinois." It was the legal designation of the commonwealth, and did not imply Communism any more than the word commonwealth does.

It was a fight for the autonomy of Paris, and one in which many people were engaged who had no sympathy for Anarchy, although certainly the lawless element finally obtained complete control of the situation. The rising in Lyons several years later was distinctly and wholly Anarchic, and it was for this that Prince Krapotkin and others were sent to prison.

At the present day there is no practical distinction between Socialism and the Anarchy in France, or, indeed, the United States. All Socialists are Anarchists as a first step, although all Anarchists are not precisely Socialists. They look to the Russian Nihilists and the German irreconcilables as their leaders.

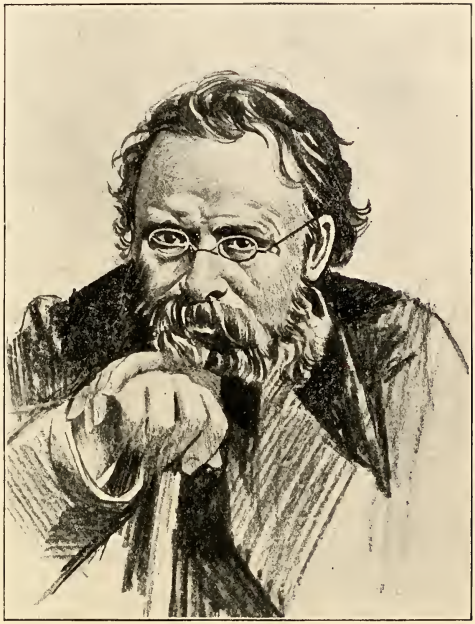
German Socialism is really the doctrine which is now taught all over the world, and it was this teaching that led directly to the Haymarket massacre in Chicago in 1886. At the time it began with Karl Rodbertus, who lived from 1805 to 1875. He first became prominent in Germany in 1848, and he was for some time Minister of Education and Public Worship in Prussia. He was a theorist rather than a practical reformer, but competent critics assign him the very highest rank as a political economist. His first work was "Our Economic Condition," which was published in 1843, and his other books, which he published up to within a short time of his death, were simply elucidations of the principles he had first laid down.

His writings have had a greater effect on modern Socialism than those of any other thinker, not even excepting Karl Marx or Lasalle. His theories were brought to a practical issue by Marx, who united into a compact whole the teachings of Proudhon and of Rodbertus, his own genius giving a new luster and a new value to the result.

Marx was far and above the greatest man that the Socialism of the Nineteenth Century has produced. He was a deep student, a man of most formidable mental powers, eloquent, persuasive and honest. His great book, "Capital," has been called the Socialist's Bible. Ely places it in the very first rank, saying of it that it is "among the ablest political economic

Emma Goldman
The High Priestess of Anarchy

Karl Marx



Pierre Joseph Prudhon

The Father of Anarchy

treatises ever written." And while the best scientific thought of the age agrees that Marx was mistaken in his premises and his fundamental propositions, there is accorded to him upon every hand the tribute which profound learning pays to hard work and deep thinking.

From Theory to Practice.

Coming from theory to practice, brings us naturally from Professor Marx to the International Society. It was founded in London in 1864 and was meant to include the whole of the labor class of Christendom. Marx was the chief, but he held the sovereignty uneasily. The Anarchists constantly antagonized him. Bakounine, the apostle of dynamite, opposed Marx at every point, and finally Marx had him expelled from the society. Bakounine thereupon formed a new Internationale, based upon Anarchic principles and the gospel of force. The Internationale of which Marx was the founder has shrunk to a mere name, although the organization is still kept up, and the body with which the civilized world has now to record is that which Bakounine formed after his expulsion from the old body in 1872.

It is a curious fact that many of the Socialists in Chicago today are enthusiastic admirers of Marx and at the same time members of the society and followers of the man Marx declared to be the most dangerous enemy of the modern workingman.

Marx is dead, however; many things are said in his name of which he himself would never have approved, and the "Red Internationale" proclaims the man a saint who refused either to endorse its principles or to consult with its leaders. It is the same as though, twenty years hence, the man who last year followed Barry out of the Knights of Labor were to hold up Powderly to the world as their law-giver and their chief.

Louise Michel, the French Anarchist.

Louise Michel, who was a very active worker in the radical cause during the outbreak of the Paris Commune, was born in 1830, and first attracted attention by verses full of force which she published very early in life. She was sentenced in 1871 to deportation for life, and was transported with others to New Caledonia. At the time of the general amnesty, in 1880, she returned to Paris and became editor of La Revolution Sociale.

Ferdinand Lasalle, like Marx of Hebrew blood, and of early aristocratic prejudices, was the father of German Anarchy as it exists today. He was a deep student and a remarkably able man. He took his inspiration from Rodbertus and from Marx, and applied himself more to work

among the poor. Marx was over the heads of the common people. His "Capital" is very hard reading. Lasalle popularized its teachings. On May 23d, 1863, a few men met at Leipsic under the leadership of Lasalle and formed the "Universal German Laborer's Union." This was the foundation of Social Democracy, and its teachings were wholly Anarchic. It aimed at the subversion of the whole German social system, by peaceful political means at first, but soon by force.

Lasalle was shortly afterward killed in a duel over a love affair, but he was canonized by the German Social Democrats as though his death were a martyrdom. Even Bismarck in the Reichstag paid a tribute to his memory. Lasalle died just about the time that a change was occurring in his convictions, and had he lived longer, and if contemporary history is to be believed, he would have taken office under the German Government and applied himself heartily to the building up of the Empire.

Lasalle's Movement Gains Force.

After Lasalle's death the movement which he had initiated went forward with increased force. The German laborer was finally, as the Internationalists put it, aroused. The German Empire, following the example of the Bund, decreed universal suffrage in 1871. Before this, in Prussia especially, the laborer had but the smallest political influence. The vote of a man in the wealthiest class in Berlin counted for as much as the vote of fifteen of the "proletariat," so called. Lasalle died in 1864, and suffrage was first granted in 1867. The Social Democrats at first were in close accord with Bismarck. It was the Social Democratic vote which elected Bismarck to the Reichstag in the first election after the suffrage was granted. In the fall of 1867 they sent eight members to the parliament of the Bund. In the elections after the formation of the Empire, the Socialistic vote stood: In 1871, 123,975; in 1874, 351,952; in 1877, 493,288; in 1878, 473,158. The Social Democrats poll nearly 10 per cent of the whole vote of Germany at the present time.

In 1878 occurred the two attempts on the life of the Emperor of Germany, described in a succeeding chapter, and the result was severe repressive measures against the Social Democrats. Their vote fell off and their influence declined, but in the past two years, 1887 and 1888, they have more than recovered their past strength, and they now poll more votes and seem to exercise a greater political control in Germany than ever before.

German Socialists Come to America.

The Passage of the "Ausnahmsgesetz," the exceptional law against

German Socialists, drove many of them to this country, but had no effect in diminishing the propaganda in Germany. The result was an exodus of Socialists, or rather Anarchists, to America—by this time the two terms, wide apart as they may have seemed, had become one—and to Chicago came most of the irreconcilable ones. The American sympathizers, thus formed, at first fixed their attention upon the political situation in the old country, and they applied themselves closely to work in connection with the agitators who had not expatriated.

The Appeal to Infernal Machines.

The attempt to gain political ends by an appeal to infernal machines is not a new one. It is as old as gunpowder—and the evangel of assassination is older still. Murder was the recognized political weapon of the Eastern and Western Empires, and the Chicago and other Anarchists who worked in the United States proved themselves neither better nor worse than the "old man of the mountain" or the other Italian prices of the middle ages.

During the reign of Mary Queen of Scots the mysterious explosion occurred in the Kirk of Feld in which Darnley lost his life. Somewhat later was the "gunpowder plot," in which Guy Faukes and his fellow-conspirators tried to blow up the Houses of Parliament. The petard and the hand grenade were the grandfather and grandmother of the modern bomb, and murderous invention came to its new phase in the infernal machine which Ceruchi, the Italian sculptor, contrived for the purpose of killing Napoleon when First Consul—a catastrophe which was avoided by the fact that Napoleon's coachman was drunk and took the wrong way in going to the opera house.

France was fertile in this sort of machinery. Some years later Fieschi, Morey and Pepin tried to kill Louis Phillippe with a similar apparatus on the Boulevard du Temple. The King escaped, but the brave Marshal Mortier was slain. Orsini and Pieri made a bomb, round and bristling with nippers, each of which was charged with fulminate of mercury to explode the powder within, meaning to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie.

Dynamite Not Invented for Assassinations.

In the year 1866, according to the most trustworthy authorities, dynamite was first made by Alfred Nobel. In speaking of the invention, Adolf Houssaye, the French literateur, said:

"It should be remembered that nine-tenths, probably, of the dynamite

made is used in peaceful pursuits; in mining, and similar works. Indeed, since its invention great engineering achievements have been accomplished which would have been entirely impossible without it. I do not see, then, much room for doubt that it has on the whole been a great blessing to humanity. Such certainly its inventor regarded it. 'If I did not look upon it as such,' he once said, 'I should close up all my manufactories and not make another ounce of the stuff.' He was a strong advocate of peace, and regarded with the utmost horror the use of dynamite by assassins and political conspirators. When the news of the Haymarket tragedy in Chicago reached him, M. Nobel was in Paris, and expressed his horror and detestation at the cowardly crime.

"'Look you,' he exclaimed. 'I am a man of peace. But when I see these miscreants misusing my invention, do you know how it makes me feel? It makes me feel like gathering the whole crowd of them into a storehouse full of dynamite and blowing them all up together.'"

Few people know what dynamite is, though it has attracted a good deal of attention, and before considering its use as a mode for political murder, it may be well here to give an account of its making.

How Dynamite Is Produced.

Nitro-glycerine, although not the strongest explosive known to science, is the only one of any industrial importance, as the others are too dangerous for manufacture. It was discovered by Salvero, an Italian chemist, in 1845. It is composed of glycerine and nitric acid compounded together in a certain proportion and at a certain temperature.

It is very unsafe to handle, and to this reason is to be ascribed the invention of dynamite, which is, after all, merely a sort of earth and nitro-glycerine, the use of the earth being to hold the explosive safely, as a piece of blotting paper would hold water until it was needed. Nobel first tried kieselguhr, or flint froth, which was ground to a powder, heated thoroughly and dried, and the nitro-glycerine was kneaded into it like so much dough. Of course, many other substances are now used, besides infusorial earth, as vehicles for the explosive—sawdust, rotten stone, charcoal, plaster of Paris, black powder, etc., etc.

These are all forms of dynamite or giant powder, and mean the same thing. When the substance is thoroughly kneaded, work that must be done with the hands, it is molded into sticks somewhat like big candles, and wrapped in parchment paper. Nitro-glycerine has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste, and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache when placed on the tongue or the wrist. It freezes at 40 degrees Fahren-

heit, and must be melted by the application of water at a temperature of 100 degrees.

In dynamite the usual proportions are 25 per cent of earth and 75 per cent of nitro-glycerine. The explosive is fired by fulminate of silver or mercury in copper caps.

Something in Regard to Lyddite.

Outside of the French arsenals it is to be doubted if anybody knows anything more about the new explosive, melinite, further than that it is one of the compounds of picric acid—and picric acid is a more frightful explosive than nitro-glycerine.

The following excerpt is from the London Standard, describing the artillery experiments at Lydd with the new explosive, lyddite, which the British used in the South African war. The Standard, after declaring that the experiments were "entirely satisfactory," said:

"The character of the compound employed is said to be 'akin to melinite,' but its precise nature is not divulged. We have reason to believe that the kinship is very close. The details of the experiments which have lately been conducted at Lydd are known to very few individuals. But it is unquestionable that the results were such as demonstrated the enormous advantage to be gained by using a more powerful class of explosives than that which has been hitherto employed. There could be no mistake as to the destructive energy of the projectiles. Neither was there any mishap in the use of these terrible appliances. The like immunity was enjoyed at Portsmouth.

"A deterrent to the adoption of violent explosives for war purposes has consisted in the risk of premature explosions. But there is still the consideration that the advantage to be gained far exceeds the risk which has to be incurred. France has not neglected this question, and she is ahead of us. Her chosen explosive is melinite, and with this she has armed herself to an extent of which the British public has no conception.

"All the requisite materials, in the shape of steel projectiles and the melinite for filling them, have been provided for the French service and distributed so as to furnish a complete supply for the army and navy. Whatever may be said as to the danger which besets the use of melinite, the French authorities are confident that they have mastered the problem of making this powerful compound subservient to the purposes of war.

"Concerning the composition of this explosive, great secrecy is observed by the French Government, as also with regard to the experi-

ments that are made with it. But Colonel Majendie states that melinite is largely composed of picric acid in a fused or consolidated condition. Of the violence with which picric acid will explode, an example was given on the occasion of a fire at some chemical works near Manchester a year ago. The shock was felt over a distance of two miles from the seat of the explosion, and the sound was heard for a distance of twenty miles."

The French to Use Melinite in War.

The conduct of the French in committing themselves so absolutely to the use of melinite as a material of war clearly signifies that with them the use of such a substance has passed out of the region of doubt and experiment. Their experimental investigations extended over a considerable period of time, but at last the stage of inquiry gave place to one of confidence and assurance. So great is the confidence of the French Government in the new shell that it is said the French forts are henceforth to be protected by a composite material better adapted than iron or steel to resist the force of a projectile charged with a high explosive.

In naval warfare the value of shells charged in this manner is likely to be more especially shown in connection with the rapid-fire guns which are now coming in use. The question is whether the ponderous staccato fire of monster ordnance may not be largely superseded by another mode of attack, in which a storm of shells, charged with something far more potent than gunpowder, will be poured forth in a constant stream from numerous guns of comparatively small weight and caliber.

Combined with rapidity of fire, these shells cannot but prove formidable to an armor-clad ship, independently of any damage inflicted on the plates. The great thickness now given to ship armor is accomplished by a mode of concentration, which, while affecting to shield the vital parts, leaves a large portion of the ship entirely unprotected. On the unarmored portion a tremendous effect will be produced by the quick-firing guns dashing their powerful shells in a fiery deluge on the ship.

Altogether the new force which is now entering into the composition of artillery is one which demands the attention of the British Government in the form of prompt and vigorous action. While we are experimenting, others are arming.

Revolutionists Prefer to Stick to Dynamite.

Dynamite, however, is the weapon with which the "Revolution" has armed itself for its assault upon society. A terrible arm, truly, but one difficult to handle, dangerous to hold, and certainly no stronger in their

hands than in ours, if it should ever become necessary to use it in defense of law and order.

A number of Russian chemists, members of Nihilist party, were the first to apply dynamite to the work of murder. It is to their researches that is to be credited the invention of the "black jelly," so called, of which so much was expected, and by which so little was done.

Nihilist activity in Russia commenced almost as soon as the emancipated peasantry began to be in condition for the evangel of discontent. It was Tourgeneff, the novelist, who baptized the movement with its name of Nihilism—and the truth is that it is a movement rather than an organization. It is a loose, uncentralized, uncodified society, secret by necessity and murderous by belief; but it is a secret society without grips or pass words, without a purpose save indiscriminate destruction, and its very formlessness and vagueness have been its chief protection from the Russian police, who are, perhaps, after all is said and done, the best police in the world.

At statement of Nihilism by that very famous Nihilist, known as Stepniak, but who is suspected to be entitled to a more illustrious name, ran thus:

"By our general conviction we are Socialists and Democrats. We are convinced that on Socialistic grounds humanity can become the embodiment of freedom, equality and fraternity, while it secures for itself a general prosperity, a harmonious development of man and his social progress.

"We are convinced, moreover, that only the will of the people could give sanction to any social institution, and that the development of the nation is sound only when free and independent and when every idea in practical use shall have previously passed the test of national consideration and of the national will.

"We further think that as Socialists and Democrats we must first recognize an immediate purpose to liberate the nation from its present state of oppression by creating a political revolution. We would thus transfer the supreme power into the hands of the people. We think that the will of the nation should be expressed with perfect clearness, and best, by a National Assembly freely elected by the votes of all the citizens, the representatives to be carefully instructed by their constituents.

"We do not consider this as the ideal form of expressing the people's will, but as the most acceptable form to be realized in practice. Submitting ourselves to the will of the nation, we, as a party, feel bound to appear before our own country with our own program or platform, which we

shall propagate even before the revolution, recommend to the electors during electorial periods, and afterward defend in the National Assembly."

Nihilistic Program in Russia.

The Nihilist program in Russia has been officially formulated thus:

First—The permanent Representative Assembly to have supreme control and direction in all general state questions.

Second—In the provinces, self-government to a large extent. To secure it all public functionaries to be elected.

Third—To secure the independence of the Village Commune ("Mir") as an economical and administrative unit.

Fourth—All the land to be proclaimed national property.

Fifth—A series of measures preparatory to a final transfer of ownership in manufactures to the workmen.

Sixth—Perfect liberty of conscience, of the press, speech, meetings and electoral agitations.

Seventh—The right to vote to be extended to all citizens of legal age, without class or property restrictions.

Eighth—Abolition of the standing army; the army to be replaced by a territorial militia.

It must be remembered that the conditions in Russia are peculiar. The country is by an autocracy; government is not by the people, but by "divine right." The conditions which the English-speaking people ended at Runnymede still exist in Muscovy. There is neither free speech, free assembly, nor a free press, and naturally discontent vents itself in revolt. There is no safety valve. Russia is full of generous, high-minded young men and women, who find their church dead, and their state a cruel despotism.

They find themselves face to face with the White Terror, and they have sought in the Red Terror a relief. Flying at last from the hopeless contest, they have carried the hate of government, born of bad ruling, into Western Europe, and it is the infection of this poison that we have to deal with here. The average Russian Nihilist is a young man or a young woman—very often the latter—who, by the contemplation of real wrongs and fallacious remedies, have come to be the implacable enemy of all order and all system. Usually they are half educated, with just that superficial smattering of knowledge to make them conceited in their own opinion, but without enough real learning to make them either impartial critics or safe citizens of non-Russian countries. We can pity them, for

it is easy to see how, step by step, they have pushed into revolt. But they are dangerous.

The Case of Vera Sassoulitch.

When one reads such a case as that which gave Vera Sassoulitch her notoriety, it is easier to understand Russia. General Trepoff, the Chief of Police of St. Petersburg, had arrested Vera's lover on suspicion of high treason. The young man was by Trepoff's order frequently flogged to make him confess his crime. Sassoulitch called on Trepoff and shot him. She was tried by a St. Petersburg jury and acquitted.

Immediately a law was declared that no case of political crime should be tried by a jury, except when the Government had selected it. The arrest of the woman was ordered that she might be tried again under the new regulation, but in the meantime her friends had spirited her away.

A very similar crime was that attempted by another Nihilist heroine, Marie Kaliouchnaia, who attempted to kill Colonel Katuaski for his severity to her brother. In the assassination of the Czar, Alexander II., in St. Petersburg, a number of women were concerned, and their bravery was greatly more desperate than that of their male companions. The Russian woman is peculiar. There is no better picture of the "devoted ones" than that given in Tourgeneff's "Verses in Prose":

"I see a huge building with a narrow door in its front wall; the door is open, and a dismal darkness stretches beyond. Before the high threshold stands a girl—a Russian girl. Frost breathes out of the impenetrable darkness, and with the icy draught from the depths of the building there comes forth a slow and hollow voice:

" 'Oh, thou who art wanting to cross this threshold, dost thou know what awaits thee?'

" 'I know it,' answers the girl.

" 'Cold, hunger, hatred, derision, contempt, insults, a fearful death even.'

" 'I know it.'

" 'Complete isolation and separation from all?'

" 'I know it. I am ready. I will bear all sorrows and miseries.'

" 'Not only if inflicted by enemies, but when done by kindred and friends?'

" 'Yes, even when done by them.'

" 'Well, are you ready for self-sacrifice?'

" 'Yes!'

" 'For anonymous self-sacrifice? You shall die, and nobody shall know even whose memory is to be honored?'

"'I want neither gratitude nor pity. I want no name.'

"'Are you ready for a crime?'

"The girl bent her head. 'I am ready—even for a crime.'

"The voice paused awhile before renewing its interrogatories. Then again: 'Dost thou know,' it said at last, 'that thou mayest lose thy faith in what thou now believest; that thou mayest feel that thou hast been mistaken and hast lost thy young life in vain?'

"'I know that, also, and nevertheless I will enter!'

"'Enter, then!'

"The girl crossed the threshold, and a heavy curtain fell behind her.

"'A fool!' gnashed some one outside.

"'A saint!' answered a voice from somewhere."

The Murder of Czar Alexander I.

With such material it was not difficult to build up the tragedy of 1881. Before the day of the Czar's death came there had been desperate attempts upon his life. Prince Krapotkin, a relative of the Nihilist of the same name, was murdered in February, 1879, and following this deed the Terrorists applied to the removal of the Emperor.

For instance, in November, 1879, was the mine laid in Moscow. It was intended to blow up the railroad train upon which the Czar was to enter the city, and for this purpose Solovieff and his comrades laid three dynamite mines under the tracks. Hartmann, who subsequently figured in the assassination, was one of the leaders, and here, too, was Sophie Perovsky, another of the regicides. They hired a house near the railway tracks and tunneled under the road amidst incredible difficulties and always in the most imminent danger.

One hundred and twenty pounds of dynamite were in position, but the Czar passed by in a common train before the imperial one on which he was expected, and his life was saved. On February 5th, 1880, the mine under the Winter Palace was exploded; eleven persons were killed, but again the Czar escaped.

For some time before March 13th, 1881, General Count Loris Melikoff, the officer responsible for the safety of Czar Alexander II., had received disquieting reports which gave him the greatest anxiety. On the 10th of the month Jelaboff, the ringleader of the conspiracy, was arrested by accident, and the direction of the attempt on the Czar's life was accordingly left to Sophie Perowskaja, a young, pretty and highly educated noblewoman, who had left everything to join the Nihilists.

It is said that on the morning of the 13th Melikoff begged the Czar

to forego his purpose of reviewing the Marine Corps, and keep within the palace. The Emperor laughed at him, and declared that there was no danger. There was no incident till after the review. As the Emperor drove back beside the Ekaterinofsky Canal, just opposite the imperial stables, a young woman on the other side of the Canal fluttered a handkerchief, and immediately a man started out from the crowd that was watching the passing of the Czar, and threw a bomb under the closed carriage. There was a roaring explosion, a cloud of smoke. The rear of vehicle was blown away, and the horror-stricken multitude saw the Czar standing unhurt, staring about him. On the ground were several members of the Life Guard, groaning and writhing in pain. The assassin had pulled out a revolver to complete his work, but he was at once mobbed by the people. Colonel Dvorjitsky and Captains Kock and Kulebiekan, of the guards, rushed up to their master and asked him if he was hurt.

"Thank God! no," said the Czar. "Come, let us look after the wounded."

And he started toward one of the Cossacks.

"It is too soon to thank God yet, Alexander Nicolaivitch," said a clear, threatening voice in the crowd, and before any one could stop him, a young man bounded forward, lifted up both arms above his head, and brought them down with a swing. There was a crash of dynamite, a blaze, a smoke, and the autocrat of all the Russias was lying on the bloody snow, with his murderer also dying in front of him. Colonel Dvorjitsky lifted up the Czar, who whispered:

"I am cold, my friend, so cold—take me to the Winter Palace to die."

The desperate Nihilist had thrown his bomb right between the Czar's feet, and had sacrificed his own life to kill the Emperor.

Alexander was shockingly mutilated. Both of his legs were broken and the lower part of his body was frightfully torn and mangled. The assassin—his name was Nicholas Elnikoff, of Willna—was even more badly hurt. He died at once.

America the Haven of the Social Democrats.

After the enactment of the stringent Socialist law in Germany, and the determined opposition of Prince Bismarck to the creed of the Social Democrats, the exodus to America began, and Chicago, unfortunately for that city, was the Mecca to which the exiles came. At first but little attention was paid to the incoming people. It was thought that free air

and free institutions would disarm them of their rancor against organized society, and but little attention was paid to the vaporings of the leaders.

We had heard that sort of thing before—especially in the years following 1848—and it had come to nothing; and people generally, when they heard the mouthings of the apostles of disorder, told themselves that when these apostles had each bought a home, there would come naturally, and out of the logic of facts, a change in their convictions.

Hence, although there were some inflammatory speeches, and a pretense of Socialistic activity, it was not until the year 1873 that any serious attention was paid to the movement. Even then the interest excited was that solely of a political novelty.

The period was one of general business depression, however, and additional impetus was given to the feelings of discontent by the labor troubles in New York, Boston, St. Louis and other large cities. In New York the labor demonstrations were particularly violent. The special object sought to be accomplished there was the introduction of the eight-hour system.

Eastern Internationalists saw in this an opportunity to strengthen their foothold in America, and they were not slow in fomenting discord among the members of the different trades unions which had inaugurated the movement. They even went so far as to proclaim that, if there was any interference with the eight-hour strike, the streets would run red with the blood of capitalists.

The Communists of Chicago sympathized with their brethren in the East, but they lacked numbers and similar conditions of violent discontent to urge force and bloodshed in the attainment of the same object, which, however, had been for some time under discussion by the Trades Assembly of Chicago.

They consequently contented themselves with wild attacks upon the prevailing system of labor and urged a severance from existing political parties and the formation of a party exclusively devoted to the amelioration of the condition of workingmen.

Organization of the Socialist Party.

Toward the end of the year 1873 the leaders concluded that they had a sufficient number of adherents to form a party, and a committee was appointed to prepare and submit a plan of organization. On the 1st of January this committee reported. They suggested organization into societies according to nationalities and that all societies thus organized

should be directed by a central committee, to be appointed from the several sections.

At the same time it was publicly announced that "the new organization did not seek to overthrow the national, state or city government by violence," but would work out its mission peaceably through the ballot box.

While the formation of a party was under consideration, times were exceedingly dull in the city of Chicago. Thousands were idle, and there was a general clamor among the unemployed for relief. This discontent was seized upon to influence the minds of the poor against capital, and the remedy was declared to lie only in Socialism. The Relief and Aid Society formed the first point of attack.

The Socialist leaders loudly proclaimed that it had on hand over $600,000—the charitable contributions of the world sent to Chicago after the fire for the benefit of the poor—which sum was held, they claimed, for the enrichment of the managers of that society and the benefit of "rich paupers." In the early part of December, 1873, a procession of the unemployed marched through the streets and demanded assistance from the municipal authorities. They finally decided to appeal to the Relief Society, and, backed by hundreds in line, a committee attempted to wait upon the officials of the organization. They were excluded, however, on the ground that all deserving cases would be aided without the intervention of a committee.

The condition of labor now formed the pretext of many a diatribe against capital in general and the alleged favoritism of the Relief and Aid Society in particular; and many allied themselves with the Socialistic organization—not comprehending its meaning, but because it happened at the moment to appeal to their passions.

Declaration of Socialistic Principles.

It was this state of affairs which spurred on the Socialist leaders to the formation of a party. Having accepted the general plan of organization as recommended by the committee, another meeting was held in January, 1874. A declaration of principles was then formulated. There were nine articles, which may be summarized as follows:

Abolition of all class legislation and repeal of all existing laws favoring monopolies.

All means of transportation, such as railroads, canals, telegraph, etc., to be controlled, managed and operated by the state.

Abolition of the prevailing system of letting out public work by con-

tract, the state or municipality to have all work of a public nature done under its own supervision and control.

An amendment to the laws in regard to the recovery of wages, all suits brought for the recovery of wages to be decided within eight days.

The payment of wages by the month to be abolished, and weekly payments substituted.

A discontinuance of the hiring-out of prison labor to companies or individuals, prisoners to be employed by and for the benefit of the state only.

Adoption by the state of compulsory education of all children between the ages of seven and fourteen years; and hiring out of children under fourteen to be prohibited.

All banking, both commercial and savings, to be done by the state. All kinds of salary grabs to be discontinued; all public officers to be paid a fixed salary instead of fees.

THE CALL FOR THE HAYMARKET MEETING.

This is the text of the call for the famous Chicago Haymarket meeting of May 4th, 1886, which resulted in the throwing of the anarchist bomb by Rudolph Schnaubelt and the killing and maiming of nearly one hundred police officers:

ATTENTION, WORKINGMEN!
——Great——
MASS-MEETING
To-night, at 7:30 o'clock,
——at the——
Haymarket, Randolph St., bet. Desplaines and Halsted.
Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the Police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.
Workingmen, Arm Yourselves and Appear in Full Force!
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE FAMOUS "REVENGE" CIRCULAR WRITTEN BY SPIES.

The following is a portion of the circular distributed throughout the City of Chicago the evening of the riot at the McCormick Reaper Works:

"Revenge!
"Workingmen to Arms!!!

"Your masters sent out their bloodhounds—the police—they killed six of your brothers at McCormick's this afternoon. They killed the

poor wretches because they, like you, had the courage to disobey the supreme will of your bosses. They killed them because they dared ask for the shortening of the hours of toil. They killed them to show you, 'Free American Citizens,' that you must be satisfied and contented with whatever your bosses condescend to allow you or you will get killed!"

On the afternoon of May 4th the single word "Ruhe" appeared in the Arbeiter-Zeitung, the paper edited by Spies. This word was the signal agreed upon by the anarchistic conspirators to denote that the time to act had come.

The great reliance of the anarchist crew was in dynamite. For many weeks the leaders had experimented with it. Some six weeks before the Haymarket massacre Louis Lingg had brought a bomb to the house of William Selliger, No. 442 Sedgwick street, Chicago, with orders that others like it be made. By the evening of May 4th fully one hundred bombs were ready, but only one of them was used.

Had the others been thrown no one can imagine what the result would have been. Thousands of lives would have been sacrificed, and scores of the finest residences and public and business buildings in Chicago would have been blown to pieces.

Haymarket Square is merely a widening of Randolph street between Desplaines and Halsted streets. The mass-meeting, however, was held at the mouth of the alley (where the speakers' stand, consisting of an old wagon, was located), ninety feet north of Randolph Street, in Desplaines Street. This was a point about three hundred and fifty feet north of the Desplaines Street Police Station. It was a part of the plot that as soon as the police moved from that station the latter was to be blown up. Arrangements had also been made to blow up all the other police stations in the city, together with the City Hall, where the Central (the most obnoxious of all) Station was located.

At the Haymarket meeting Spies, Parsons and Fielden spoke, Schnaubelt (who threw the bomb) being on the wagon by their side. Fielden was on the wagon speaking when the police appeared upon the scene. The crowd was worked up to the highest pitch of excitement.

When Fielden saw the police detachment he exclaimed, "We are peaceable!" Just the moment before he had said, "Stab the law! Kill it!" This was the signal for the throwing of the bomb, and Schnaubelt threw it!

Nearly one hundred men went down before the poisoned missile, and subsequent events demonstrated that nearly thirty policemen and anarchists died as its direct consequence!

Within a few days all the anarchists participating in the Haymarket plot were caught, with the exception of Albert Parsons, who had fled to Milwaukee, but who gave himself up. Parsons, Engel, Fischer and Spies were hanged at Chicago, November 11th, 1887; Louis Lingg, the bomb-maker, committed suicide the day before, and Schwab, Fielden and Neebe were sent to prison. The convicts were afterwards pardoned by Governor Altgeld, of Illinois.

There were no disturbances of any moment in the United States, due to anarchistic turbulence, after the Haymarket explosion and up to the time of the assassination of President McKinley. It is true that those calling themselves anarchists endeavored to incite and foment trouble in various mining districts, but they produced no alarming results.

In spite of all demands, the National Congress failed to pass laws regulating or prohibiting the immigration of foreign Reds, who, as a consequence, flocked to the United States by thousands and formed groups in various cities and towns. Poland sent many of her rampant believers in all things anarchical, as did also Russia, Italy, France and Germany. Every class of those who believe in the annihilation of all forms and systems of government found refuge in the United States.

While Chicago remained an anarchistic and Red Socialistic center or rendezvous, the persistent activity of the authorities of that city prevented any open demonstrations. Emma Goldman, whose wild utterances fired the soul of the assassin Czolgosz, made her headquarters in New York City, but took frequent trips to Chicago to confer with her friends and co-laborers there.

The headquarters of the Italian anarchists became fixed at Paterson, N. J., from where Bresci was sent to slay King Humbert; the Poles, as a rule, affected the mountain regions in Pennsylvania; the Russians distributed themselves generally; while the home of the "native" anarchists (those who made the United States their permanent abode) congregated in Buffalo, Cleveland, Spring Valley, Ill., and New York City.